



LEGENDS OF THE
ROVING BROTHERS

A. Dean and Jean M. Larsen
Yellowstone Park Collection



Quarto

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BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY



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An acknowledgment of appreciation
to real companionship

Humor, Wit, Conviviality,
never lagging —

No task too arduous,

No duty too severe

Ever faithful and loyal

Keen to do their bit

With shovel and pick

In sunshine and rain

No sands too deep, no grades too steep

To each member of
"The Roving Brothers" who helped make
this the most enjoyable of all my
American tours

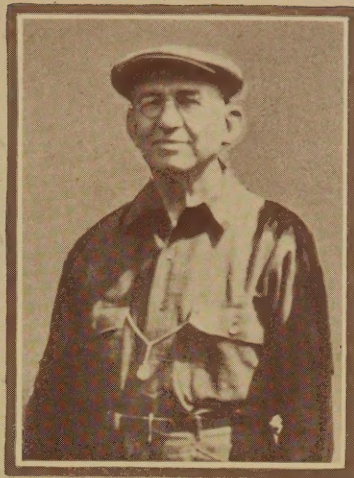
I sincerely devote these memoirs

John W. Kaufman

The Roving Brothers



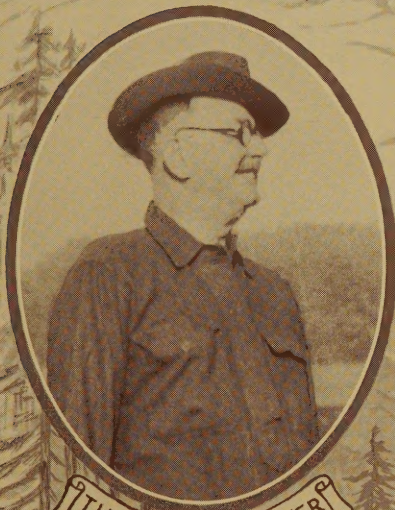
THE COOK



THE MAID



THE SKIPPER



THE PRODUCE BUYER



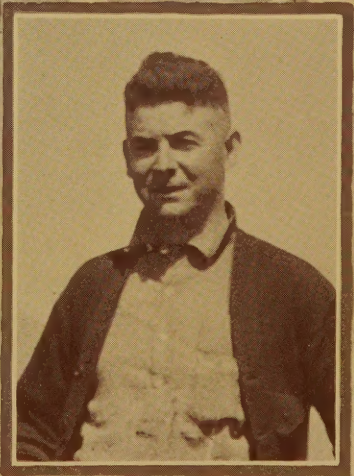
THE DISH WASHER



THE BALER



THE PILOT



THE COWBOY



JOHN W. KAUFMAN

Foreword

In compiling these memoirs, we have attempted to paint, in simple language, a word picture, or panorama, that might be of interest to the many friends who were denied the privilege and pleasure of accompanying us on what was, we feel, the most entertaining and fascinating tour of the west ever chronicled in modern history.

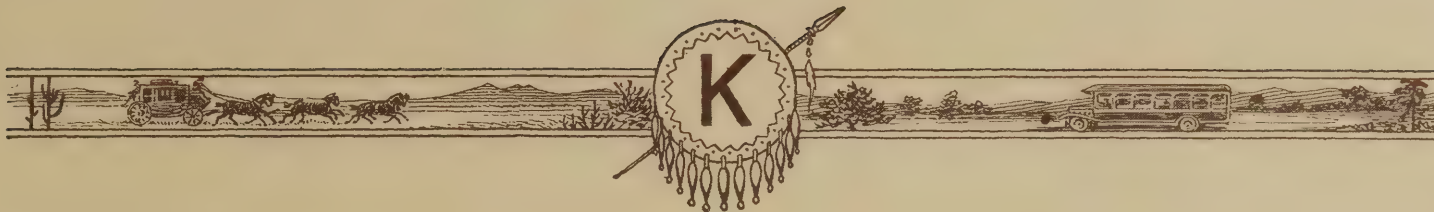
Unfortunately for posterity, no record of any kind was kept of the many tours of America and Canada made by John W. Kaufman prior to 1925. This year, however, he decided to add a "printing press" to his equipment. With very few exceptions, a full page letter was written each night, touching on the points of interest as well as the humorous happenings, and they were many and varied. Twenty-four copies of this letter were made each day and at the end of the week the letters were mailed to the "home folks." Many additional copies were made by them and broadcasted throughout the country.

So much publicity was received through this medium, and so much interest taken in the trip, Mr. Kaufman decided to publish the memoirs in book form so the many friends and relatives might have a connected and permanent story of the trip to preserve. There were times when the writing was done under most trying circumstances, especially in the event of a late camp at night. Insofar as points of interest, matters of history, etc., are concerned, we have adhered strictly to the truth as we found it.

Despite the many hardships encountered, but always surmounted, the trip was a success, a delight and a pleasure from start to finish. If the reading of these legends make you forget, for the moment, the dull things of life, then our effort has been really worth while.



*The Baler at work on a
hot day*



THE FIRST FLIGHT OF THE ROVING BROTHERS — IN CAMP ONE-HALF MILE WEST OF LEBANON, IND.

JUNE 15, 1925.

Greetings!

On June 15, 1925, the caravan or "fleet," in command of Skipper John W. Kaufman, left his residence, 1151 Bryden Road, Columbus, Ohio, for the journey westward. In addition to the Skipper, members of the party consisted of the following: Joseph T. Kaufman, Lima, Ohio, "Cookie"; Joe N. Schaefer, Findlay, Overseer of the beds and "the Maid"; John Finnegan, Wheeling, "Dish-washer"; Lucius H. Cunningham, Lima, "Produce Buyer or P. B."; Harry H. (Stub) Long, Columbus, Chief Pilot; Marshall Bowman, Lima, "the Cowboy"; Glen S. Rohn, Lima, "Alphabet Baler" or "Baler" for short. Freddy Snyder, Columbus, accompanies us to Richmond, Ind. All members of the party, except Bowman, are members of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks and Bowman's application is pending.

After customary farewells to friends and relatives, the fleet got under way. We have dubbed the big bus driven by Long "Hawthorne" and the truck driven by Bowman "Theodore." It was just nine-thirty when we sailed out of our Columbus port, touching Springfield, Ohio, Richmond, Noblesville and Lebanon, Indiana, covering approximately 190 miles, going into camp on the outskirts of Lebanon, on private property, in an ideal pasture site, albeit, there are many curious visitors about, such as Poland China pigs, cows, horses and mules, which worries the cook, he fearing the pigs will get into the fireless cooker whilst we sleep.

Snyder left us at Richmond, disembarking in a drenching rain. The fine ribbon on his new hat was a wreck, and the colors in his inlaid sox ran together, making his legs look like twin barber poles. The Skipper sports a brand new pair of high top boots with heavy leather laces. Fawn color, too. Tee-hee! And the Maid, Mr. Schaefer, has a pair of the same nifty hue. Cunningham says the four boots remind him of a quartette of peroxide blondes and the Skipper just shut him up pronto, telling him that women will not be a subject of conversation or otherwise enter into the lives of this gypsy band.

We were annoyed by a late lunch today, but there's a reason. Poor Cookie grew too flirtatious with the working end of a bee, the darn thing became hostile and inflicted a painful wound on the forefinger of his potato peeling hand.

During the first day we encountered no less than three thunder storms, the last one dropping in on us

just as we finished our repast of hot chili and hot dawgs. Learned something from Finnegan. He's a smart dish-washer. He let the rain wash 'em and the P. B. used all the spare tea towels drying them. Cunningham has promised to accompany us as far as Omaha. Hope he continues to Idaho, so we can feed him to the coyotes. Lightning and heavy thunder everywhere. It is nine o'clock and the gang prepares for forty winks. Hope I don't draw a bunk next to Finnegan. Cunningham's bad enough, if you're speaking of the Snoring Sextette from Lucia! G' night.

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IN CAMP, SANGAMON RIVER, EAST OF SPRINGFIELD, ILLS.

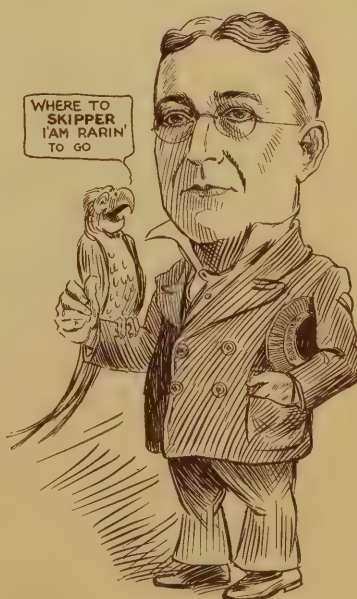
JUNE 16, 1925.

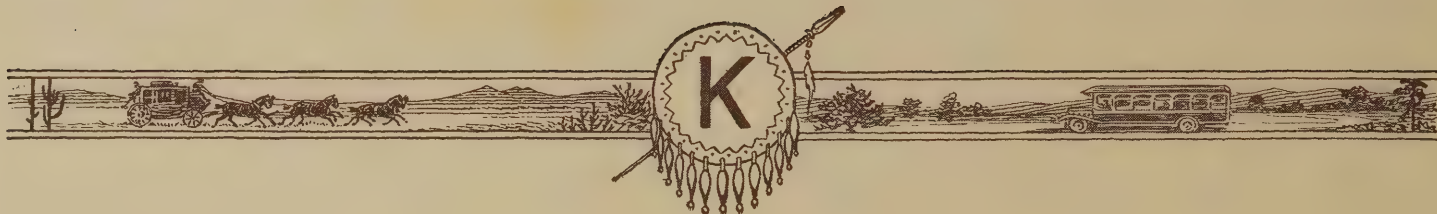
Good Morning!

Notice how cheery we are? No foolin', we're gonna like this life. All out with the crow of the cock at five A. M., finding it a fine, clear morning. A nose pig gnawed the rope off near the cook's bunk and the crash wakened us. The first thing I heard was the Pilot's cry for "Meat! Meat!" We camped on the property of Hezekiah Doolittle, who reminds us of Walter Lindenburg. Gosh, but blankets are itchy! The skipper says the only way to make friends with that kind of a blanket is to sleep a few nights with your boots on. Tough! The very energetic Produce Buyer brought in a can of milk and some eggs "right from the nest." He broke up a happy family, for one of the eggs had a chicken in it. He hard-boiled the re-

mainder, arguing that when you eat 'em that way, you "can't detect the odor." Ugh!

Cookie's hand is puffed up like a pouter pigeon. That bee just naturally struck with reckless abandon. Noticed him placing with tender care, a huge hunk of lamb in the fireless, neatly garnished with spuds, onions and mustard. Thus far the commissary department is flawless. Believe me, on a trip of this





kind, things not only taste good, they *are* good. As we leave, some threatening clouds gather in the west, and the Pilot remarks, "they remind me of the dirty suds in Durham's Laundry."

At Crawfordsville, Ind., home of Gen. Lew Wallace, author of *Ben Hur*, the Skipper secured a tailor-made shave. Was it Lew Wallace or Dan Cannon who wrote *Ben Hur*? Were Dan's remains ever taken back to Ireland? Herman Kaufman would probably know. Oregon and Washington are recognized as two of our greatest fruit states. But you should take a trip through Indianny! It has more Marble Orchards to the square mile than the Pacific has water.

Finnegan makes the bold statement that when we reach Rattlesnake Mountain he has an account to settle with a big rattler who chased him off the lot on the last trip. The P. B. perked up his ears at the remark, and I believe he will go that far, just to see the fracas. If G. E. R. Price will give his sanction, the Pilot and the Maid will hold their wrestling bout in Portland. Wish Doc. McCafferty was along. He wields a wicked fountain pen, and we just passed a chummy place for him to inscribe a lot of autographs, along the banks of the Wabash, under the sycamores. Pass through Danville, the debating ground of Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglass, then Monticello, where there is a monument erected to Douglass. Col. Graney heard them debate many times.

The Skipper is sorry he did not contract with Bill Renz to follow us with a truck load of rye. I mean rye bread. If you think there is danger of the bootleggers running out of boots, you ought to traverse the corn belt through central Illinois. Corn? Man O' War, millions of gallons. All day we have followed a road marked "P. P. O. O." If Paul Eisele happens in, ask him what Mr. Pike did with the Peak so we won't have to scour the ocean for it.

When we left Columbus, the Skipper found a bouquet of roses reposing on the ice-box. A note accompanied the re-

membrance. After we were on our way, the Skipper opened the envelope, which also contained a photo of his two grandsons, John and Bobby Altmaier, taken in their bathing suits. The note reading, "Love to Grand-daddy," was pinned to the picture. Talk about huskies! The sun will wither the roses, but it will never wither those young hopefuls. It will just make them the tougher. Here's hoping they will both live to see the campers hitting the westward trail in 2025.

IN CAMP IN A BASE-BALL FIELD,
ILLINOIS RIVER

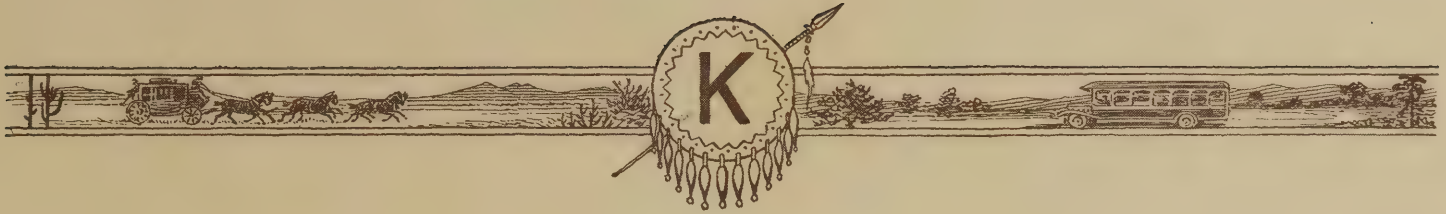
JUNE 17, 1925.

Forgot to Mention—

When the dinner chimes sounded last night, the rag-out of lamb came forth piping hot from the fireless. The P. B. asked if it was "hornpipe" soup and was curtly informed that it was rattlesnake dumplings. How temperamental is the Chef! The P. B., squelched, took a second helping and grunted a bit. Bowman is a fine eater. When he wears that cowboy hat for a few hours he seems to get wild for food. Swell boy. The desire to reduce got me into trouble today. I asked the Pilot to help set up, and he told me to drive the stakes. Missed the stake, nicked my shin, and he chased me off the lot. Clumsy boob. Felt so mortified I snuck in the bus to do my stint. Outside of a few old roosters, there was no other livestock in camp. We were glad for Finnegan, he is *so* timid at night. The roomers were all in at nine, but Lou. He's a regular Kansas City nighthawk. Had to open the entire front of the tent to let him in.

The organization is working much smoother today. Everyone dressed by 4:45, including the P. B., who spent a stormy night in dreams. Slept with his boots on. Last night the Maid graced the floor of our bedroom with a nice Navajo rug, a la Deshler. The Cook gave us a regular Ringling Circus breakfast. Bartlett pears, diced bacon in a cup smothered with two soft boiled eggs, wonderful coffee and the best rye bread this side of Renz's knob. Whilst the dishwasher did his chores, the Cook gathered pennyroyal herbs, and we are to have tea and scandal at four. Ahem! The Skipper bruised his index finger on the door of the bus, and it must of hurt, for I heard him say gosh dern it or something like that; the Cook's mitt is still puffed; Cunningham whacked his head on the door of the bus, but outside of that, all's well, and we are heading for the "show me" state, with plenty of hot sun and the usual mules ahead.





Last night at nine the Skipper lined us up and called the company to "attention." We marched past him, Indian fashion, each receiving his supply of Pink Pills for Pale People. He is not only an efficient Skipper, but also has the ear-marks of a very competent physician. We noticed the Illinois state roads are marked "road built by auto fees." Later, Finnegan said to the Skipper, "Stub tells me this road was built by auto *thieves*. They must have a lot of 'em in this state."

We just passed through the town of Bates, which has a population of 14 people. Be a good place for Pop Sapp to build a hotel. No competition here. And it has a nice pole-cattish smell, so appealing to guests. Just beyond here are several buildings which is the Illinois School for the Deaf. Looks like all but 14 moved out of the town of Bates to the School. At Jacksonville, Lou bought a box of fig-newtons for Stub. Just as we arrived at the ferry to cross the Illinois River, which separates Scott and Pike Counties, the bus busted. Theodore and the rest of us helped Poor

Hawthorne on board the ferry and are in camp at 10 A. M. We are out of luck, for Stub found the rear axle drive shaft broken. You should have seen us, headed by the Skipper, marching down the stone road, toting piling to jack up the big bus. If it's any hotter at the equator at high noon on the Fourth of July, then I hope my enemies spend their eternal days there. Looks like a game of rum for the after-luncheon sport.

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IN CAMP, HUNNEYWELL, MO.

JUNE 18, 1925.

Old Job—

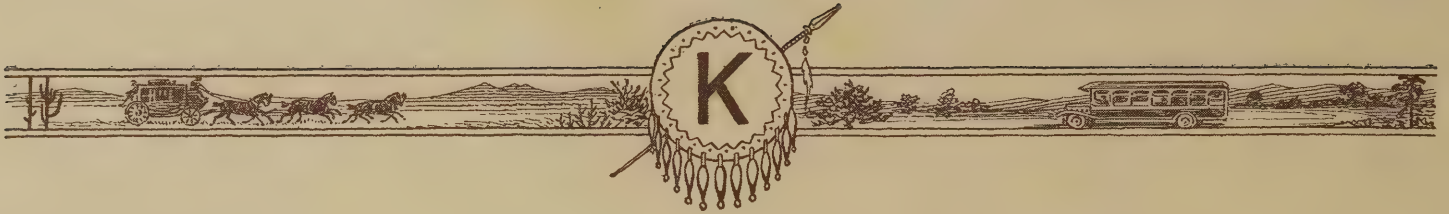
And his boils have nothing on us. The Cook and I were so badly burned by exposure to the hot sun yesterday, we had to sleep sitting up. But morning came at last, and with it a hope that the new drive shaft will fit. We had zoup for breakfast. Not just according to Mr. Ritz perhaps, but it was Ritzy soup. Anyway, there wasn't any left.

The Pilot and the Cowboy drove 28 miles in a borrowed flivver, bringing the shaft back from Jacksonville, where they went to have it tapered down. During the interim we lolled around nursing our burns, and finally some one suggested a rum game. The Skipper was amenable, so he, the Maid, the P. B. and the Cook locked horns. Finnegan and the Baler were the umpires. Before making the first move for better shade, the P. B. was 180 plus, with everyone owing him. Part of this big gain was made while the Skipper was inside the bus, superintending the ice delivery, and when he faced the bad tidings he went to work in earnest. Shifting positions with Yipsilanti, the Maid, so that he sat next to Lucius, he developed a marble heart, and from that time on, Lou's downfall was steady and constant. He sure tore him down.

"How much am I in?" queried the Maid. "Just \$4.20," replied the Skipper, who acted as Keeper of the Records.



"Breakdown at Illinois River ferry"



"Holy mackerel!" exploded the Maid, "why, once when I was a young feller I spent a whole week in a 'cuttin'-up' house and it only cost me \$7.00." Then he tried to filch the Jack of Spades, thinking no one saw him. "Fine work," encouraged Finnegan, "even if they did see you take it, no one will remember it after the next round." "Think they won't?" snorted Yipsy, "say, the Jews crucified Christ two thousand years ago and they haven't forgotten *that*." Wow! That was a hot dig! The final result was so close the Skipper declared it a tie.

At two o'clock the Pilot and the Cowboy vouchsafed the gladsome news that they had steam up and were ready to mush on. At Hannibal we were grieved to learn Poor Lem Lacey is out of business, this news being particularly distressing to the Pilot, the P. B. and the Cook. We are encensed tonight in a 60-acre meadow, containing a dozen fightin' mules, a bunch of hogs, a gang of cows and a few ponies. We hope they will be friendly and treat us nice. We made 64 miles yesterday and 81 today. Everyone fine and dandy and just itchin' to bust out. Darn Cunningham. He put the Star Spangled Banner on the victrola, so I'll hafta stand at attention. More anon.

TWO MILES OUT OF HADDAM, KANS.

JUNE 19 AND JUNE 20, 1925.

A Word—

To the wise. If you travel through Missouri, over State Route No. 8, wear your mud guards. We got into camp so late last night, just across the river from St. Joe, Mo., in a school house yard, after traveling 193 miles, that we were all too tired for tricks. No. 8 is the main artery across central Missouri, and it's nothing but Gumbo. We got stuck in it several times, but what it takes, the Pilot and the Cowboy have, for they got us out. How many homes have a Cookie like our Joe? Late as it was, he gave us



jag just *listening* to that piece. A drinkin' man musta written it.

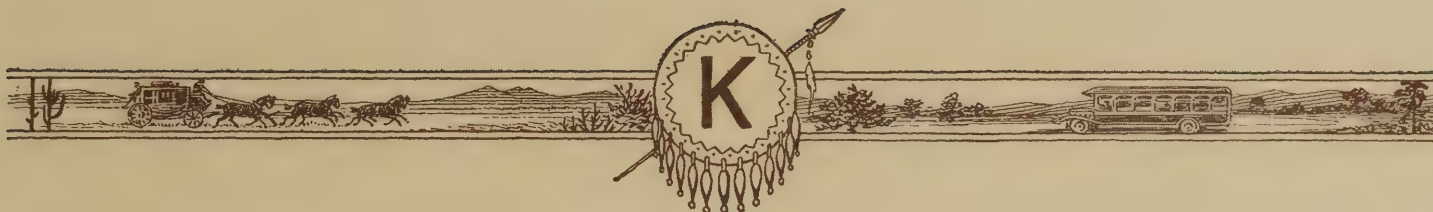
It looked for a time as though we would get no chow tonight. The Cook smoked his first cigar. After a few whiffs he gave it a fling, dove for the ice box, crying, "Where's the Budweiser?" After a few gurgles, he regained normalcy and acute naseau was prevented. Glad of that, for we have short ribs and things for the dinner. The medicine cabinet is working over-time. The Skipper is dead stuck on some kind of a little pill he got from Doc McCafferty. In fact, it's kind of a mania with him, for he makes us take 'em whether we need 'em or not. I took a couple and they were so delightfully stimulating that I was moved to sudden inspiration, writing the following ode to the pill man:

When the seven little brothers
Rambled over the hill,
The Skipper made them all
Take a little pill.

When the seven little brothers
Who took the little pill
Got up the next morning
They hid behind a hill!

You understand, of course, that they simply put a lot of pep in us and we were playing an old-fashioned game called Hide and Seek.

147 miles this day and tonight we camp 175 miles beyond the gumbo and the mules, near a school house. A nice place for obvious reasons. Office getting dark



and too many bugs for a light, so we sign off. If we hit camp early 'nuf tomorrow night, will give you a Sunday radio concert. Be on the lookout for station P. P. O. O.

Thus endeth the first edition of the Roving Brothers.
THE BALER.

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THE SECOND STRETCH

IN CAMP 14 MILES OUT OF KEARNEY, NEBR.

THE SABBATH—JUNE 21, 1925.

Broadcasting from Station P. P. O. O.

Good evening, folks. This being Sunday, we thought you'd all be home and might enjoy our little radio concert. There will be no bands or ukes, just eight artists.

The Skipper: Hello, friends. Glad to see so many out tonight. We are having a wonderful time. Everything going smoothly. Am enjoying the trip immensely and from the way the rest behave, I think they are, too, so I'm satisfied. I like this life and the fact that I've been touring for a dozen years or more proves it. There are so many on the program, I will step aside and let the Cook cackle.

The Cook: Ha, I am ze Cook. I keep zem filled wiz beans and zoup. Now an' zen a chop or two. I love ze work. I am surprise' zat I did not start sooner in zis life and become ze great Chef at ze Grick Cafe, Caramba! If ze boys get what you call "hard" wiz me, Parbleu! I spill ze zoup or drop ze chop in ze mud. Ha, here come ze fine Maid, an' she will tell her trouble, too. Merci boukoup.

The Maid: Well, this is a surprise. Being the Maid, I am shy. Ahem! I make the beds, dust and sweep, keeping things scrupulously clean. If they get gay with me, I slip a thistle between the sheets. This life makes me drowsy and I put in a lot of time sleeping. I am peculiarly adapted to this job, for I am in the hotel business. It suits me fine. Look me up some time in Findlay.

The Dish Washer: Haw! haw! haw! you won't often find a guy who will wash dishes and laugh over the job. But that's me, yezzir! I like my work so much it's funny. If the cook razzes me, I do a bum job on the skillets and his frieds stick. So we do a tandem pretty well. All nice boys on this trip. Everyone happy, and I—but here is the Produce Buyer, let him say it.

The P. B.: Well, as I live, if there isn't Dan Cannon. I buy the fresh produce, such as eggs, milk and

cast iron weenies. If it were not for me, the camp would be in a deplorable condition. I am an up-lifter at heart, but a down-putter in fact. Glad I was born when I was or I might not be here. Wouldn't miss being along for worlds or kingdoms. Now when—Ohell! The Pilot's pushing me.

The Pilot: Think I didn't? Yezzir! I drive Hawthorne. I could put this party on the blink like a mice, by just running in the ditch. Hawthorne minds me fine. He has an awful thirst, though. And sometimes he gets high blood pressure and overheats. When he acts up, I just say, "Now, Hawthorne! why, Hawthorne!" like I was surprised, and he straightens right up. Cowboy, front!

The Cowboy: Well, I'm not onto everything. I drive Theodore, that's *my* bus. I stay close to Hawthorne, although he kicks up a lot of dust sometimes. We have fried chicken tonight. I'll never get a wife as long as this lasts. Here comes the Baler and I'm next for a shower bath with the sponge.

The Baler: I know the A B C's. I love my typewriter. It puts down anything I say to it. I believe in Sandy Claws again, an' fairies, an' things. I'll try to send you the news each week. We did not go to church today. We did not see a church. Some day the Skipper is going to be a Skipper on a big boat plying between Canada and Cuba, outside the 20-mile limit. Hope he will let me be the Baler, for the Schooner might fill up with water. Our time is up. Signing off, the fried chicken is done! O boy! O joy! Ain't nature just g-r-a-n-d?

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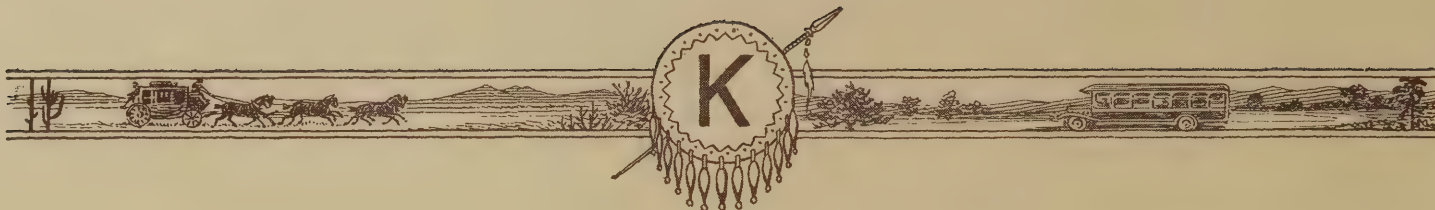
PUBLIC CAMP—BIG SPRINGS, NEBR.

JUNE 22, 1925.

Just a Week Ago—

We left the fair city of Columbus, Ohio, and look at us now! Out here where they have gophers, cacti, sage and rolling weeds, hardened to the rugged life, every man in the pink of condition. Our camp last night was on the big plains, where once roamed the buffalo and Bill Cody ran amuck. The exact center of the United States is two miles west of Kearney. From this point it is just 1,733 miles to Boston and the same distance to San Francisco.

We clipped off 193 miles today, finding the hard, gravel roads in Nebraska great stuff. Better mileage would have been made, but for a mishap. Hawthorne gathered up a five-inch lag screw in one right rear while the other one became chummy with a big nail.



A bump did the rest, and we pulled ashore at Roscoe where the boys made repairs, taking 50 minutes to do the job.



HAS ANYONE
HERE SEEN
HAWTHORNE?

When we started, Theodore bucked a little and the Pilot yelled, "Take off that darn Cowboy hat, you're making a bucking broncho out of Theodore." We lunched on cold fried chicken, a la Joe, country style, and tonight some fine chops are ahead. Cunningham, as usual, kicked on the chicken, telling the Cook the only way to serve fried chicken is to plank it in twelve-inch squares, with bones removed. They

all but came to blows, but bloodshed was prevented by the Skipper's timely intervention, and all is serene tonight.

Stub, the dog, initiated me into the Purple Order of the Cactus. He had a nice small one all peeled, and tossed it to me. Seeing him handle it, I unsuspectingly caught it. Wow! Boy, howdy! It was worse than a porcupine with dander up and quills flying. Been picking out little needles all afternoon. And Lou, the big Turk, says the farmers in this section are only allowed one windmill each, under the new law. I bit. "Because," he said, in his droll way, "there is not enough wind to go around." Try and get some sense out of any of these guys! Wind is all Nebraska has nothing else but! The Cook tells me the camp is lousy with skeeters. My evening is ruined. They went through Finnegan's shirt but the Skipper fooled 'em. He has on his leather underwear. As for me, I hate to go to bed. Feel like a sign we saw on a Ford today, "Enter all ye of good faith."

In the village of Cuba, the town cut-up asked, "What you fellers doin', fetchin' us a new hotel on wheels?" We are now in the land where they call a farm a ranch. One thing we note is the fact that all homes have heavy wind-breaks in the nature of large trees surrounding the house, as well as cyclone cellars, for this is the Land of the Big Winds. About two miles out of North Platte is a U. S. Airmail station, where the Pilots

change, the fresh man continuing on to Cheyenne. Big Springs is a typical far western city, and you feel every minute that some one will start "shootin' up the town." One thing impresses you in the state of Nebraska, and that is the large number of fine new brick school buildings, city and rural. Well, skeeters or no skeeters, here goes!

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IN CAMP NEAR HIDDEN RIVER, WYO.

JUNE 23, 1925.

Our First Thrill—

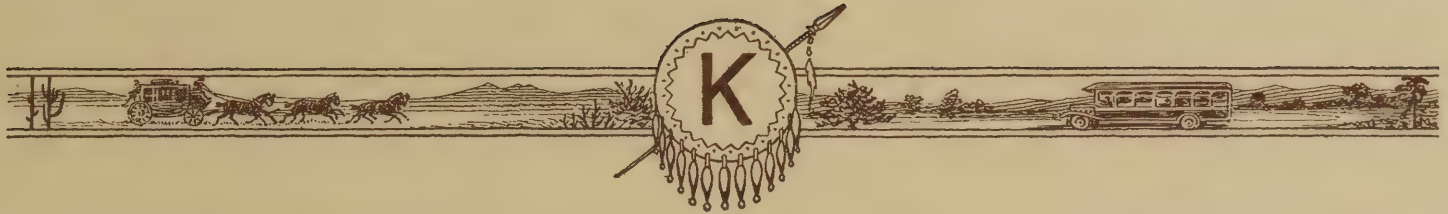
Came last night. Talk about a harrowing experience! After we were in camp, a tramp Shepard pup, about ten months old, paid us a visit. He had a kindly face and we fed him. After getting full of groceries, he politely bedded down under Theodore. After the line-up for pills (the Skipper only had two patients) we were all in the hay at nine. Finnegan promptly started snoring and every time he hit a tough knot, the pup growled. Suddenly something else barked. It sounded like a dog, and yet it didn't. Had rather a wolfish tone to it, and you felt sorta skeered. Without more ado, the fight started, under Theodore and all but under the Cook's cot, the Pup and the Thing!

Drawing on his boots nonchalantly, Stub, the Lion-hearted, emerged with an electric lantern in one hand, a vicious looking pick handle in the other. The fight ceased, but the growls and barking continued. The Thing didn't bark exactly, it emitted short, staccato

sounds that were weird and uncanny, chilling the blood. I know, because mine fairly dripped ice water. I went out and held the light for the Pilot. The Pup took after the Thing, chasing it back on the prairie, where it crouched, glaring at us. We located it with the light, and its evil eyes glittered like cold stars, still keeping up its racket. It was terrifying, that succession of half barks and low sobs which sounded



OH GIRLS,
IT'S ONE OF
THOSE DRUG
STORE BOYS



like a crying baby. It proved to be a large coyote, almost the size of a timber wolf. Imagine that thing gnawing off a leg just below the knee while you slept! Oo! And there was only one; the Skipper says they will come in droves as we get further west! And that ain't all: there will be wolves, snakes, bears, cougars, wildcats and other docile pets. Omigosh! I wish I was home, almost. Still, if the rest can go it, I should be able to. And so,

In appreciation of what the Pup did, we've named him Rover and are taking him along. He has beautiful yellow and white curly hair, fine long teeth, and tonight Yipsy the Maid will give him a bath and a marcel. Pass through Chappell and Sidney, and beyond here we find the country is getting a little more hilly, for which we are glad; the prairies get rather monotonous. The villages of Potter and Dix, then Pine Bluffs, the last town in Nebraska, so named because of the beautiful pines growing on the bluffs just south of town, continuing on for a couple of miles, in a zigzag line. We cross the Wyoming line at five o'clock. Hope we do not hear those blood curdling noises again tonight, for there are no trees to climb, just vast prairie as far as eye can see, with the outline of the big hills far to westward, and who can outrun a thieving, treacherous coyote on a prairie? Rover is our best bet.

The comic supplement, Lou the P. B., is still with us. Hope he stays. No one likes him because he's always belittling the Cook's chicken and making fun of his biscuits, but he says funny things. Well, when he goes, Stub will have to open his bag of funnies. The Cook offers us a Jiggs dinner tonight. That won't be hard to take. Here we are, casting anchor in a high wind, and I hope, for the sake of the Skipper, there will be no skeeters. We had 'em last night and I'm here to testify that he called them some of the cutest pet names I've heard since I rode with a guy behind a team of balky mules.

More tomorrow, if the coyotes don't eat us!

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IN CAMP AT THE FOOT OF LARAMIE PEAK, WYO.

Farewell Speech of Mr. Cunningham, Delivered Near
Cheyenne, Wyoming

JUNE 24, 1925.

Gentlemen, All—

Your request for a few parting remarks comes as a shock, for I am nonplussed and know not what to

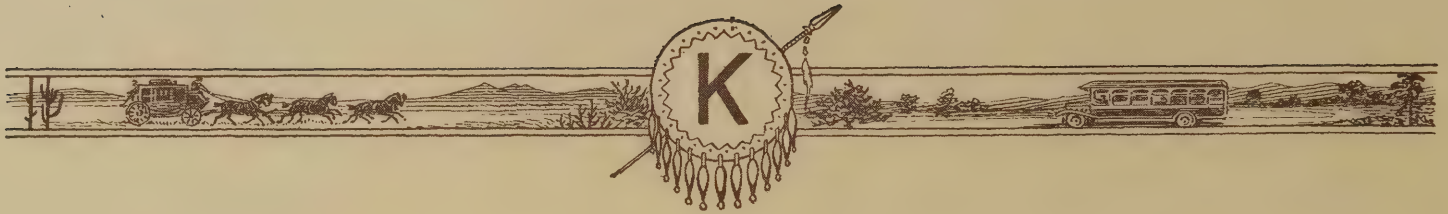
say. On many former voyages have I been your guest, Mr. Skipper, and your treatment of me has always been like a mother's love for her child. Words of appreciation are, after all, meaningless and count for naught. I've tried to act with dignity and decorum, so that your good names would not suffer from acts of mine committed while in a state of coma, but my efforts have been a hopeless and miserable failure.

You continue westward, I return to the east. You face the cougars and rattlesnakes, I face the wolves of competition. Even now, as I flounder and grope for words, my eyes well with tears over thoughts of parting, and my heart is breaking (sniff! sniff!), pawdon me, BUT, withal, Caesar was no fool. Did he not crave the wine that was red, and the strong drink that was shocking? Am I not, therefore, another Caesar? (Applause and cries of Yes! Yes! Go on). Then, that being the case, er, le's have a li'l touch, huh?

Now that being over, I will carry on. Fellow citizens, I glory in the thought that, without me, you go forth, following fearlessly a trail that has been blazed by countless thousands before you. You are men of fearless mien, undaunted, facing perils you have never faced before, and I weaken at the thought of you treading the trails of our forefathers without me. (Sniff!) May all good wishes attend you. I tremble, not a little, as I ponder over your hazardous voyage, for, are you not my friends? Was I not anhungered and athirst, and did ye not feed me and offer me drink? And didn't I accept it? Betcher life I did! And put blankets upon my bed until I fairly roasted alive? Answer me that. Aha! Every attention was accorded me. Why *wouldn't* I want to return to my own fireside, where the beds have silken coverlets and I may take a bath at will? Answer me that, if you will.

And so, pilgrims whose ancestors sailed the high seas on the Nina, the Pinta and the Mayflower, I leave you now, for we enter the port of Cheyenne. My thoughts will follow you constantly. With your permission, I will say in conclusion, that I hope all of you fall off the top of yonder mountain to a bottomless pit, filled with lizards, scorpions, gila monsters and wingless bats, so far removed from the eye of the eagle that even the vultures can't find you! (Stub, loan me a dime for a sack of chewin' tobacco?) Farewell, then, good Romans, and I'll scan the papers daily for news of the great fall.

Editor's Note—The foregoing is an exact account of Epitaph's speech which reminded us of Custer's last stand. A number of things he said were, necessarily deleted. He slipped quietly away, at Cheyenne, without saying goodbye to any of us, making the parting



less sad. His departure has cast gloom over the camp. We eat tonight with bowed head and in silence camped 24 miles from Wheatland, under the shelter of Laramie Peak, which looms just west of us.

And thus endeth another day's sailing.

RATTLESNAKE CAMP—TWO MILES FROM MONETA, WYO.

JUNE 25, 1925.

The Merry Jester—

Ed Wynn Cunningham, being with us no longer, we are getting along much better. We were up at 5:30, breaking camp at 7:15, the mountain air being most invigorating, and eat like harvest hands. From Wheatland can be seen the Laramie Mountains to the south, the Big Horn ranges on the north. We shop in Casper, a very fine city, spending two hours in tonsorial parlors, butcher shops, grocery stores and the like.

We are minded that this is the annual Gyro picnic and, at various intervals, heads were raised, not bowed, in commemoration of the gala event. The Gyro-ites have nothing on us, although the boys hated to miss it. Made up for it, however, the Skipper writing a long letter to President Carl Pfeifer and last night he and the Cook, who is also a member of the sacred 33, sent a long night-letter which was, no doubt, read at the meeting today.

The day's sailing took us through the ports of Glendo, Douglas, Orin, past the large oil tank farm at Glenrock; practically all of this section is under



irrigation, the broad expanse of green alfalfa fields bringing vividly to mind the fine results of this project. We bowl along at a merry clip over the fine Washington Highway, cross Powder River, and stop long enough at Hell's Half Acre for some views. Here, in the olden days, the crafty Indian lured the Buffalo, killing them after they were trapped. An ideal spot to murder Buffalo or anything else. One thing that fools

a person in this country is judging distances. For example, we took a certain mountain. One guessed it to be 18 miles away, another 15, while the Pilot said 6. It proved to be 5.7 miles and the Pilot got the can of corn. At Moneta we saw several huge trucks equipped with the largest tires I ever did see, hauling 10 and 12 inch pipe for the new gas line from Riverton to Casper. From here we can see the snow-capped Rockies glistening in the sun.

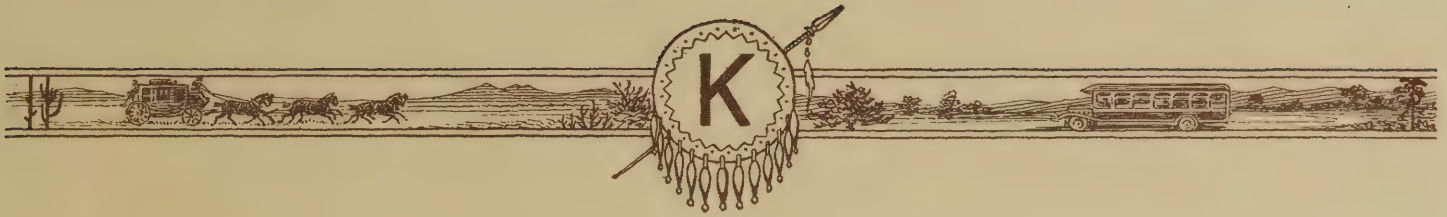
At Casper they asked \$1.50 per dozen for sweet corn, so it will be omitted from tonight's menu, the

Cook giving us fine leg of mutton, boiled onions and spuds, quartered tomatoes and wonderful coffee, for which he is becoming more famous as each day passes. A peach of a blow came out of the west, and before he could turn around, the prairie was littered with slices of rye bread. Rain and sand came with it, forcing us to seek shelter in the boudoir, where the repast was partaken thereof.

We are 40 miles from Wind River and Shoshone canyons and 200 miles from Yellowstone. Our camp is not only sandy, but there are many flat rocks, various and sundry holes in the ground, being indicative of rep-



"Hell's Half Acre"



tile life. Poor Finnegan, it will take him back to the days when he helped St. Patrick drive 'em out of Ireland. The rest of us, being young and kittenish, will probably go foraging for snakes on the morrow.

Signing off. Early to bed are the orders. 176 miles today, over hill and dale. We call to Rover, "Watchman, how goes the night?" And he says, "Bow-wow," meaning, in dog language, "All is well." So mote it be.

This life would have suited Caesar the Fiddler. Still, it takes more than an artistic temperament to withstand the quips and jibes of these "eat 'em alive rollicking rovers."



"First tunnel, Wind River Canyon"



"Around the bend, Wind River Canyon"

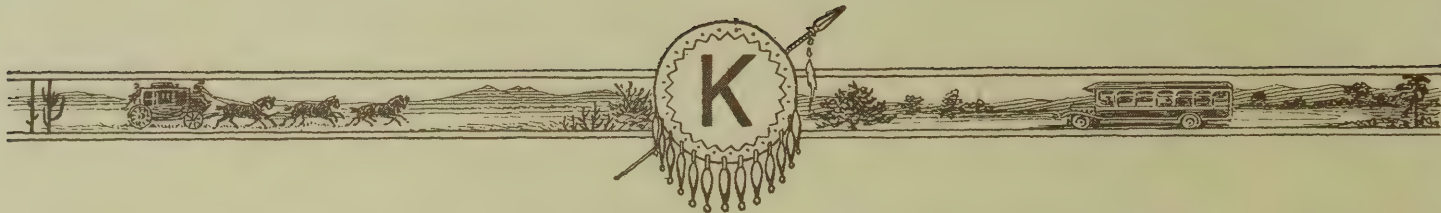
IN CAMP—10 MILES EAST OF CODY, WYO.

JUNE 26, 1925.

The Pilot—

And the Baler started out early, Stub finding a neat little rattler, sending him to his snake heaven with a big stone on his head. He was a game little divvil, and knew the fine points of striking and hissing. Be a nice mascot to take along to keep skeeters out of camp. At 7:15 we were breezing along with full sails over the prairie, driving for 14 miles through Wind River canyon. Right in the heart of these rocks and hills is a wonderful farm, irrigated, standing in pleasing contrast against the yellow and red mountains of solid rock. The famous old Wind River churns far below us, through the canyon, and we pass through three tunnels, bored out of the solid granite rock, being fearful that they are not large enough to accommodate the big bus, but after sizing them up find that we can make it, with a couple of inches to spare. Stone crushers, tractors, trucks, etc., working away on the roads, which are truly wonderful. Here begins the famous "Wyoming Million Dollar road" which follows all the way to Yellowstone. A branch of the C. B. & Q. R. R. follows, far below, parallel with the Wind River.

From the canyon to Thermopolis, the route is dotted with prosperous little farms. Five miles beyond Thermopolis, a fine city of 3,000, irrigation apparently ceases, for there are no more farms, just wasteland and prairie. Basin, Wyo., looks like a new town, all the



buildings, practically, being made of brick and looking new and modern. At Greybull we got into another irrigated district, passing more fine looking farms.

Word reached us of a mountain slide beyond the southern entrance of Yellowstone, where the Gros Ventre river empties into Snake River. According to reports, Sheep Mountain took the tumble, the massive rocks taking everything in the wake of the fall to the bottom of the canyon, damming up the river a mile in width and more than 300 feet deep. It is claimed the slide is nearly a mile wide at the foot of the mountain, the huge rocks rushing down the slope with the speed of an express train. We'll see it, mayhap, unless a mountain falls on us.

Tomorrow comes Cody, where are weaved many stories of the romantic days of the colorful Buffalo Bill. The town was named for him, a monument was erected to his memory during the past year, but what we can't get is the fact that his remains lie on the top of a mountain in Colorado.

163 miles further removed from the busy corner of Broad and High, every man being in fine fettle and anxious for the entrance into the Land of Enchantment.

IN PUBLIC CAMP, YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK, WYO.

JUNE 27, 1925.

Last Night—

We had an old-fashioned social session. Stub gave me a big shot of Ed Pinaud's toilet water. It knocked



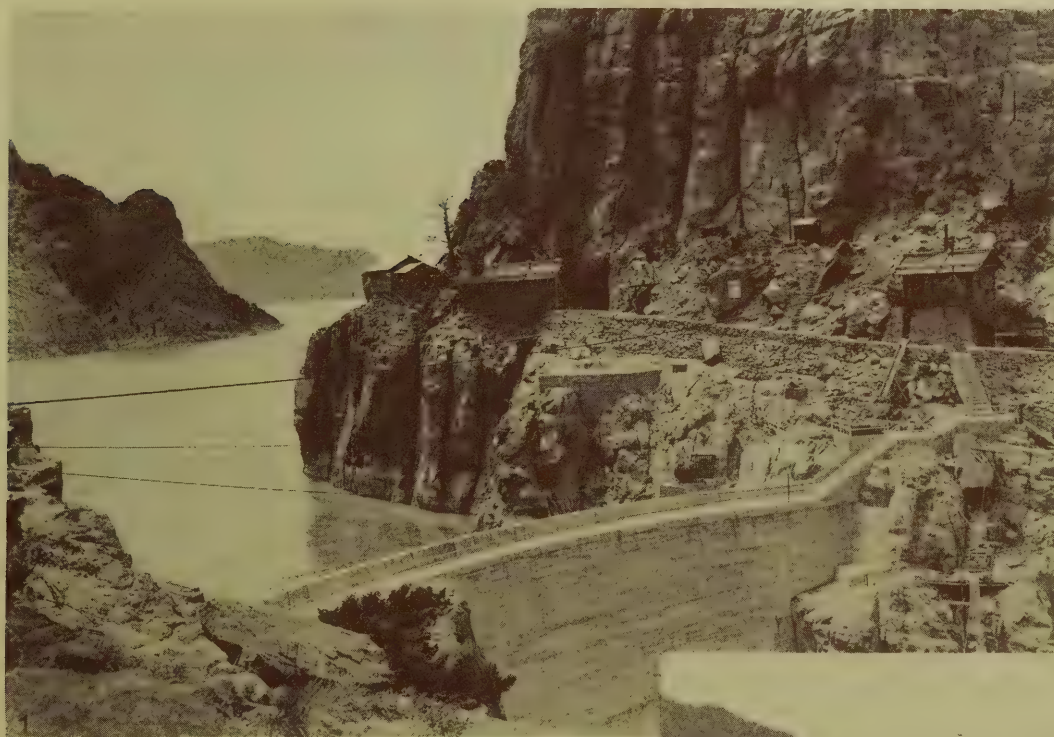
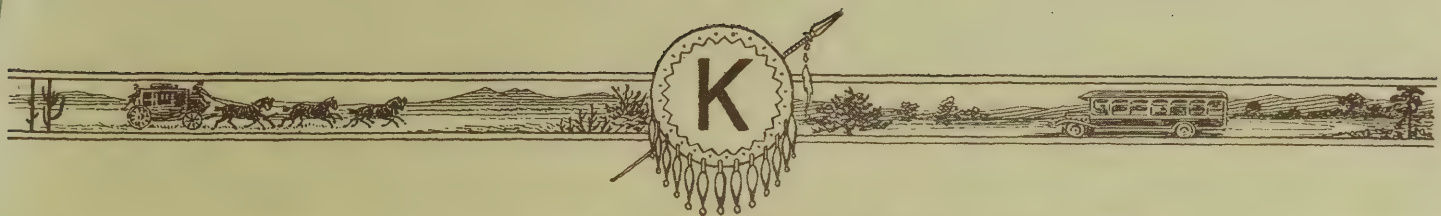
"Buffalo Bill" statue, Cody, Wyoming



Checking in; Cody entrance, Yellowstone Park

me sorta goofy and I made a mess of the reports, having to do them all over today. It was like dropping a match into a window full of fireworks. Everyone else went for it, too.

First, we had a serenade by Henry Obligato on his jews harp. That helped. Cunningham's favorite record, "Just a Little Drink," followed. Next event was a wrestling match between the Cook, who wrestles in Wyoming under the name of "Joe the Terrible" (he took that name thinking he might intimidate his opponents) and the Cowboy. In the fracas, Bowman, the Cowboy Wonder from Cody, stepped on a hostile cac-



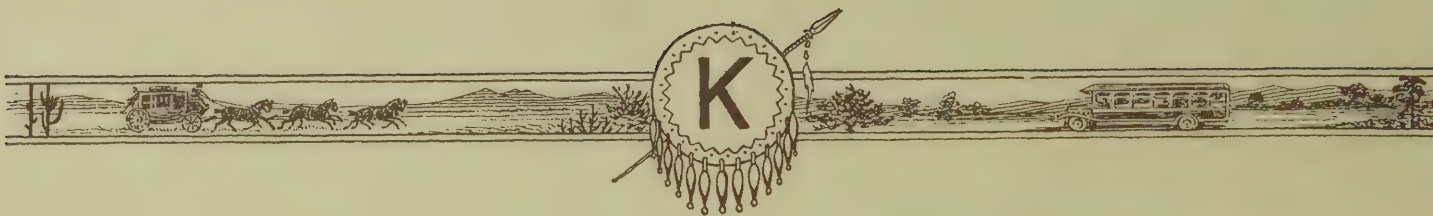
Shoshone Dam, Shoshone Canyon



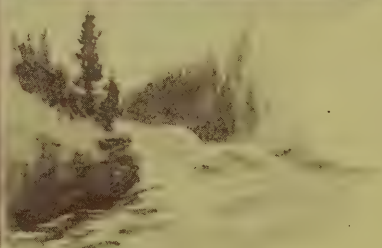
Another view of Shoshone Dam

tus, and was busy the balance of the evening extracting needles. Decision awarded the Cook. This earned him the right to wrestle Stub, who is known in this country as Big Bun. And he had one, believe me! They threshed over about 10 acres, until the referees grew tired, and after ploughing up a lot of sage brush and cacti, they finally ceased hostilities by mutual consent, in order to rest up. When next they started the fracas, a slight breeze caressed the forehead of Big Bun, and he went down in a heap, both shoulders touching the mat, giving Joe the Terrible a sort of decision. Both contestants are well bruised and chawed up. I do not know all that followed, for Old Man Morpheus secured a strangle hold on me about this time. Before retiring, the Skipper, God love him, came into our boudoir and made sure that we were all safely tucked away for the night. You see, it was Gyro picnic day, and we just *had* to celebrate a li'l bit.

We shopped in Cody and regret that we will not be here during their annual stampede, which is attended by 10,000 visitors from all parts of the country. Met a colored boy who is porter on a train. Said he was from Columbus. The Pilot asked him if he knew "Smokey Hobbs." "Smokey Hobbs? Yas, suh, ah knows Smokey. He doin' a lap fo' sellin' dope." Yesterday, dry officers raided Cody, securing 3,000 bottles of beer. Looks like the stampede will be a dry affair. We take a trip through the Irma Hotel, which was Cody's (Buffalo Bill's), and find some very



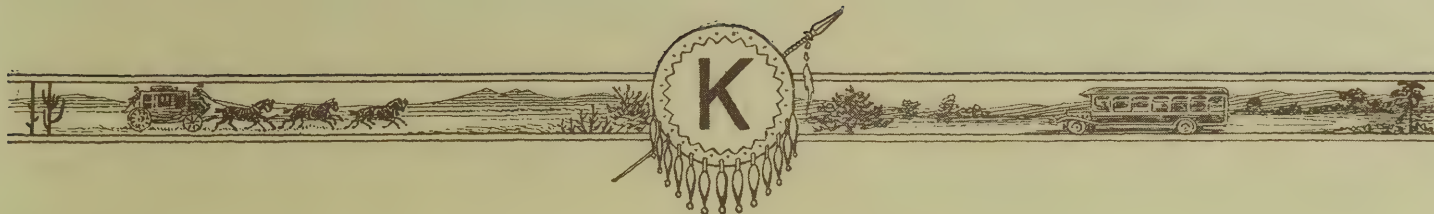
Road scene, Shoshone Canyon



*Inlet at
Shoshone Dam*



*Shoshone Lake,
Above Dam*



interesting things in the way of relics, old paintings, etc. The huge bar still operates in connection with the hotel, but the bar-keep, who has been there many years, informed us that it was quite different 20 years ago.

It was our pleasure to drive through Shoshone canyon today, this road being a marvel of engineering, built around and through the great rocks. Shoshone dam, made of concrete, is 100 feet through at the bottom. This dams Shoshone Lake, which was, at one time, just an ordinary mountain stream, but is

done and we are told the playful bears will probably visit us before morning. Happy thought!

If we don't return home in time, someone hang our sock on the mantle Christmas Eve.

THE BALER.

— o —

THE THIRD TALE CAMPED IN THE RAILROAD YARDS, GARDINER, MONTANA

JUNE 28, 1925.

We Have—

The poorest luck finding churches on Sunday! No such thing in Yellowstone — and we really tried to find one — so here we are, adjacent to the railroad station, which lies in a beautiful valley surrounded by great mountains, at Gardiner, Mont., driven in by the rain at 4:30, this being our earliest camp to date.



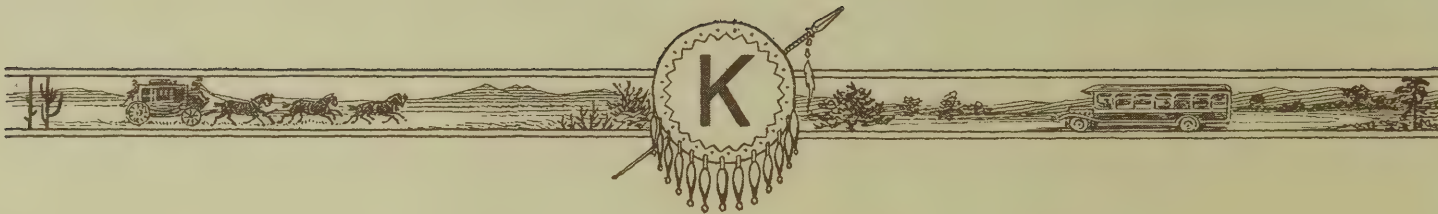
*Testing brakes before starting
up Sylvan Pass*

now a beautiful lake, extending for miles, held in leash by the dam. Truly the most wonderful scenery in the world, and we take a number of views of this paradise. Reached Yellowstone at 3:30, paying the usual fee of \$7.50 per car, and are in public camp just a few miles inside the park. We have been climbing all day, reaching an elevation of 6700 feet upon entering the park, and had to do the Sylvan Pass, which is 8600 feet. We had to be "boosters" for Theodore, as he could not make the stiff grade. Some test on the wind, pushing and heaving in this high altitude. As we climbed higher the air grew cooler, and presently we were in the snow; in some places it was banked as high as 12 feet. It has been a tough day on the Pilots, making but 93 miles, going into a public camp at 7:00 P. M., where the big snow mosquitos greet us with open beaks. The rosta bif is



Corkscrew bridge, near Sylvan Pass

One time the Skipper told me about the vicious "snow mosquitos." I took the remark with a pinch of salt, because he kids so much you never know when to believe him. From now on I'll believe everything he says. Did you ever see the Joisey kind? They are mere gnats in comparison with these birds. They have a way of knowing where you are planning to camp, and last night they gave us a merry run around. We built a big fire, but fire and smoke does not daunt them.



Getting acquainted—The Pilot, Cookie and Bruno, Yellowstone

They run in size about as large as a good Plymouth springer, have eagle-like bills, with a suction pump that will lift a pint of blood at one drag. If two make an attack simultaneously, you just naturally fall in a swoon due to weakness from loss of blood.

A meddlesome magpie awakened us early with his cackle and it was not long thereafter until we were coursing down the Eagle Scout Trail, seeing some most wonderful sights, including Yellowstone Falls, where it empties into the beautiful Yellowstone Canyon, Upper Falls, some 300 feet high, the Petrified Tree, Frog Rock, weighing possibly 100 tons; believe De Maupasant wrote a yarn about "The Legend of the Frog," and they claim this was donated to the park by P. T. Barnum, years ago, after



folks grew tired of paying a dime to see it. Then there was the long pull over Dunraven Pass to Tower Falls, three miles to the summit, the ride down being most hazardous due to the steam shovels, tractors, etc., at work on the roads.

In one case, we barely squeezed past, the wheels of the bus riding right on the ledge, with a drop of a half mile if anything happened. Made us kinda shivery.

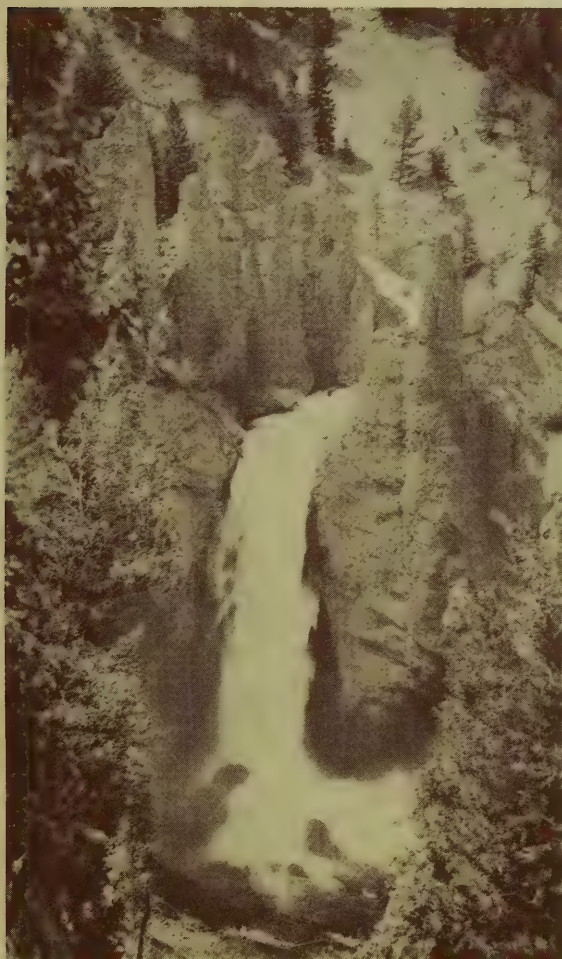
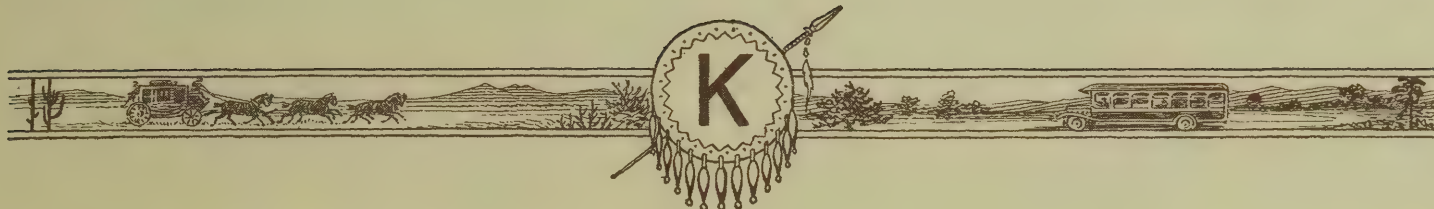
Saw many of the wild things, including bear, elk and deer. We secured some good shots of the bear. In one case, a large fellow stood on a log spanning a ravine from the road to the bottom of the hill. The



"The big fellow was none too friendly"

setting was so good we determined to get him if he'd hold the pose. So the Baler got out of the bus and rushed up the road to do the trick. Mr. Bruno was very nice about it, never so much as moving an eye lid. Just as I secured the shot, the Pilot and Cook yelled to me to "look out behind!" Turning quickly, I saw a big black bear eating a sweet cake right behind me. Know what they were doing? Throwing cakes to him, getting each one nearer me, until the last one landed right by my boot. Was I thrilled? Boy, howdy! The bus was 200 feet away. Taking three cautious steps so he would not grow suspicious, I gave a leap and a broad jump that would look well at the Olympian games. From then on there were no more pictures of the bear!

Some folks surely have a peculiar sense of humor. Finnegan said later, "I was watching all the time. If he'd made one move toward you, I was prepared to grasp him by the tail and throw him down the canyon!" Another liar heard from! He likes wild things, but *not* animals.



Tower Falls, Yellowstone Park

IN CAMP ON THE BANKS OF SNAKE RIVER, YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK

JUNE 29, 1925.

We Were Informed—

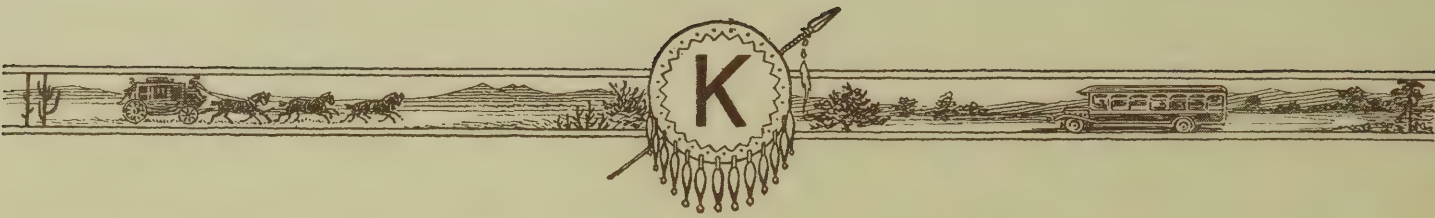
That the southern entrance to the park is open, so the Skipper opined it might be a treat to go through the Jackson Hole section and see what we can see where the mighty slide occurred on Sheep Mountain. It was the original plan to circle around Livingston, Galatin and then back into the park, but Montana suffered an earthquake a day ago, Livingston was among the towns hit, so it was deemed advisable to sail out of the Port of Montana.

While Yellowstone Park is a wonderful place, the skeeters make it mighty unpleasant during the long night hours. Made a short stop at Mammoth Springs, where is located a wonderful hotel and certain mineral baths may be taken by indigent rheumatics

and the like. Pass Golden Gate, Glen Creek, Rustic Falls and stop at the famous Appollanaires Springs, the water tasting just like white rock, then Norris Junction, Gibbons River, which is the Gibbons Falls farther down, Firehole River, Geyser Basin, Excelsior Geyser, Grotto Geyser and then Old Faithful. Had a wait of just 12 minutes to see it spout, a trick it engages in every 55 minutes. We listened close to the mouth of the geyser and could hear a rumble coming up from the bowels of the earth, sounding like heavy thunder. It was about time to move, and when it commenced to spit, we moved. Secured a couple of views and then were on our way across Continental Divide. Here is the famous Isa Lake, part of it flowing to the Pacific, the other half to the Atlantic. Continue on to West Thumb, and close to Lewis Lake we arrive at the southern entrance. From here there is a splendid view of the mighty Teton Mountains. Go into camp just inside the park, near the Southern Entrance Ranger Station. From the buzzing



*"Nature's Timepiece"—
Old Faithful Geyser, Yellowstone*



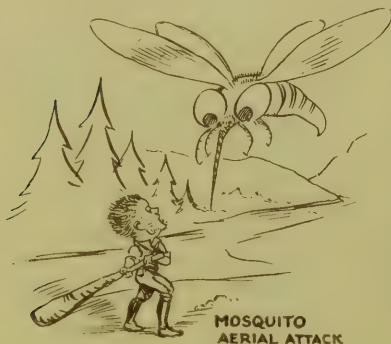
A view of Firehole River

sounds I hear, it looks like Poor Citrenella will suffer this night, for the skeeters are getting organized and are about to make the attack in mass formation which even a flying wedge will not hold.

The ride out this way is, if anything, more picturesque than the northern entrance, although the roads were more dusty. The distant hills, some solid with sage brush, others covered with pine trees, and still others with nothing covering them save green grass looking like well-kept eastern lawns, the background being the snow-capped mountains. Now and then herds of elk were plainly visible, contentedly grazing on the hillsides, apparently oblivious to all else. One thing might be said, in each case, the attitude of the Ranger Police has been mighty fine.

It just occurs to us that in our Cody notes we neglected to tell you about a man named James Rager, who left Coshocton, Ohio, 20 years ago. He claimed to know our Governor, Vic Donahey, very well, and added, "Why, I mind the times he came to my house and the girls sat on his lap." So that gives us the

low-down on our Vic. The Skipper laughed and said, "Well, we had to travel 2,000 miles to get it, BUT, we got it!" Personally, I'm kinda glad we will be out of this wild animal park tomorrow. Saw some more bear today, but



I didn't venture forth. Just figured that if I got in the *habit* of taking pictures of such wild beasts, first thing I know I'll get the fever to go to Africa and take pictures of lions and tigers right in their lairs!

I just looked at the skipper and had to take a li'l laugh all by myself. He is ready to retire, and all you can see of him is the end of his nose. He's doing his best to fool the enemy, but they'll get him in the end.

The Pilot prepares the rag smudge which is not altogether as pleasant as the aroma of one of the Skipper's stogies. Too darned offensively odoriferous.

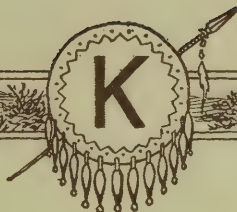
JACKSON LAKE LODGE — PUBLIC CAMP, JACKSON HOLE DISTRICT, WYO.

JUNE 30, 1925.

The Rain—

Kept us in 'till ten today. And I mean rain, for it was a veritable deluge. We are covered with bumps and wounds, suffered at the hands of those anthropoid, blood-guzzling, smoke eating mosquitos. Remember Willie, who ate the mercury from the looking glass thereof? "And at the funeral Mrs. Murphy sadly commented to Mrs. Brown, 'It was a cold day for Willie when the mercury went down!'" We were tempted to eat a few looking glasses ourselves. Today we gazed back toward Snake River and murmured a fervent "Good-bye forever!" Five of the big brutes lit on the Cook's knee last night and well nigh gobbled him up at one gobble. But Citrenella helped a lot, God love her!

In our day's travel we covered but 24 miles in six hours. You never saw such a grimy, mud-bespattered, desperate looking bunch of men in all your life, from the Skipper down, for we've been in the mud to our boot tops several times today. Out of the park, following the rain, we hit mud roads in the valley, treacherous and slippery. On a particularly steep grade we were all pushing Hawthorne to keep the rear end from plunging down the hill. Without warning, he slipped the other way, and the Cook took a pretty spill in the mud, which mussed him up not a little. Personally, I chuckled over the mishap, for I've not forgotten the night he put sugar under my cot for



bear bait. Believe it or not, I haven't heard a cuss word all day. It was past the cussing stage and every one took it good naturedly.

This is a rare spot. There are some 24 new log cabins, a beautiful Inn made of logs, which is operated by the Amorette Inn and Hotel Co. of Landor, Wyoming, and managed by Mr. Irving W. Wright of Landor, who has given us most courteous treatment. The nearest railroad station is 60 miles, at Victor, Idaho. The great Tetons, with their snow-capped peaks, are just in the offing. Mr. Wright tells us this

our big log fire, to the tune of "Don't Bring Lulu."

The Skipper just handed me one of his famous lemonades, and it's so darn good think I'll step over by Lake Jackson and sip it through a straw. One gets wonderful lemons in this country, and what it takes to make *real* lemo, the Skipper's got! Outside of himself, the only one I know of who could make one with that exclusive flavor was Mr. Gordon, of London, Yum! Yum!

Golly, if we only had a bath!

Just noticed the elusive Maid coming across the open hopping up and down through the tall grass like a prairie Jackrabbit. No matter where we cast anchor, he seems to have some secret rendezvous. Wish the P. B. was here. Bet *he'd* see to it that we get a bath. Brought my new bathing suit along. Wonder if I'll ever get a chance to use it?

Probably not.



The Skipper directing traffic,

is the real hunting section for elk and bear, stating the elk come down the side of a near mountain by the thousands every day to feed. One thing noticeable about our camp tonight is the purple and white flowers growing all about us, this being the combination of Elk colors.

Tomorrow, if all goes well, we cross the Teton Pass, getting up to an altitude of 8400 feet. The peak of the Grand Teton rises to an altitude of 13,800 feet, so you may know we will be close to heaven. Everyone well and happy, nothing particularly exciting happened, but you ought to see this dirty, muddy gang! Finnegan didn't get so muddy, though, because he got heart burn from eating soft boiled eggs, and couldn't push so good. We should be in Idaho some time tomorrow, and from then on our road troubles will be at an end, so they tell us. We have a number of nice neighbors camping near, and as we go to press, folks are getting acquainted around



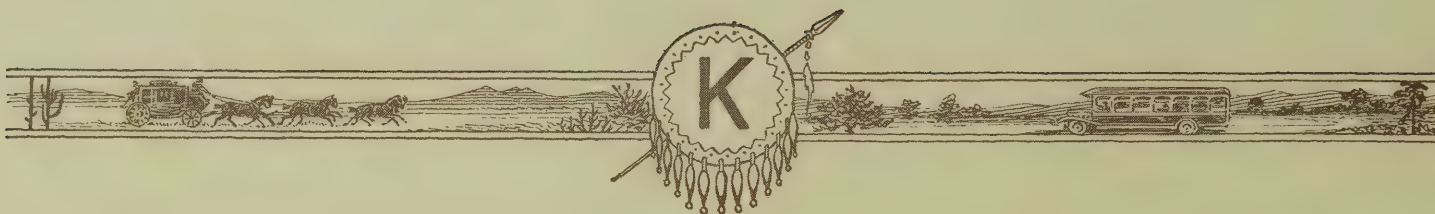
Jackson Hole

STILL IN JACKSON HOLE, SIX MILES EAST OF WILSON, WYO.

JULY 1, 1925.

We Told a Fib—

Yesterday. Said we'd be in Idaho today. Started at eight, traveled 'till six, and made 32 miles. There's so much to chronicle, we'll have to say it in short barks to get it all on one page. And I'll be derved if I'll write two pages! The Maid, God love him, fixed it up with Mr. Wright so we all got a fine hot bath.

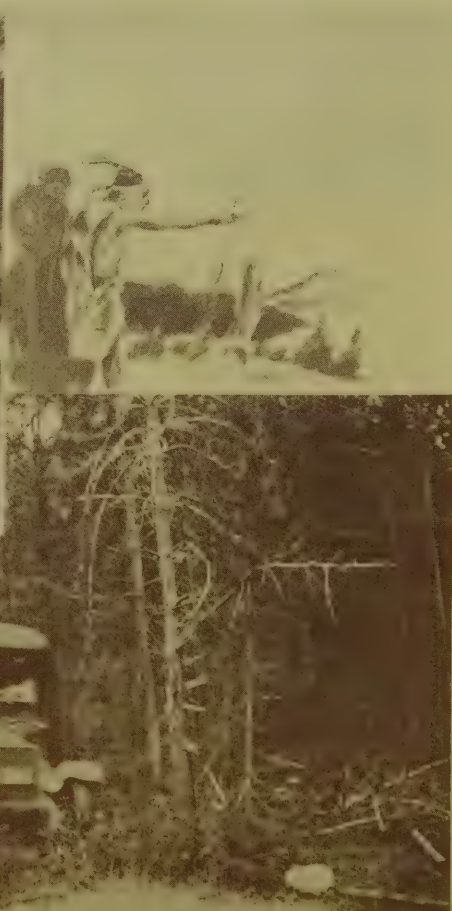


Ojoy! What a treat it was. Didn't do much good, though. Half a mile out of Jackson Lodge we mired in the bog. First time. Worked three and one-half hours with picks and shovels, then had to have a rancher, with four horses, pull us out. For a short distance, sea was tranquil, the sailing smooth. Being anxious to get a view of the Sheep mountain slide, the Skipper took a chance on a 25 mile short cut. Reached the ferry, crossing Snake River, and the ferry boy said nix, the river's too high, the ferry too frail, the bus too big to take a chance and he was not ready to stop living just yet. So we had to be content with viewing the slide from several miles' distance. Looked like a big steam shovel had been at work, the bare spot on the mountain side being a mile wide at the bottom, where it plunged into Gros Ventre river. So we hit out over the detour for Jackson.

What a road! As Cowboy Marsh put it, "This ain't no road, it's just a place where folks got in the habit of driving!" Quite true. On the side of the mountain we got stuck again. Had to back off the road, cut

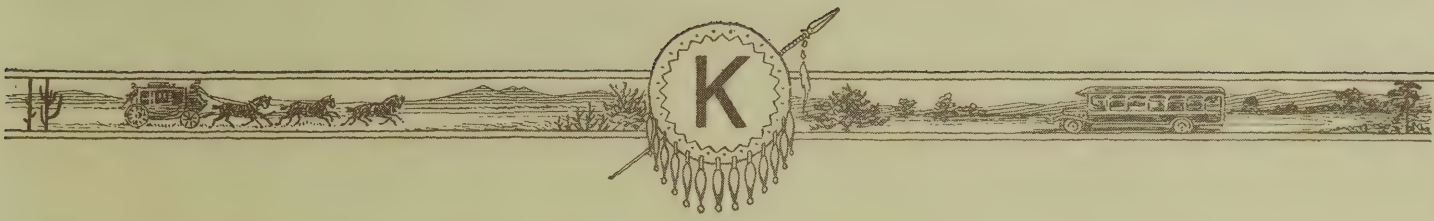
some 20 trees through the forest, and blaze a new trail. After a two-hour struggle, assisted by a kindly native who knew something about an axe, we mentioned it to Hawthorne, and he came through with flying colors. Finally reached Jenny Lake, find the regular route to Jackson closed as a result of the slide, and are directed over more detours.

It has been a gruelling day for all of us, particularly the Pilot and the Cowboy, Stub getting most of the gaff, jacking up the big bus. It has been a terrible road, mud, water holes, etc., and just one succession of sharp curves through the dense forest. The little wooden bridges were put to the acid test and in a number of cases Stub dismounted to make a careful inspection before crossing. Everyone fagged tonight, but in good humor. Why worry, when we have a physician of the calibre of Doctor John Skipper Kaufman? He knows how to bring 'em back with his Red Hot Mamma Lemonade! I'm sipping mine as I write this, and am almost tempted to write a second page. But the Cook calls "on the table"



In the jungles, Jackson Hole

"Blazing the new trail", Jackson Hole



*"The Four Horses" pulling Hawthorne out of the bog,
Jackson Hole*

and every one scrambles for his place when the clarion call of the dinner bell sounds. Idaho tomorrow, SURE!

Nothing funny to report, too tired tonight, but we'll try and dig up a laugh for you tomorrow, up on Teton

Pass. The soup was fine, so were the scrambled eggs and chipped beef. As we roll into the blankets we think of the wasted bath, and this thought comes to me: If we don't hit a town tomorrow, we will eat bread and butter, for the larder is low and all we ask is:

Please, Miss Lady Luck, won't you all ride with us tomorrow?

— o —

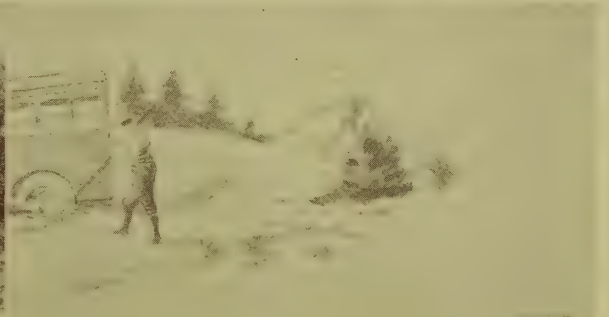
CAMPING IN THE HEART OF THE MIGHTY TETONS

JULY 2, 1925.

The Lowering Clouds—

Looked threatening, and while the Skipper felt dubious, determination is one thing he ain't got nothin' else but! So he gave the

orders to sail and we steamed out at 7:45. At 8:15 decks were cleared and all hands ordered off ship, for the big boy was listing to leeward in another bog hole. After successfully corduroying the road, the Pilot got out of the hole and we went smack-dab into another



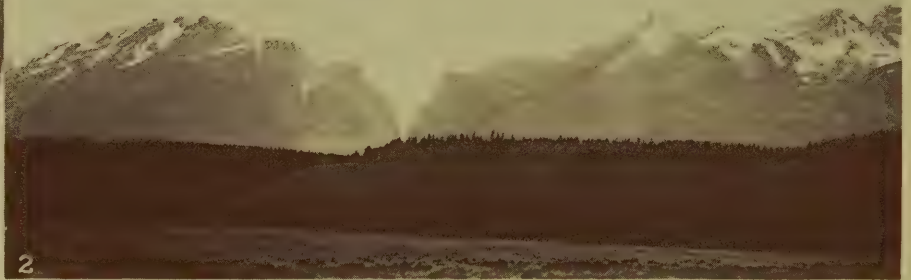
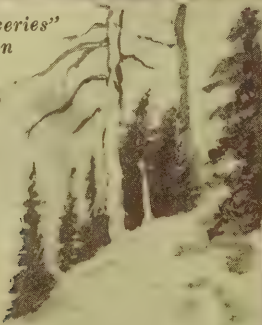
The "pontoon" road, corduroying with willows

"Stuck again", Jackson Hole



"Getting our groceries"
Foot of Teton
Mountains

Another view
of the Tetons



The snow-capped Tetons



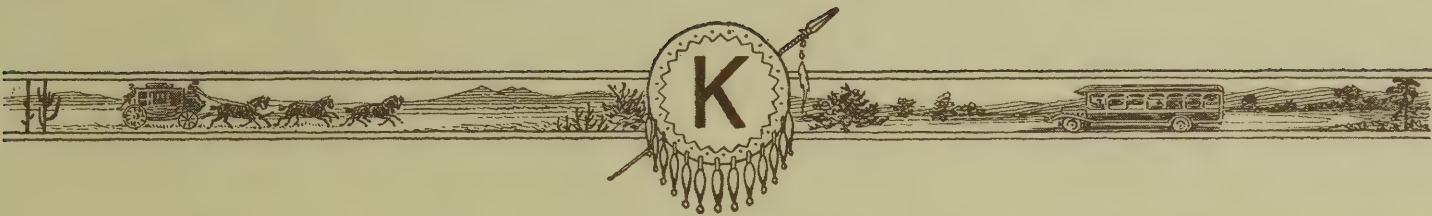
Jackson Lake



correctly named, sure, for it *is* a hole. It is said that last year a half million people visited Yellowstone Park and, naturally, the southern entrance got its share of the routings. A little ditching on the roadsides and a bit of scraping would put the roads in good shape. Nothing like the Cody road by any means.

Well, the Skipper was bound to reach the Teton Summit, if it took us all night. The road up was very dan-

one. At this point we cut down a lot of willows and small trees, making a sort of "pontoon" road to give the bus better traction. In all, we were just six hours digging out of the several holes. The roads are gravelled, after a fashion, and look fair at first glance. This is done to keep the stray buggies from just naturally disappearing from the face of the earth, for it's almost as bad as quicksand. Jackson Hole is



gerous, slippery with mud, and filled with long rut holes. Pilot Stub knows something about his ship, for he sailed to the top without an accident, but Theodore—well, he just naturally has more or less mule about him and we had to resort to drastic measures. The Cook and the Baler, with the assistance of the Maid, heaved, chucked and pushed the dern critter for six miles to the top of the Pass, taking four and one-half hours. If you think that doesn't test the wind of a fat man, try it. Altitude, 8400 feet.

After resting a bit, for our joints fairly creaked, we boarded the bus and Stub found the light circuit out of order. There we were, a mile and a half above sea level on that narrow, slippery pass, with no lights. So, two of us guided him down the hazardous, corkscrew road with electric lanterns for a distance of three miles, taking more than an hour in the descent, where we found a cleared spot off the road, large enough to camp, close to a rancher's house. In some cases it was necessary for the Pilot to back up twice on the hairpin turn in order to make it, and nothing but the light from those two flickering lanterns to guide him. *That* takes nerve. The Skipper says he has traversed some tough passes, including Kootnay, in Montana, the El Cajon in California, the La Bajada and the Raton in New Mexico, but he never was up against one like this. Good roads would make it a delight, but under the conditions we encountered, the night traveler is just lucky if he makes it, and that's all.

We go into camp at nine-thirty, in a drenching rain, soaked to the hide. Some of the boys ate the Cook's hot soup, but as for me, I just rolled into my compartment with boots on and immediately lost consciousness.

Nineteen miles today, fourteen hours of real labor, and not out of Wyoming.

My hat is off to the Pilots. And *still* no one has cussed!

— o —

IDAHO AT LAST — NEAR RIGBY — PUBLIC CAMP

JULY 3, 1925.

Who Takes Care—

Of the Mud Slinger's daughter when the Mud Slinger's busy slinging mud? The Rain God has it in for us, for we were marooned until after one o'clock. Our Skipper sailed into the Port of Victor in a rattly

old tub he hired from the rancher, carrying with him his growth of whiskers, to see if he can find a market. Finnegan, the Cook and the Pilot are all prettied up. Yipsy the Maid is fumigating the bus with one hand and holding up his beard with the other to keep it out of the dust. The Cowboy has Theodore off to one side giving him a heart to heart talk and I am worried silly. Lost the cork to my little bottle of Citrenella and Stub threatens to squawk on me. Hope I don't have to walk home. This would be a nifty life for Trustees Durham and Seddon. I'd like to see Walter Lindenburg and Henry Pleasants, with a few under their belt, doing their fancy toe tango, pushing behind Theodore! It would cure 'em of that "ginger step." When we reached the top of the pass yesterday, I was fagged completely, and stood there like a wooden image gasping for breath, while the gritty Cook started to do a hula hula!

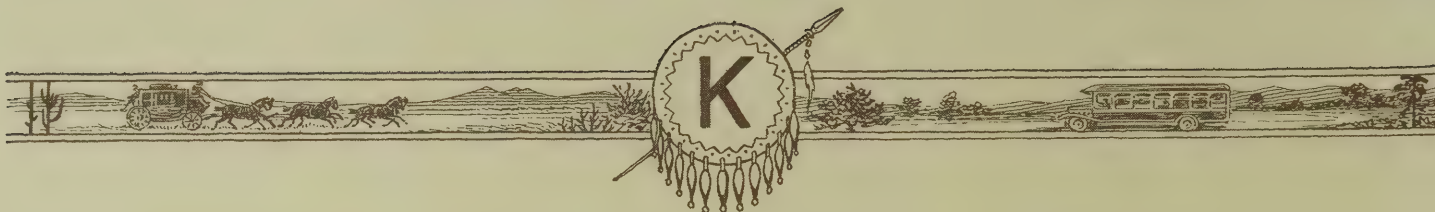
The Pilot called a conference, it was decided to hoist anchor and steam out, taking a chance on the road, for the rain took a vacation and it looked like the smart thing to do. So we did, while the Skipper was bartering with the barber and the butcher. Well, the descent down the four per cent grade was terrific. On several occasions we had to disembark and all get against the rear end of Hawthorne to keep him from sliding off. It was just a dirt road, cut out of the side of the hill, and mighty dangerous. Whew! Just before reaching Victor we met the Skipper, laden with provisions, looking pert and handsome in his ready-to-wear shave.

Out of Victor the roads immediately improved, and Hawthorne just ran wild. Reminded me of a ride in a speed boat, for the spray flew in all directions. Outside the town of Teton we read a sign on the billboard, "Visit Yellowstone National Park via Jackson Hole, the scenic route." Pass through Driggs, Sugar City, Thornton and Rexburg, a fine little city with asphalt pavement, a nice sodded boulevard through the center of the town, and are in camp near a school house on the outskirts of Rigby, another good town. We are told the splendid roads continue all the way to Pocatello, and that is gladsome tidings.

We've had some tough days. But somehow I sorta have a hunch tomorrow will be another tough one. But not with pick and shovel. You see, it will be the fourth of July, and the air tonight seems charged with something boding ill.

Well, it's not worrying me, for I'm thinking of brave Paul Revere, the original horseman.

Lady Luck, where at is yo'?



HISTORIC INDIAN MASSACRE ROCKS, IDAHO

INDEPENDENCE DAY, 1925.

The Skipper—

Wired G. E. R. Price today that we will reach the port of Portland, 750 miles removed from Pocatello, on time and at the designated hour. The Price party, which includes the Skipper's wife, will make a tour of Yellowstone Park on their way west, and are traveling in a special train, some eighty people being in the party. We were under way at 8:30 and all along the route were posters calling attention to the spectacular mimic battle, to be staged by the American Legion boys in Idaho Falls. The traffic was heavy, reminding the Skipper of the day he steamed into Shelby, Mont., with the big bus to see the Dempsey - Gibbons fight, for this is a big event in the history of the fine little western city, where they still believe in celebrating the Fourth of July. From all points of the globe came visitors. There were the cowboys and cow girls on horseback; buckboards and spring-wagons loaded to capacity with Indian families from the Blackfoot reservation, all sizes and all ages; a Henry with a home-spun body, the "Missus" holding over her head an old-time umbrella, for the sun was hot; limousines with "swells"; delivery wagons and trucks; boys, girls, men and women on bicycle, a tandem bicycle, rarely seen now days, with a man and woman pedaling; all manner and sorts of people afoot, and, to make the picture complete, comes an old-time stage coach, drawn by four brones; a horse and an oxen, drawing a covered wagon, filled with kids; and last (this was pathetic), a gray haired woman, pushing a white haired invalid in a wheel chair.

Yes, sir, those folks *do* believe in Independence Day. My thoughts traveled back in retrospection as I thought of the 'thrill' that was to be theirs, being mindful of the "thrill" I got as a boy on the farm, for always on July 4th, my father called the boys

into the back yard and, with calmness and dignity, pointed his nickel plated five shooter "pistol" toward the sky and discharged the green-colored bullets that were rusted in the chamber. It was an event we looked forward to for days, and was like anticipating a new pair of red top boots after the wheat was sold, or a visit from Santa Claus.

Idaho Falls was resplendent with bunting and flag decorations, the floats were gathering for the parade, and we regretted that our limited time forced us to forego the pleasure of participating in the gala event. A fine city, and proud of it. Along the highway one reads this sign, "Vehicles such as tractors, engines, etc., which have destructive cleats on wheels, are forbidden on this road." Through Blackfoot, where the Eastern Idaho district fair is held in September each

year, and see the fine buildings of the Indian Industrial School. We were disappointed upon entering Pocatello, but after crossing the viaduct, into the city proper, it improved rapidly in appearance. Here we shopped and had a pleasant visit



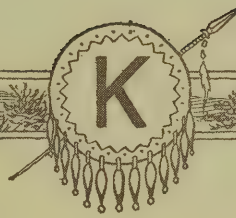
Through the cut; Indian Massacre Rocks, Idaho

with some of the local brothers at their fine Elks' Home. They have a membership of 1100; the new home being dedicated just nine years ago today. They maintain 36 sleeping rooms, which are rented to Elks only for \$20.00 per month and includes telephone service, bath, etc., Just out of American Falls we cross the Old Oregon Trail, which has flirted with us on two or three occasions. Wonder where it will eventually lead us?

Our spot tonight is not only historic, it is picturesque, sheltered by the famous rocks which hid the Indians when their bloody massacre was perpetrated upon the white emigrants in 1862, and we have once more for our neighbor the romantic Snake River. 102 miles in all, the long stay in Pocatello reducing our mileage.

Thus endeth the third event of the Roving Brothers' Classic.

THE BALER.



THE FOURTH FAIRYTALE ONE MILE FROM BLISS, IDAHO

JULY 5, 1925.

Idaho Falls—

Had nothing on us yesterday, for we exploded a few skyrockets, too. A typhoon hit the ship last night and there was no cover to scurry to. Always did feel those giant fire-crackers were dangerous to fool with. Well, we were not satisfied with them, so had to take on some dynamite to get real action. We resurrected and re-buried the Father of our Country. We killed a baker's dozen of Red Coats at one blow. We scalped Indians by the score. We recited poetry that made James Whitcomb Riley snigger and turn on his left side. We sang songs that made us weep. The melody carried far across the prairie and the coyote paused in his quest, finally slinking away with his tail between his legs. The harmony reverberated through the rocks, and the spirits of the massacred emigrants listened with stilled harps. 'Twas a memorable night, in truth.

There is a story of a certain Scotsman who was moving. Characteristic of the thrifty Scot, he was trying to do it all alone. He came staggering down the street carrying one of those big, old-fashioned Grandfather clocks that were so common in the hall-way of our fathers. Another Scot, slightly inebriated, who had just been ejected from yon saloon, sat on the curb ruminating over his sad plight just as Scot No. 1 wheezed along. Rising in front of him, with upraised hand, in an unsteady voice, he said to his friend, "Sandy, just a word o' advice: Buy a watch!" The reason I tell that story is this: The Skipper says from now on our rations, er, I mean portions, are cut down. Instead of a clock, we get a watch.

Why, even the Kill 'Em Club went into executive session, and after the violent lodge meeting was over, I found that I had gathered in a heart lesion, two leg lacerations and one arm abrasion, all of which are more or less painful today. Just as the Skipper was about to wield the pick handle, order was restored, and the Star of Fidelity continued to burn. Reflection moves me to write this ode:

The Seven Roving Brothers
Who journeyed far away,
Pitched their li'l tent
Off the main highway.

The sea was very rough,
The lemonade was spiked,
But that is just what
The li'l Skipper liked.

The day was the fourth,
And the spot quite ideal,
But, oh, the next morning,
How rotten we did feel.

Quick, Watson, the needle. Ah! In the day's flit we hit the Samson Trail, and out of Delco, the Oregon Trail, also known as the Washington Highway, and mighty fine. Theodore had a blowout at Kimberly. Then on to Twin Falls, the "Magic City," through Flier and finally Buhl, a fine city established in 1907 and named for Frank H. Buhl, Sharon, Pa., who was very active in the development of the big irrigation projects through this section. Up a big hill, in camp a mile from Bliss and close to a railroad, feelin' kinda punk.

When is the next holiday?

————— o —————

SCHOOL YARD CAMP, 10 MILES EAST OF BAKER, OREGON

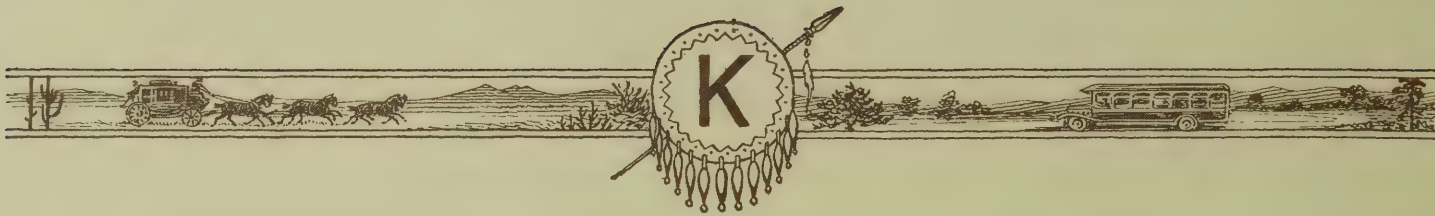
JULY 6, 1925.

So *This*—

Is Oregon? Ten miles further we will pass through Baker, where men are men and dry senators are wet. Wasn't it some one from Baker who wrote the parody on "The Care-taker's Daughter?" which goes something like this: "Say, who takes care of the rum runner's daughter, while the rum runner's busy running rum? Gee! Ogosh! Og! That's what's worrying me. I know that the rum runner must run rum; for if he don't run rum we ain't got fun; but who takes care of the rum runner's daughter while the rum runner's busy running rum?" Silly thing.

Anyway, we have the pleasure of announcing that we broke all mileage records today over the smooth Oregon trail, doing a stint of 227 miles, although Theodore claims 233, which is *SOME* mileage, and in consequence thereof, the Skipper has favored us with an extra large cup of his famous lemonade tonight. The Cook gave us a fine Jiggs dinner last night. Was it good? You tell 'em! Yum! Yum! And tonight, glancing over the menu card, I perk up at this suggestion, "individual porterhouse steaks, genuine Idaho potatoes from Boise, etc." Gee! I can hardly wait for the smell of the stuff. It's overpowering. I'll hafta move my office or I'll faint.

Since our Jackson Hole tribulations, there really isn't much in the way of exciting news to report. Everything going as smooth as clock work. The sweet Maid eats everything the Doctor told him not to eat, and is getting away with it. No one eats Bell Ann pills, or stuff like that, between meals. Not even charcoal tablets. Too darn tuff! Through the binoculars we glimpsed the



following ports in passing: Bliss, King Hill, Glenns Ferry, the road leading off here around the foothills, the hills being covered with sage (*is* it the kind we use in turkey? The Cook says it is, but, gee, he's a big liar), then veers off across the broad expanse of prairie to Mountain Home and Sunnyside. A sign entering the latter village reads, "Speed limit 100 miles per hour. Ford's, do your best." Then Boise, a bully good town; Nampa, very pretty. The Union Pacific have one of their huge icing sheds here, where an entire train is iced at one crack. We noticed the Pacific Fruit Company are erecting large buildings for their car shops. Caldwell, New Plymouth, Fruitland, fine orchards all along the line; Fayette and Weiser. We cross Snake River and over the long bridge hit the Oregon state line. Through Huntington, Dixie, Durkee, Pleasant Valley; the Skipper picks camp in the school house yard at six P. M. The weather is ideal and everybody happy as larks.

Tonight, as the crow flies, we lie 450 miles out of Portland. We are due there at 2:00 P. M., Saturday, and are running ahead of schedule. The Skipper plans to take a side trip to kill time, but undecided as we go to press, just which way he will tack. If Dan Cannon, Walter Lindenburg, Gussie Bryan, Durham and a few more of the Old Guard could be with us now, they would realize what it is all about. Speaking of the great open spaces—we are in 'em!

Cookie Joe issues the warrants, and being anhungered, I follow the lines of least resistance.

Who can say what lies beyond the romantic hills we see in the offing?

PRAIRIE CAMP—3 MILES FROM BOARDMAN OREGON

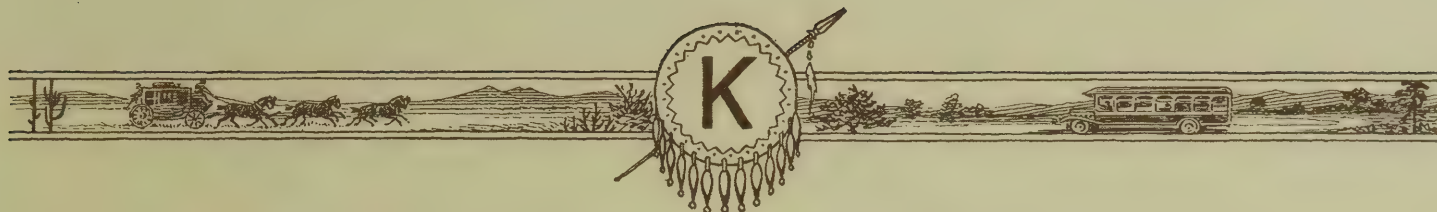
JULY 7, 1925.

If you think—

We are underfed, just glance at this menu card covering yesterday's offering: Soup, a la King e scorchio; fillet mignonette, en creosote; Idaho blistered potato, Mon Dieu; salad souffle, en corvelle; sweet meal, en sage tartar; le honey roll, de trop; coffee demi-tasse; les miserable dejeunner mints; Il fait temps magnifique. Most palatable. Quite so. And today, Cookie has some fine hens tucked away; we are promised stewed chicken with noodles for tomorrow night. Think that's hard to take? Oui! M'sieu. (I learned my French from the Dutch Cook.)

Today, the wish-washer had some kind of a spell. The Skipper diagnosed his case thus: I find the nerve tissues of your pericardium are breaking down, your arterial walls are hardening, there are indications of "sclorosis" of the liver, I find a trace of sugar, a leaking heart valve, compound astigmatism, and a strong trend toward general debility. I will put you on a strict Sautern treatment. Two dollars, please. Next! Gosh! I was waiting. It was like sitting in the dentist's office, listening to a fellow-sufferer groan, feeling that you will get it worse than he did. Well, I busted a finger on the blame door. He looked at it, gave a snort, demanded two dollars, then ordered me out. Glad I haven't all the things he says Finnegan has. Please don't tip off his charge, he doesn't want Doc McCafferty to find it out.





Entering Baker, Oregon, we were stopped for inspection, this being a quarantine district to keep out an alfalfa weevil. We didn't have any, so they permitted us to pass. Made us feel kinda funny, though. After drifting leisurely past Haines, North Powder, Union and Hot Lake, where they give hot baths, we tarry in Le Grand to sprinkle silver. Find the Elks' Home very beautiful. They have a membership of about 1300. Have sleeping rooms, which are rented to members for from twelve to eighteen dollars per month. Out of Le Grand, we sail up the long grade through the beautiful Blue Mountains. Beyond Meacham, up in the mountains, drop anchor to inspect a monument. We make note of the following inscription on the bronze tablet: "Dedicated to the men of the Intrepid Pioneers who came with the first wagon train in 1843 over the old Oregon Trail and saved the Oregon country to the United States. Erected by Old Oregon Trail Association, July 4, 1923." Just below, a smaller tablet, bearing this inscription, "Dedicated by Warren G. Harding, President of the United States, July 3, 1923."

Mush on through the Umatilla Indian reservation, and from here is visible the beautiful Pendleton valley, miles below, the patches of reddish-brown wheat, still uncut, the green squares of alfalfa, the freshly plowed black soil, the light yellow spots where the wheat had been cut, making a picture in color contrast that was most pleasing. Pendleton at last, the famous City of Roundups. A native said to me, "Yes, it's a good sized town, but only once a year, and that is when we have th' round-up." A typical western town, of which many tales are told concerning the "bad men." We come to the Columbia River at Umatilla, and it will lead us all the way to the Rose City. Messner next and three miles from Boardman we camp. Across the tracks, in plain view, is the majestic Columbia, the River of Ro-

mance, whose lurid depths, in some places, no man has fathomed. Hawthorne, be your age!

One hundred and seventy-six miles with every one "eyes right."

Bon jour, mon chere's.

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THE HIDDEN CAMP—3 MILES EAST OF RAINIER OREGON

JULY 8-9, 1925.

Did You Ever—

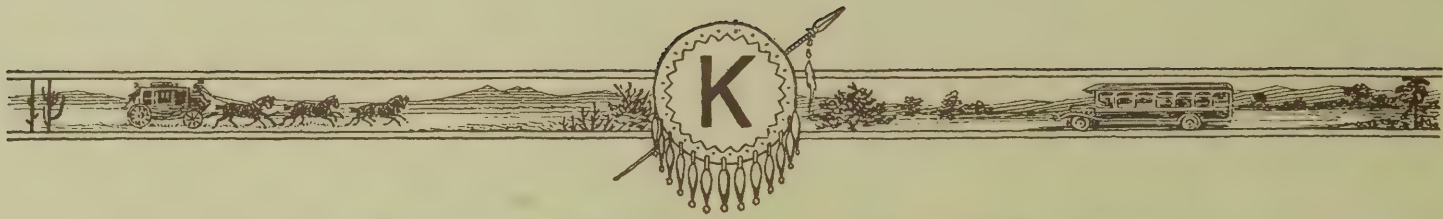
Travel the Columbia Highway by auto? If so, then you'll understand when I say the sense is knocked

plumb out of me. The grandeur of it all is so impressive, so amazingly different from anything in the world, it—well, I'm fairly stunned by the magnitude of it all. There isn't a prattle, nor yet a cackle left in me. Do you remember the story of the old negro who stood at the end of the line, where they were



Monument erected to the "Old Forty-niners"—Blue Mountains, near Pendleton, Oregon

having a run on the bank? When the last man ahead of him entered the bank, the door closed with a bang and left the old ducky standing outside. Finally he rapped. A clerk came to the door and pinned a sign reading, "This bank is busted," on the door blind, and turned away. The ducky knocked again. The clerk opened the door. "What is it?" he demanded, curtly. The negro explained that all he wanted was to come in and get his money. The clerk answered, tersely, "This bank is busted." The negro looked dazed, and the clerk said, "There has been a run on the bank; we have no funds. The bank is busted. Didn't you ever hear of a bank being busted before?" The negro stood a moment, bewildered, and then replied, "Yes, suh; ah heerd of banks bustin' befo', but this is the first time ah evah had one bus' right in mah face!" Well, that's me. It all busted right in my face.



Tunnels on Columbia River Highway; a tight squeeze for Hawthorne



Mitchell Point tunnel, Columbia Highway

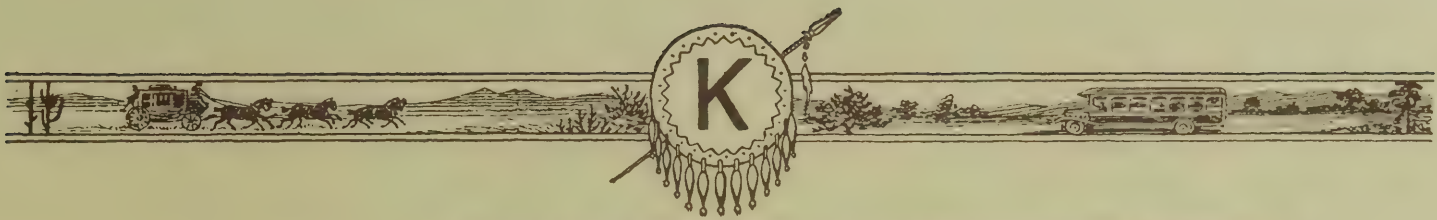


Inspiration Point, Columbia Highway



Rowena Point, Columbia Highway





*The winding road, along
Columbia Highway*



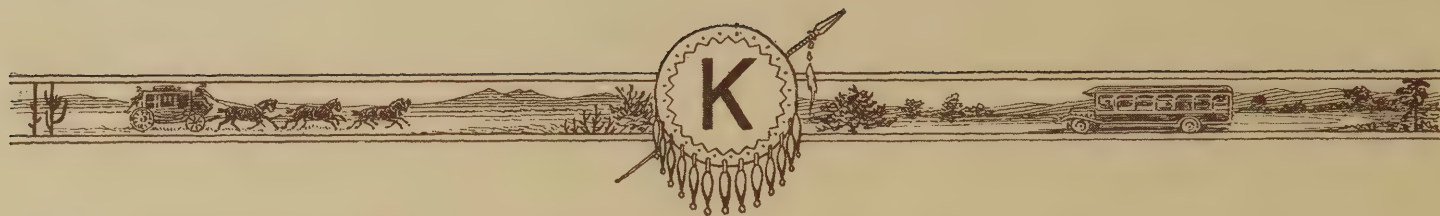
*Another road scene along the
Columbia*



*View from Crown Point,
Columbia Highway*



*Mt. Hood, from Last Lake, Oregon
Altitude 11,225 feet*



We reached Portland last night, two days ahead of schedule. The Skipper decided not to linger, and we pressed on over the Old Oregon trail toward Astoria, passing through Deer Lake. At The Dalles Hawthorne had a fractured tire. Continue on, viewing the gorgeous sights of nature's scenes, the great salmon canneries and the wheel fish traps, built by man; follow the corkscrew road, wide and smooth, to the top of Viewpoint, where we have lunch on the big rock. Through Mosier, Hood River, reaching Vista House on Crown Point, where views are taken. Then Troutdale and finally Portland, feeling all flabbergasted like Tinker Bell. Out of Portland we hit Scappoose, Warren, St. Helens, Willamette River on our right, the Columbia leaving us at Portland, until we reach St. Helens, where we pick it up once more. At Deer River the bus had another blowout, so while the rest help the Pilot with repairs, the Skipper, Cook and Cowboy go on ahead to find the camping site, as the hour was getting late. When we started, found Hawthorne without lights again, and it was some job picking the curves on that busy highway. We find the other three, and go into an old camp of the Skipper's, off the highway, hidden completely by Oregon pines, with a heavy undergrowth and towering trees all about us, arriving at 10 P. M., tired and hungry, but the delectable stewed chicken was well worth waiting for.

At Pocatello, Ida., the Skipper put a large banner on the side of the bus, reading, "The Hon. John G. Price G. E. R. Special, Columbus, Ohio, to Portland," and it has certainly attracted a lot of attention along the way. We clipped off 215 miles today, according to Theodore. It is the Skipper's intention to try for an official location in the parade. Hotdig! Terrifically hot today, but cool this evening. There was nothing of interest to report for the 9th as we remained in camp all day, and will be here yet tomorrow. Had a fashionable breakfast, which was served at eleven. The Skipper washed the windows on the bus, the Cook prepared the meal for evening, the Pilots overhauled the ships, the Maid slicked up the living quarters, Little Johnnie is over at the river trying to figure out a way to get down the 200-foot precipice, so he can tell some one else where to get the water, and the dog lolled around full of groceries. There is something in the Book of Revelations about the seven heavens. If the last heaven has anything on *this* heaven, we'll never survive it. After all, the dirty, greasy, roaming gypsies are not so dumb.

All in fine fettle, full of ambition, rarin' to go! Lead on, MacDuff!

THE GILDED CAMP—MULTNOMAH HOTEL, PORTLAND, OREGON

JULY 11, 1925.

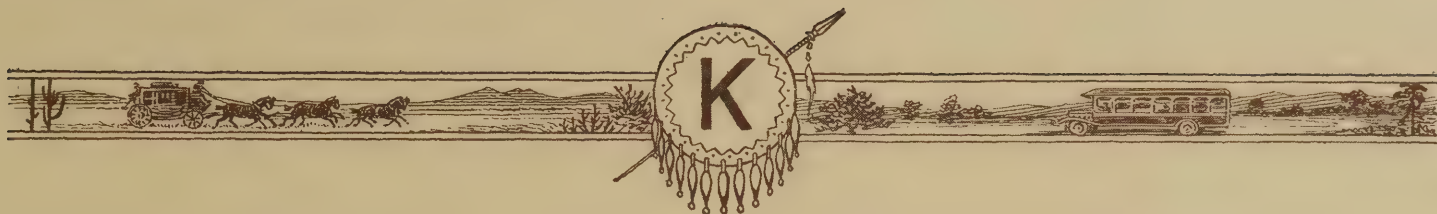
My Word!

All this dazzling beauty is startling. Like walking from a pitch dark room into one brilliantly lighted.

Yesterday we remained in camp, getting all groomed up. In the cool of the morning, before the aristocrats were astir, the Cowboy and I started for Rainier for tonsorial treatments, as we could not make it the day before. This over, he lures me on and we cross the ferry to Longview, the Wonder City, in Washington, where he has a friend in the Long Bell Lumber Mill. It was a weary walk, and to make a long story short, when we finally arrived in camp, the speedometer on my off leg registered 14 miles. Good goshamighty! It was mid-noon when we got back. The pavement was hot. My boots were hot. We were hot. The whole world was burning up, hotdam! The Cowboy, used to the rigors of army life, bore up remarkably well, but imagine my feelings. I just passed out like a slice of burnt toast and when I came to they had my scorched feet in a pan of cold water. Never, never, NEVER again! Well, the Maid groomed the dog Rover, and he came forth pretty as a picture, wearing his purple and white tie.

Today, we arose with an early sun, had a splendid breakfast and emerged slowly from the slip. Across the ferry at Rainier to Longview, a city which has literally "grown up over night," with a population of 7,000, and mighty fine streets, modern buildings, etc. Over the river bridge through Kelso, then Vancouver, bedecked from stem to stern for the convention at Portland, and as we neared headquarters, the Skipper, finding that it is yet ten minutes of two, directs the Pilot to sail around a small island, so that our arrival will be at the exact time designated. Just as it struck two, we docked in front of the Multnomah, and were met by G. E. R. Price, Bull Durham, carrying a bundle of laundry, as is his wont, an official photographer, and many of the curious. We alighted and were "shot," then "each man for himself" in the wild scramble for the bath-tubs. (See photo on page forty-eight.)

We gaze feverishly into the crystal ball, but it's round surface remains a blank and tells us nothing. It is hard to anticipate what is ahead. Few visitors have arrived, but they'll start pouring in tomorrow. It is the mystic hour of coming events, but who can tell by gazing at the dial of yonder clock what is concealed in the hidden poke? Aha! ye villain! No matter where an elk may roam, no matter what his lot in



life may be, this trip will never be forgotten, and our Skipper will never be forsaken.

All happy, but dirty, expectant and willing to play with zest and zeal. The Cook and the Dishwasher draw a compartment together, but imagine *my* feelings for I drew the Maid for a bedfellow! Whoa, Hawthorne! Be yourself!

Pawdon me, ah, 'tis my turn for the bawth. And so another week is spent, and may our memories preserve with clarity the interesting events that have transpired.

The Star of Fidelity continues to flicker.

Blub! Blub! C'mon in, the water's fine!

YE BALER.

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THE FIFTH FABLE

MULTNOMAH — PORTLAND, OREGON

JULY 12, 1925.

It Wasn't—

1:59 nor 2:01 when we docked here yesterday—it was exactly two o'clock. That's the Skipper all over—a stickler for punctuality. Accustomed as we are to the open spaces, with now and then a coyote, a friendly bear or a few rattlesnakes for neighbors, the porcelain bath-tubs, heavy Oriental rugs, mixed odors of various perfumes, beautiful women in colorful gowns and sparkling jewels flitting here and there, are all more or less bewildering.

Last night we strolled around the town, thrilled by the bright lights and the gaudily dressed, drinking in the sights as they came to us. The Skipper, however, was not along. Just before leaving the hotel he appeared, looking neat and natty in white flannels and blue coat mitt his valking sthick, preparatory to going to dinner with his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Price and other dignitaries—but we missed him, believe me! Someone suggested a vaudeville show for an hour's amusement, and I'm here to say that it was funnier than Abie's Irish Rose. There were seven performers in the one act, which was very droll, the name being, "Who's Next?", playing at the Felicity Theatre. I'll not burden you with details of the fine points of the act, but we laughed until our backs ached. Little Johnnie Finnegan ran 'round in circles, and when the rest became too boisterous and were threatened with ejection, he acted as peacemaker. It was rich.

We'll see little of our Skipper this week. Caught a glimpse of him today, but he is busily engaged with social and pink tea appointments. During the afternoon the rest of the gang had for the mirth, a double-

header ball game between Portland and Salt Lake, which was thrilling. The fun for the evening may be another show, or, mayhap a beer saloon, if we know the raps. Outside of the Baler, who is more or less of a nincompoop, they are a good lot of boys, and you'd almost think each and everyone was on his honeymoon, so fastidious are they and so cold to the approach of anything bordering on the risqué. They'll be playing rhapsodies on a harp before the trip is over, see if they don't.

As I sit here alone, in the silence and sanctity of my chamber, sipping cider through a straw, the curtains part, my thoughts are unleashed, and I wonder what it was Solomon drank when he penned this sonnet, "The beams of our house are cedars and our rafters are of fir. I am a Rose of Sharon (not Portland), a lily of the valleys." And came the reply of the mate, "As the apple-tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among the sons. I sat down upon his shadow with great delight." Imagine, in this day of embargos on cosmetics, of getting a kick from sitting on some one's shadow! Omy!

The light grows dim, twilight gathereth. I am forced to bid you adieu, and go forth on the promenade for diversion of thought, for mine are getting glum and my voice a bit raucous—notice it?

Vespers for all—if the churches are open.

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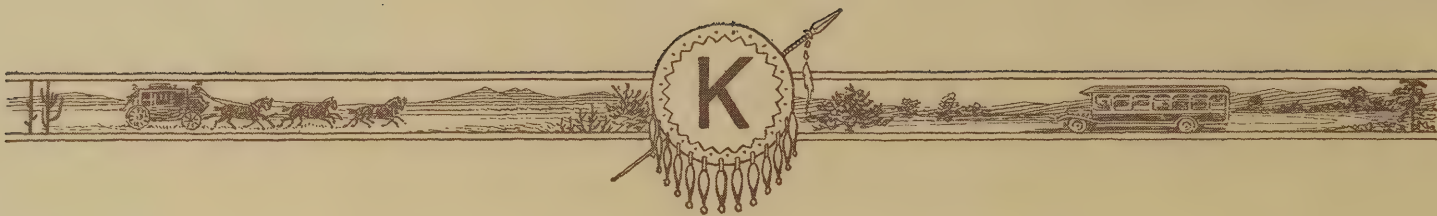
AT THE MULTNOMAH, PORTLAND, OREGON

JULY 13, 1925.

Brothers and Sisters:—

Inasmuch as we found no house of worship open last evening, our text today will be taken from the Book of Proverbs, which do say, "He that is of a cheerful heart hath a continual feast and a man of understanding maketh straight his going." Why work? Just be cheerful and get free groceries. Try and do it!

You understand the text, so, why elaborate? All of us are, I dare say, just what the text says—"of cheerful heart and we goeth straight." Ask Stub. We have with us today an old Columbus boy, now residing in Los Angeles, named Ed Nagle, whom some of you may know. He does various and sundry things, among his attainments being a badge of authority which he wears with fearless mien, assuring us safe journey through the City of Angels. He is a bully good chap, and the Skipper was tickled pink to meet up with him once more. He is as big as Jess Willard and as courageous as he is big, a regular Tarzan of the Apes.



It has been rather a diversified day, in and out, here and there, but in the heart of all of us is a desire to again be in the open spaces where Mother Nature is *at*. Nature is here, too, as far as that goes, but in many guises, so many, in fact, that it is confusing. Out there, well, you just see the open as God made it and Nature as she is, no camouflage, no make-believe, no tomfoolery, no broken promises. It is just there "as is." And even to the less observant, the contrast is immediately apparent.

An unofficial statement came from the Skipper's quarters tonight, and we all heartily approve. He is of a mind to whip around this part of God's paradise for a while, then to San Francisco, Los Angeles and thence by boat through the Panama Canal to New York, returning overland from there with Hawthorne. It sounds great and offers promise of new lands for most of us. Be that as it may, whatever he decides ultimately will suit us to the letter, for we know his plans will be loaded to the hilt with thrills and surprises.

Nothing real exciting to report today. Guests arriving from all points of the globe, bands, drum corps, drill teams, in their band-box uniforms, during all hours of the night. The Price party arrived on the eleventh. Unfortunately Mr. Price is suffering great pain from neuritis. Despite this fact, he appeared in the parade Monday night, and was cheered by thousands. The pain grew so intense it was necessary to apply an opium pack. One thing you ought to know is Bull Durham's actions. Sure is struttin' his stuff around these rose gardens. For instance, tonight he emerges wearing a blue serge coat, white flannels, a Nabisco straw and chic little walking stick. The Skipper has for the surtout and trousers, white striped flannels, white shoes, a polished straw and a nifty stagger—er, I mean swagger stick. Two fine specimens; a blend of the old and new style, of the Beau Brummel type. Quite fetching, really. I know, for did I not see, here and there, a smartly gowned damsel oogling them with coy glances and drooping lashes? Hotziggity!

We received a letter from Kickapoo Cunningham that may be termed a classic. Regret space does not permit us to reproduce a fac-simile of our reply. *That* was a classic, too. We miss him very much, but what he has lost, Rover has gained. What profiteth a man who will forego a trip to Fairyland and chaineth himself to a chair in a ticket selling window? Selah!

AT THE MULTNOMAH, PORTLAND, OREGON

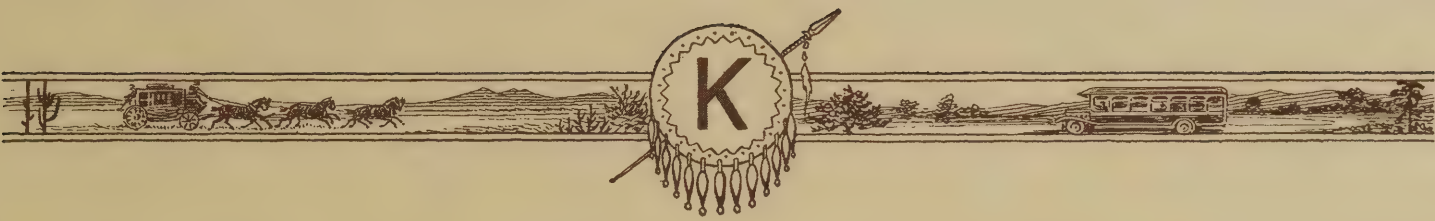
JULY 14, 1925.

Fellow Sufferers—

Er, I mean, sufferers, for we suffer not. E'en though the rabble rise up and thrust aside my feet and cast up against me their ways of iniquity and destruction—aw, wadda I care? For am I not a brother to the jackals and a companion to the ostriches? Wot a day—wot a day!

In the first place, came a delegation from Longview, Washington, who desire to institute an Elk Lodge in their fair city. Dame Rumor has it that Kelso, just across the river, objects. The Skipper, being Secretary to the Grand Exalted Ruler, having visited Longview prior to the convention, made this recommendation: "Brother Grand Exalted Ruler, I am told there is some opposition on the part of Kelso Lodge, across the river from Longview, but the latter, being a city of some 7,000 souls, growing by leaps and bounds, with fine new buildings, beautiful, wide streets, a brilliant future, deserves an Elk Lodge. Therefore, if the usual requirements have been complied with, I recommend that you grant them dispensation, with this proviso, to-wit: That their Elk Temple be constructed and their Elk Lodge maintained on the same high plane that their city has been established." Who else could have said it *just* that way? To which Grand Exalted Ruler Price promptly replied, and to the point, "Dispensation granted!" In less time than it takes to tell it, he met the Longview delegation, returned the answer, and you never, in all your born days, heard such a vociferous war-whoop! They were just tickled pink and wanted to carry our Skipper around on their shoulders.

So many things happened throughout the day, it would be impossible to chronicle even part of them, for lack of space. The Pilot, Cookie, Dishwasher John, the elusive Maid and the Baler sash-hay-ed around hither and yon to the blare of many bands, augmented by the smiles of the populace, who are surely the most hospitable folk we have ever met. Nothing is too good for the visiting Bills, the key has been thrown into the well, the city is ours, we cavort about like young colts, laughing, singing and, yes, groaning from sheer fatigue. Grand Lodge session opened today, and among the various entertainments of the Portlandites is an old-fashioned Bar-B-Q, held



at Laurelhurst Park. Night will offer dancing, free, in all the public halls, midnight matinees at the Pantages and the Hippodrome, automobile rides up the Columbia, boat rides, walks through some notable old estates, where may be seen some of the most beautiful rose gardens in all the world. Ye gods! there is so much, it's chaotic.

The Maid went a-visiting — to Centralia, he said. We are skeptical, but time will tell. Today, the Skipper turned Hawthorne over to the decorators, and we have been assigned an official position in the parade to be held on the 16th, vested in our khakis. Last night I had my ear to the ground and heard the Skipper say—but not to me—he believed he would go to Vancouver, B. C., thence by boat to Alaska, and play around on the hard roads of the gold lands for a while. Can you feature that? We might find a coupla nuggets, huh? Wish this week was over. We are all on the qui-vive, dizzy with plans, and colors, and lipsticks and things, to say nothing of the Texas Cowboys, the Michigan Zouaves, the Wild Man from Waco and the whatnots.

Ho, hum, guess I'll quit cacklin'. There goes the Skipper in his open-faced clothes. Gee, wonder what's up? Well, I'll get the low-down before many hours have passed.

Watson, the needle! For I have sleuthing to do.

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AT THE MULTNOMAH, PORTLAND, OREGON

JULY 15, 1925.

Why—

Try to tell everything that happened? It just can't be done; that's an honest confession. Last night I slipped away, alone and unafraid, to see what I could see. First thing that struck me was a picture show entitled, "Daddy's Gone A-Hunting." I had a hunch that I should turn back. But the next one, "House of Youth," at the Circle, and still the next, "Paths to Paradise," at the Peoples Theatre, lured me on. No matter where I walked, it was the same dense throng, laughing, singing and cutting up didoes. There was no end to the crowd, and my thought was that it extended as far out as the Tulatin Valley.

In front of the Municipal Auditorium I saw the strong girl from Texas, who would weigh possibly 300 pounds. She was amusing the crowd with stunts, and claimed she could lift a flat car on her back. Near

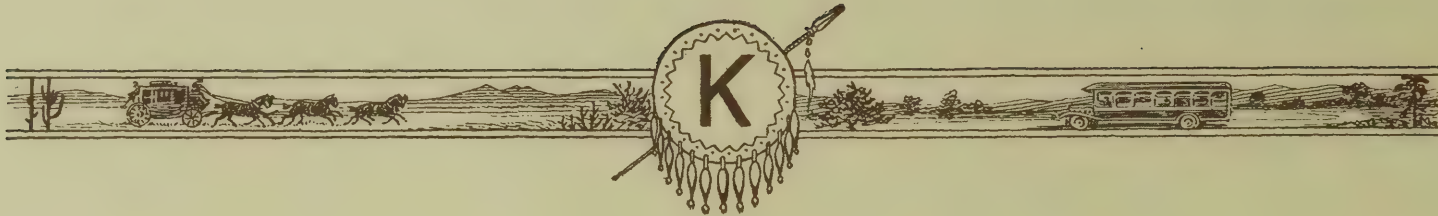
the Museum of Arts Building, at Fifth and Taylor, Rattlesnake Pete from Colorado, in Cowboy regalia, entertained an open-mouthed gathering with tales of his rattlesnake conquests. The Midget from Arizona had little trouble in keeping the crowd from jostling him, for he had strapped on his breast a young Gila monster. No, it was *not* a chameleon, the changeable color kind, it was a Gila, with its turtle-like head and brick red coat. An old man with the funniest little hat I ever did see, selling papers. A merry jester, amused at the hat, paid the man two dollars for it, placed it upon the big head of his fat friend and went rollicking on. A young girl, with frightened eyes, telling a copper she had lost her boy friend from Roscoe, Nebraska, in the crowd. Fifteen cowboys from Texas, piled on one flivver, coming down Broadway, "shooting up the town." Two men in a stairway "taking a nip" from a flask. A "beer saloon" where beer is served visiting Elks free. Also sandwiches, cigars and cigarettes. The crowd stands four deep. Finally get a glass of the "dark." Near beer, sure. "Fine beer, this. How do they get away with it?" queried a chap next to me, who hailed from Springerville, Arizona. (Note—Some energetic reformer, in company with dry enforcement agents, later swooped down on the place and took samples of beer from the glasses held in the hands of the guests. It was done without the knowledge of Mayor Baker. Chemical analysis developed that it contained even *less* than one-half of one per cent, the amount allowed by law.)

Later to the hotel, where Exalted Ruler Klepper, of Portland Lodge, a fine chap, was visiting with the Grand Exalted Ruler and our Skipper. The rest of the boys were in 403, mixing a foreboding looking concoction. Nothing else much happened last night, for, after the meal at a stag restaurant, we all turned in to be fresh for the morrow. This day brought visitors at all hours, and merrie tayles were told. Came a friend of the Baler's, with quaint Irish ways, and they sit long together "knitting up the ravelled sleeve of friendship," in truth, a happy hour.

The Skipper, God love him, is not as happy as we, for we know he'd have more fun with the common herd, where the Jester, who reigns supreme, is King Fun. That is the court we are attending, and if one does not laugh loud enough and long enough, one is in danger of being put in irons.

Happy thought—the open spaces are talked of. Saturday we move—mayhap Friday.

Allah be praised!



AT THE MULTNOMAH, PORTLAND, OREGON

JULY 16, 1925.

Yoo-hoo, S-k-i-may:—

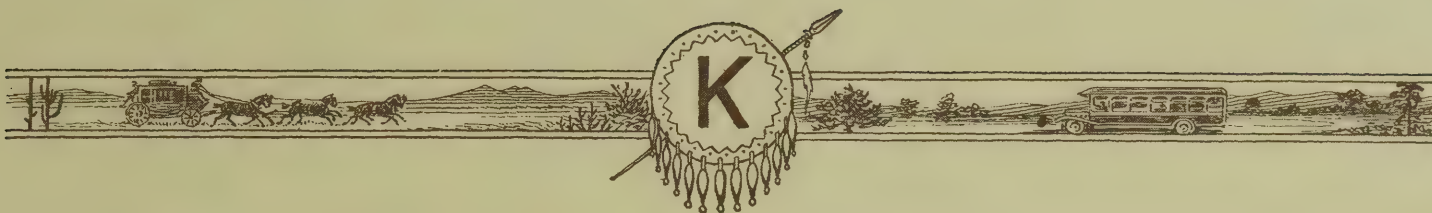
Hurry up, here comes the p'rade! It is good for the brothers that conventions are held but once each year. Otherwise undertakers, pallbearers, official mourners, grave diggers and their ilk would be swamped with their many duties. Now you take our Cook, of good intentions, he lost his head at Lodge conventions.

And there's Joe, the Maid, who is quite blue. He traded his stomach for home made brew. Tee-hee!

The Elks are surely enjoying the green field pastures of Oregon. You meet a lot of talky males here and there about the town. Last night the ocean tide carried off our Cook, but the drag net fetched him in this morning. Said he got caught in the undertow. For the morning meal we had kippered herring. The Skipper suggested it. At first I thought 'twas madness, but later found he had a reason, for the salt therein creates a strong desire for cold water, the re-



*Hawthorne, the "Proud Peacock",
Awaiting position in the parade*



action being cooling upon the hot pipes. Pleasant, indeed, is the reaction thereof. Quite so.

Last night the fine points of the parade were rehearsed. We got along fine 'till some sucker across the court yelled, "Anyone here from Waco?" resulting in many ribald jests, the repartee scintillating back and forth with lightning-like rapidity. P-s-t! Bull Durham tells us confidentially that some time during the night the Skipper arose from his bed, as dignified as a burgomaster, tilted his cane at drum-major angles and, addressing no one in particular, said, with great gusto: "Will some one pass me a wild-cat or two, a couple of cougars and a rattlesnake so that I may proceed with my balancing act?" Somehow the subtle perfume of these Oregon roses has an overpowering effect upon the average easterner, no matter how blase he may be. I know whereof I speak. Quite so. Just came the call to khaki, so, with a hep, hep, hep movement, we fall in, ready for the battle of positions.

And *what* a parade it was! Wish you could have seen Hawthorne. If poor Theodore ever finds it out, he'll run off sure. All dolled up with purple plumes, flanked with greenery, purple and white carnations. And along the line of march—talk about an ovation! The Buckeyes got it! In all those thousands I saw just one person I knew. More than 20,000 members participated. It was the second time Portlanders viewed an Elk parade, the first being back in 1912. Throughout the line of march, every available site was occupied and thousands jammed Multnomah Field, where the parade ended, and the reviewing stand was located, to see the finish and hear the massed band concert. Charles H. Grakelow, Grand Esquire, was marshal. Following the marshal, in the beautifully prepared Lincoln car, done in Elks' colors, rode P. G. E. R. Price and G. E. R.-elect, William Hawley Atwell, of Dallas, Texas. It was conceded that Philadelphia unquestionably had the most impressive entry. Float designs of every description were entered, one of the most gorgeous being entered by Portland Lodge. Mayor Baker of Portland and Gov. Pierce of Oregon, both Elks, rode in the Grand Lodge Division. Hawthorne followed right back of this division. Some class, what? In the reviewing stand sat the Skipper, and when we passed, he cut loose with one of those typical prairie war-whoops, forgetting that he sat upon a pedestal with great dignitaries and oblivious to the eyes of the thousands of watchers. He just felt that way, and being boyish still, it was a spontaneous and involuntary whoop. It gave us the thrill and as far as we were concerned, the parade was over. My head is in a whirl, there is a buzzing sensation, like nesting

bees, near the frontal bone, so I rush to a quick close. We must out of the khaki, for other things are brewing this night.

Perfect weather—perfect everything!

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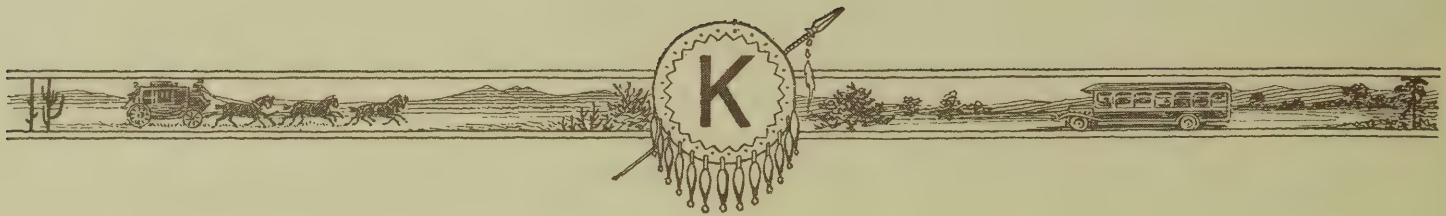
AT THE MULTNOMAH, PORTLAND, OREGON

JULY 17, 1925.

'Tis Friday—

Fish day. We've had our herring. Everything is chaotic, a sort of mess. Lessee, yistiddy was the parade. One thing we forgot to mention. All along the line of march, boy scouts passed tin cups of cold water to the drivers and riders on the floats and beyond Multnomah Field, at the outgoing gate, the Salvation Army, God love 'em, dispensed free lemonade to the hot and thirsty. Everyone is in Portland. Just seems like New York and Philadelphia closed up shop, gathered up the rest of the world enroute, and brought them along. The papers we are sending home will give the colorful details, therefore, I will not add my feeble effort at description. Tens of thousands were the horde that greeted us, and the floats were just a succession of masterpieces. We wondered where in heck all the ribbon factories are located and where all the flowers bud. They have 'em in Oregon, sure 'nuf. And God surely favored Oregon with beautiful daughters whose cheeks match the dainty rose. One thing may be said, Portland lived up to its slogan of, "In Portland grows for you a rose." Quite so!

Last night we went somewhere. Forget the place, Puss in Boots, The Gray Gull, The Bird's Eyebrow, or some such silly name. A wonderful spot, far removed from the beaten path, where soft lights glowed their amber best and the music was soft and sweet. Reminded you, somehow, of a Mardi Gras night in New Orleans. Subtly intoxicating, it lulled, yet exhilarated. The air seemed laden with romance, and we became imbued with it. You not only felt, you breathed and absorbed it. My recollection is a bit hazy, but something happened. Don't know just what it was; like a veiled and fleeting thought. Someone with a badge said something to someone in a cap, who was arguing with someone in an apron, just as Cookie got up to ask the orchestra to play Home Sweet Home. A table intruded itself, but he leaped over it with the agility of a hippo. He either jumped too far, or someone moved something, for his shin collided with the next table and he was temporarily slowed up. We left then, because people were commencing to act queer. Fortunately the taxis were waiting, and in due time



we were back in the hotel. Being minus the apothecary shop, the Skipper ordered the house physician to attend. He found a very bad bruise, lanced it, but states there is no infection, so we have high hopes that our Cookie will live. He seems inclined to stay, so that he may recuperate, but I know when orders come from the Skipper he will start his market bartering.

The Price Special train left at midnight for a trip to Seattle and return via the Canadian Pacific. Volumes could be written of our experience, but the task is too arduous for the Baler. Following the parade we sat in our rooms hashing it over. Came the Skipper and, balancing himself on his trick cane, spoke thus: "This has been the most happy, *unhappy* day of my life. I was so proud of Hawthorne, which made me happy. I

was so sorry that I was not at the helm making nautical observations. This made me unhappy." The Pilot, lying on the floor in a heap, looked up and said, "Oh, Boss! please send me back in the woods with Hawthorne." All fed up with the bright lights. Just learn the

Cowboy's sweetie, with whom he fell so violently in love, jilted and left him on the lot, after getting full of groceries. He's trying to sic the germ on me.

Finnegan and the Maid have stood up wonderfully well under the gaff. They have taken things very calmly, like stoics. Hardened, I guess. As for the Baler, he went to bed most every night at eleven, the hour of recollection, so is unable to account for anyone's actions after that time. As I pen these few lines, the Skipper is buying a homespun shave. Can't trust the unsteady hand of a barber this night. (Mister Snyder, please note.) Hope he don't nick the juglar vein. Much shopping on the morrow and then, golden hours. Away to the call of a new wild with but a hazy recollection of an untoward world, finding freedom, unhampered by conventions, in God's open spaces. The

week's incidents are now a closed chapter, but will remain with us always in memory.

THE BALER.

THE SIXTH SERENADE IN CAMP TWO MILES SOUTH OF SEASIDE, OREGON, ON BEERMAN'S CREEK

JULY 18-19-20, 1925.

Apologies—

From the Baler for delinquency on the 18th and 19th. Many things were the reason thereof, too numerous to mention, but imperative. The Skipper gave his consent, however, so we have no qualms. Well,

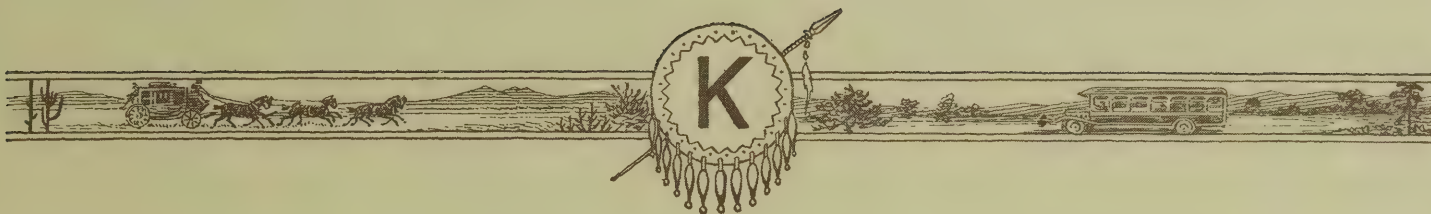
The Portland shindig ended on the 18th, Hawthorne was shorn of his fine feathers before Theodore found it out, and we high-balled for the open, leaving port at five-twenty, everyone feeling mighty pert and keen, moreover, about the smell of the new-mown hay. Owing to the late start, the Skipper dropped



A beautiful camp-site; Beerman's Creek, near Seaside, Org. Cookie and Rover

anchor in our isolated camp three miles out of Rainier, where we play around, resting up, for 'twas an arduous week. Much hashing was indulged in over Sunday, this and that being the dish of conversation, albeit, 'twas a quiet day, tranquil as the placid waters of Pudget sound, with each one most satisfied and content with the living. Why not? For even here, in this wilderness, the roses are blooming.

Get a late start on Monday, the reason being that most of us are still suffering a bit from ennui and loath to leave this wondrous spot. Shop in Rainier, taking on fresh green stuff and the like, thence westward to the coast, passing Clatskanie, Westport, Astoria, one of the oldest cities in Oregon, having, at one time, a greater population than Portland, although 'tis short of being attractive now, what we glimpsed of it.



At Seaside, where the Columbia empties into the Pacific, being five miles wide at the mouth, the Old Oregon Trail ends. Here we stop for a view and are awed by the beauty and impressiveness of the scene. Everyone jovial and feeling smiley-like, although many concoctions of deviltry are teeming within the cunning brains of the Cook and Pilot. Honest John, our dishwasher, is accessory to no part of their frivolity. And as for the dear Maid, truthful and trustworthy, who would not even double-cross his grandmother, he lends heavy frowns to their diabolical schemes. The Cowboy remains neutral, but as for the Baler, well, his ear is to the ground, with one eye on the nail, for he entertains misgivings of dire happenings this night.

Go into camp, then, just two miles from this fine little summer resort, in an ideal location, although no trees hide us from the road, which is not far distant. Personally, I will be happy when the night is spent; this resting up business bodes ill for some one, and I fear 'tis me, alas and alack! Orders from the Skipper for Tuxedo presentation come, and I must leave you for the visit to the pay window.

'Twould be pleasant had we guests to partake of this delectable nectar. Fortunate am I for the privilege of being here.

Some bunch of sailors, God love 'em, and Allah be praised! For the wiles and snares of a wicked city, which lures with smiles and laughter, crushing out the souls of men, has left them unscathed.

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IN CAMP NEAR TILLAMOOK, OREGON

JULY 22, 1925.

A Sailor's Life—

Is the life for me. In all truth, we planned to leave Seaside yesterday, but there was much wood to split, the axe was dull, so we lingered with our Beerman's Creek camp, like bees in a clover field. Some, taking advantage of the lay-over, indulged in a salt water dip, coming forth fresh and fit, feeling like vitrified brick.

Visitors came, off and on, throughout the day to view this strange caravan, thinking it might be part of the Pacific War Fleet, and thereby hangs a tale. As you all know, our Pilot and Cook are gifted with their measure of versatility, but they took the count today. Among the callers were two little girls who asked many questions. The two clowns engaged them

in conversation, bribing them with an orange. Before they left, they were calling the Pilot "Spuddy" and the Cook, "Donkey." Therefore, be it known by all ye presents, that in future chronicles, if reference be made to "Spud" or "Donkey," you will know the meaning thereof. Quite so.

We were prone to be languid today and did not break camp until twelve, making but a scant 59 miles idly drifting with the breezes, and find the going tough, the course being more than usually rugged in spots. From Seaside, for a distance of 12 miles, the road was under construction, stretches of it being corduroyed with wood and barely wide enough for Hawthorne's stride. But Spuddy wiggled through. As we scuttled down a sharp hill and up the next one, we caught a glimpse of one of Oregon's state trout hatcheries, in the heart of this wilderness.



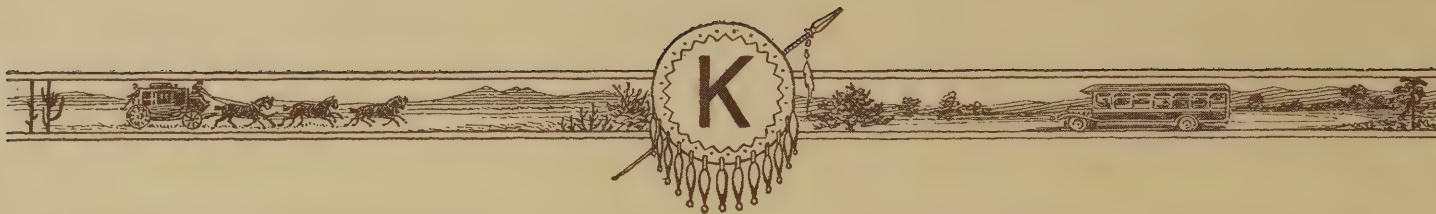
Provisioned ship in Garibaldi, where the feverish Maid purchases a poke of all day suckers, my draw being a deep pink one, and at the finish they accused me of using lip-stick! Wot to do! Even Ringling's Circus would not make room for this bunch of wild animals. The waters of the Tillamook are not far distant, and we are once more sheltered by a friendly school house. Two men, wearing badges, followed us in, to pass the time of day and inquire what part of Ohio we hail from. In the adjacent field there is a vicious bull pawing the earth and throwing the dirt high in the air. Ye gods, across the road, straining at the wire fence, is another one! A dangerous camp, say I, with be-badged snoopers, mean bulls and things like that all around us.

For the chow, Donkey offers us an old-time boiled dinner, with ham the foundation, surmounted by onions, cabbage, spuds and the like. Too tired to eat, too tired to wash the dishes—"What's that?" cries Honest John, in high dudgeon. That Irisher is sure sensitive about his physical prowess.

The music is on and the breezes gently waft to my ears something sad about "Yearning" or "All Alone," so I gave up.

Another night and Morpheus, favorite of the gods, beckons. Ho hum! G' nite.

Please, Lady Luck, keep the bad bulls away!



IN CAMP, TWO MILES FROM McMINNVILLE, OREGON

JULY 23, 1925.

Terrible—

Terrible! Terrible! Last night, the elusive Maid ran away from camp and attended a Christian endeavor picnic, hard-by. From what we are able to glean from many interviews, it seems they served some cider, along with the home-made ice-cream. Some one must have handed him the wrong demijohn, for he returned to camp tight. He did, sure 'nuf. The rest of us were lolling around, listening to the music, dreaming of this and that. He dropped in, after we had retired, exploding like a shrapnel shell. "Where's Stubby? We are to wrestle in 'Frisco, but I can't wait. I wanna take him on now. Where is he?" Well,

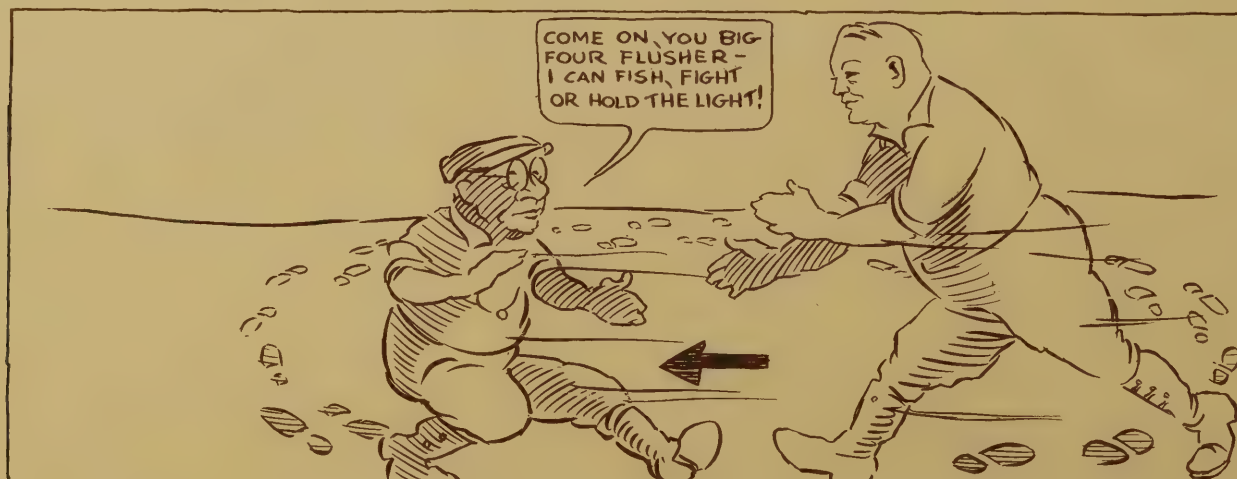
The Cowboy, Honest Jawn and myself were abed, holding a little tete-a-tete, as it were, when the Maid came in. He finally got the Cowboy out of bed. Ever see Frank Gotch and the Russian Lion? Tame, tame indeed. He yanked the Cowboy plumb out of his boots. After mauling each other for half an hour, Honest John, who acted as referee, leaped from bed, dropped to his knees and "give a look." The Cowboy was underneath. "Both shoulders are not touching the mat," decided the referee. "Say," panted the Maid, "how many shoulders has this guy got?" So John gave the Maid the decision. He had to do this or wrestle himself. The Maid spied me. Spitting on his hands, he cried, "C'mon, strong boy, you're next." Being of a timid nature, I was averse to such a rough encounter, so there! But he finally made me come forth. I insisted that we go out of the tent where there was plenty of running room. When he came for me, I ran all over the lot; he finally lost sight of me, and I went back to bed.

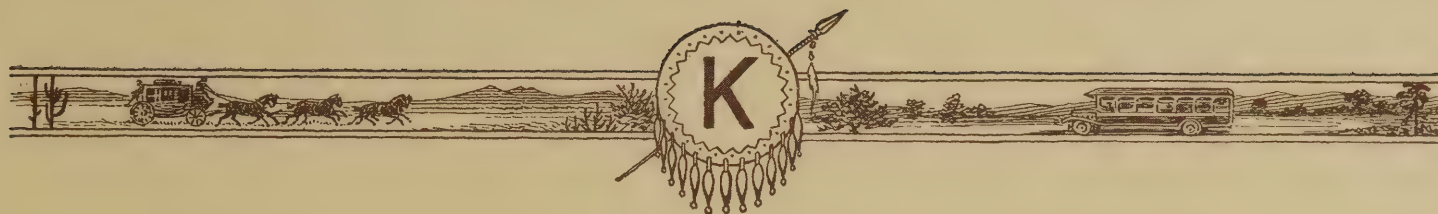
With these two eliminations, he spied the Cook, who talked him out of the encounter and then he went for Spuddy, who wrestles under the name of Big Bun. It was rich. The Maid made a lot of back-ups, like a frightened crawdad, until he got about 50 feet away, where he started to paw the earth, like the mad bull, throwing dirt 20 feet high. "Come on and get me, you big four-flusher," taunted the Maid, still backing away. Answered the Pilot, "I'm coming, but don't slip in anything, because the toe hold is my odds and I don't want to be cheated." They maneouvered so long it became tiresome to the hecklers, who cried lustily for a decision. Little Johnnie declared it a draw, insisting that they must finish it in Frisco. This peeved the Maid. "How do you git that way, you big stiff? I can fish, fight or hold the light and I don't give a dern which." As the sun broke over the hills, some one started an old-time melody on the Vic, and the Maid sank into his bed, satisfied but unconquered. And so we take off the medal and pin it on him, for he has won the title of "The Wild Bull of the Pampas."

Today, we journeyed 66 miles through some of Oregon's beautiful timber country, being a delightful ride in every detail. In many places we saw evidence of the destructive forest fires, despite the fact that the woods are covered with placards of warning, one reading, "Do you like the green woods, wild life and streams? Be careful with fire."

Tomorrow, mayhap, we pass through Eugene, the Baler's former soup rendezvous, once a sore spot, now an anticipated pleasure. As we go to press, our thoughts go back to the Maid, the Flying Dutchman, for his actions belie his age and he is young, even as you and I.

The Skipper is sounding taps. "Orders is orders" and not to be sneezed at recklessly.





ON THE BANKS OF THE WILLAMETTE,
THREE MILES FROM CRESWELL,
OREGON

JULY 24, 1925.

This Camp—

Is a daisy. The Skipper sure can pick 'em! Regular parlor, bed-room and bath. Last night we camped on the property of Levi Bennett, an old-timer, aged ninety-three, who has lived on the same farm for 72 years, migrating from Peoria, Illinois, in 1848. In those days, Mr. Bennett said, wheat was the legal tender and used for all manner of purchases, including the paying of taxes. This was replaced by the California gold dust; then came the Beaver Tail coin, which was later followed by the inch square \$50.00 gold slugs. Our chat with Mr. Bennett was both interesting and refreshing, for you don't often meet up with such a character. "When I first came here," he said, "I was just an undersized kid of 16, and the folks I was bound out to mistreated me, sometimes whaling me with a harness tug. The woman was the wust. She was a regular devil. Wal, I lowed a lot of times to run off, but, blame it, there wa'nt no place to go!" Imagine that.

The Maid, who has earned the soubriquet of "The Wild Bull of the Pampas," is very tame today. We have him eating out of our hands. The whip cord muscles have receded, and he was very meek and docile at the breakfast table. Being a peaceable lot as a whole, we are pleased to know that he has forgotten his pugilistic desires, temporarily at least.

At Corvallis, we saw the State Agricultural College, where they teach the fine points of scientific farming. It might profit this aggregation to stop over a few days. What did you say? Next came Eugene, which gave the Baler a thrill for more reasons than one, and find the old soup houses are still standing. The crew gave me the razz and the merry ha, ha, but I should worry!

The day has been quiet and uneventful; judging from their quiet mien, everyone must be thinking of home ties. 'Tis well, and we are happy to make this report, for they are a good lot of sailors, after all, who are using this western portion of the hemisphere for a temporary playground. In all sincerity, I wish you might see this bunch, so that you could judge for yourselves the benefits we are deriving from this wondrous trip through the Land of Never, Never Weep. The Skipper, tanned and rugged, always with a smile, jovial and happy, telling the world by his looks that this means many additional years to his

life, a veritable Captain Kidd, after sailing the Sea of Adventure for many years. And what goes for him, goes for the rest of us.

Cookie Joe slings the rattle bones, which means the summons to beef; the rest gather around the festive board, so I join them, giving you this assurance in parting:

All is well with the good ships Hawthorne and Theodore, and the entire crew. Happiness is King and Contentment the Lady in Waiting.

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LYING OVER, NEAR CRESWELL, OREGON

JULY 25, 1925.

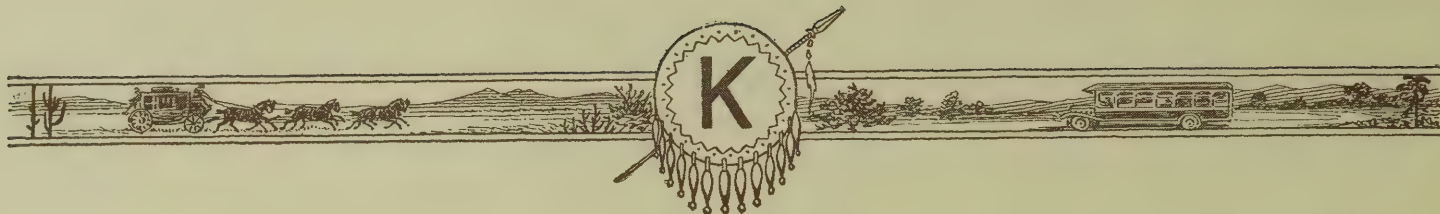
There is Something—

In the Good Book about a man named Job, who suffered many trials and tribulations, even unto being afflicted with boils. Poor Job, what a kick he would have gotten out of this trip with the Roving Brothers. What it takes to cure boils and things like that, they've got in the toe of their boots! Talk about the li'l wild prairie flowers nobody will cultivate! They are them!

Two weeks ago today we arrived in Portland, leaving there just a week ago today, as the chimes tell the story. We are through resting up and tomorrow, quoth the Skipper, we get back into our regular stride once again, with full sails. Yesterday we were privileged to follow our own bent. Some went crab hunting, others took a dip, the Cowboy wanted to go to Eugene to see a sweet Mamma of his, and the Baler consented to go along to keep him company. Toward dusk I returned alone, coming the 17 miles by bus. Got off at the wrong stop, couldn't locate the outfit, got lost completely. After hiking about 12 miles all over the country, finally ran into a chap in a Ford who knew where we were docked, and he brought me in.

Oh, my poor feet! It was nearly midnight when I arrived, tired, foot-sore, weary and hungry, for all I had to eat was a bowl of soup in Eugene. Just for old time's sake. Did they cure my sore feet? No, they stepped on 'em. Did I get sympathy for being lost? No, they poked all manner of fun at me, calling me a big rube and ordering me out of camp. When I begged for food, did they hearken? Yes, they hearkened, and in response to my tearful appeal they said if Rover had any bones left, and I could get them away from him, I might have them. What a lucky guy is Job!

Monday, the Skipper is going to purchase a cowbell and will hang it on me. Woe is me! It's not so funny, being lost out in the wilds, no moon, having a lot of things bark at you, hearing strange noises every



way you turn, and with blistered feet to think about to boot. What made me sad was the fact that I saved all of my stomach room for the Cook's delicious fried chicken, and then got left! And not only that, they added insult to injury by accusing me of misconduct and all that sort of thing, veiled insinuations that cut like a raw-hide thong. Wallace Beery, in his most villainous role, is one of the Seven Graces by comparison. It will be a week before I am finally reinstated.

Found them in a reminiscent mood, after they finished flaying me. This one and that was the subject of the cackle—Col. Graney, Fiery Dan Canyon, Freddy Snyder, with his dull blades, Billy Seddon and his chestnut stories, Bull Durham and his quail, and many others were passed in the dish of razz. They even retold Graney's story of the weary wanderer who sought food in the squaw's tent, a gust of wind blowing away the last pinch of flour and he died.

Eleven will find us all under blankets this night, as orders are out for full steam ahead on the morrow. And so, with good wishes to all, I slink away ahead of the rest, who are still panning me, and regret that you, too, are not in this land of sunshine and roses, headed for the sunkist state.

Who lights the fagot? Not the full faith, but the lurking doubt?

Adios, Senors and Senoritas, for another seven days has passed.

THE BALER.

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THE SEVENTH SONNET ON THE BANKS OF LOOKING GLASS RIVER, 20 MILES WEST OF DILLARD, OREGON

JULY 26, 1925.

Oregon—

Is still the playground. Could you have peeked in at our last camp, you would appreciate why we were

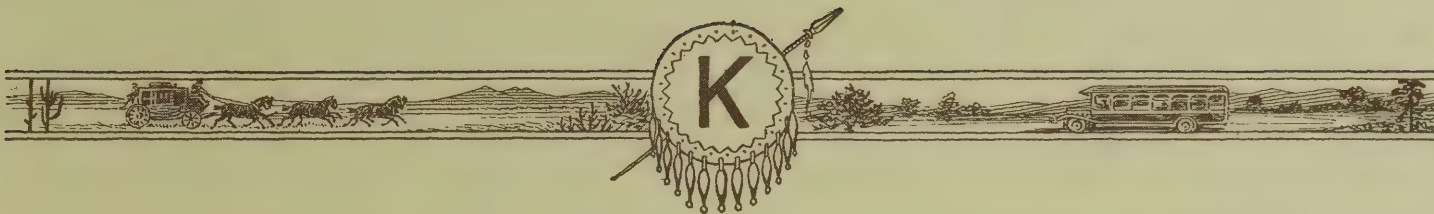
loath to leave that garden spot. It was nearly noon when orders came to untie the hawser and free the top mast. At one we were sailing over the placid sea, viewing Cottage Grove, Drain and Yoncalla, down the Calapooya and Umpqua rivers to Roseburg, a beautiful city of 5,000, located between the Cascade and Coast ranges, the rich Umpqua valley yielding an abundance of fruit and berries. Thence to Dillard over the winding roads of the valley, penetrating the wooded mountain regions. Instead of continuing to Grants Pass, the Skipper concludes it is too warm and he tacks due west toward Myrtle Point and Coos Bay where, tomorrow, we hit the coast highway, which we follow most of the way to the Golden Gates. He opines that it would be well to entrain early on the morrow that we may get the cool breezes from the ocean without delay. Happy thought; happy hours. Little wonder we feel like a loured, saturnine as it were. And after each camp-site we are more and more regretful about dismantling the wickiup.

At the start today, after the usual dose of bitters for the general constitution, I, for one, tossed in the olive branch, having no desire to be impenitent or at cross-purposes with my fellows, albeit, they have dropped me in the grease, piping hot, because I strayed from camp and got lost in the dark. This day, being the Sabbath, finds us all respectful and entertaining a devout reverence for the paternoster despite the fact we found no synagogue in which to worship.

There has been a lot of twaddle over this and that, and night finds us, as a whole, more or less lugubrious, for which Portland and the general environment receives the blame. We feel inspired, therefore, to recite a madrigal had we the lute or the lyre.

And so we come to anchor on the banks of beautiful Looking Glass River. The thought comes, could we,





each in turn, steal silently and alone to this placid pool, what fantasy we'd find mirrored there. Hidden away from the eye of man, some five hundred feet from the roadway, obscured by great Oregon pines, we are ensconced in a cleared spot just large enough to accommodate the forty-five-foot spread of the layout. After careful observation with the finding instruments, the Skipper announces there are no skeeters of the gallinipper variety, so we are safe from that approach at least. Somewhere the church bells are ringing, and the beautiful service of vespers has started, which moves us to impart this thought:

I sent my soul throughout the invisible,
Some secret of that after-life to spell,
And by and by my soul returned to me,
And whispered, I myself am Heaven and Hell.

Cookie Joe sings the Song of Food, and so, for the snack, and then the twilight sleep. Ojoy!

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ON THE BANKS OF ROGUE RIVER, FOUR MILES FROM GOLD BEACH, OREGON

JULY 27, 1925.

The Carousal—

Sounded at seven and, being a punctilious lot, as a result of the Skipper's careful coaching, there was no pogwom and we lagged not, sitting ourselves in front of the fresh sliced peaches and cream, plus a rasher of bacon and a generous portion of lyonaise spuds, prepared by Donkey the Cook, mowing away our rations feverishly and were on deck at nine, headed coastward.

Our seclusion in the pines was a temptation for another day's rest, but we have hopes of a beach camp tonight. The mighty Pacific stopped us at Bandon on the Sea, else Haw-

thorne would be near Japan by now, but he refused to go for the salt water, being sedate and a bit fussy. At Bandon we shopped a while, and out of here, veered off toward the interior away from the sea, following the Roosevelt Highway. Bandon on the Sea — just what does that suggest, Romance or Tragedy? To my mind comes the Lorelei, which is the Mermaid's Song of Death.

History tells us Teddy Roosevelt was a rough-rider. Whoever named this highway after him, knew his stuff. It is not only rough, but tough as well. The Skipper says the toughest he has ever encountered. A veritable corkscrew, narrow, hazardous on every turn, testing to the utmost the prowess and skill of the Pilots, particularly Spuddy. During the 12-mile wiggle over this portion of the Coast ranges, we passed but one car, and luckily that was at a point where he could just squeeze by without tumbling off.

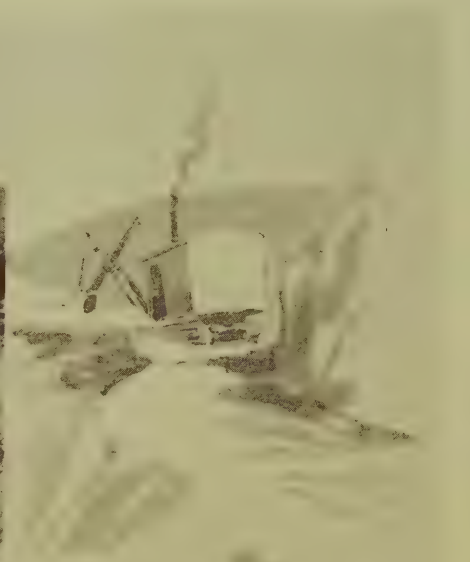
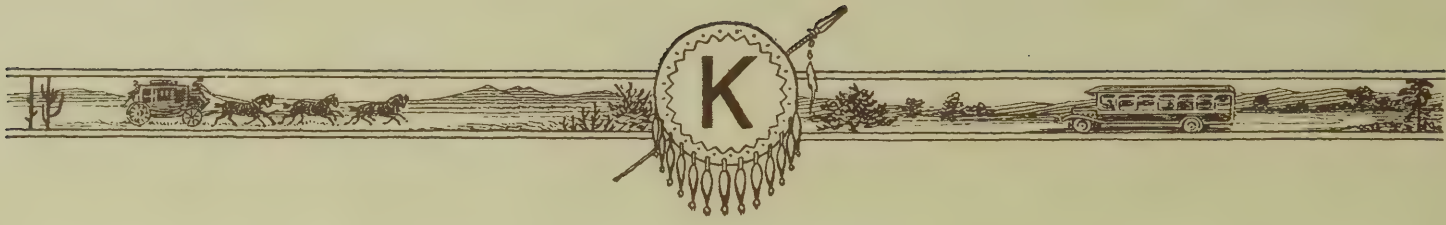
Again we are impressed by the destructive forest fires in this section. Tens of thousands of acres of fine timber have been destroyed by the demon fire, and on the mountain side stand the giant poles, stripped of their foliage, blackened by the flames, as mute sentinels, seemingly asking the question, "Traveler, where do you throw your match?"

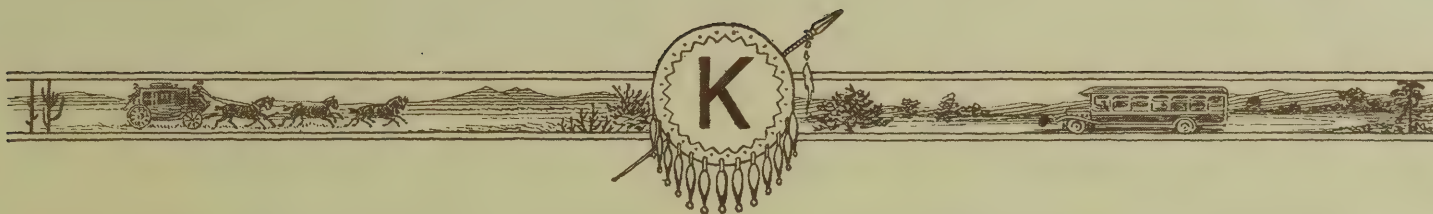
But even so, it has been a wondrous ride, something of interest to be seen on all sides, our next view of the Pacific coming at Port Orford, the highway following the ocean from here for perhaps 15 miles. So glorious was the view, so fascinating, the Skipper stopped that we might absorb, in part, the wonder of this

mighty ocean, studded here and there by huge rocks, and we believed all we have heard of the Pacific, that it is a supercilious body of water, caring naught for human life, and speculated on its stock of clandestine secrets. Personally, I felt like a gosson who had never seen



Ferry across Rogue River





water before, outside the oaken bucket. Every foot of the ride has been a pleasure.

At Rogue River we ferry across in grand style, going into camp just the other side, having gravel for the boudoir floor, which is better than cactus, and will have a restraining influence upon the Wild Bull of the Pampas, for, should he cavort tonight, of one thing I'm sure, he will garner in a stone bruise. The Pilots chalk up 119 miles for the total.

Today is today. Yesterday is dead. Let the dead bury their dead!

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ON THE BANKS OF PISTOL RIVER—16 MILES FROM GOLD BEACH, OREGON

JULY 28, 1925.

Friends and Romans:—

The Rogue, who totes the Pistol, has little on us. Last night we slept on the banks of Rogue River; to-night we are moored on the Pistol River, just 20 miles removed, and have been traveling from nine-thirty until five. On one point are we all agreed: this has not only been one of the toughest days of the trip, it has also been the most hazardous, with the exception of our perilous night ride down Teton Pass, without lights and in a heavy rain.

At Gold Beach the entire populace greeted us. Travelers ahead carried word of our coming, and we found them all on the qui vive. The wise ones told us frankly that we could never make the detour and strongly advised that we retrace our steps and hit the interior highway. Finding us determined not to alter our course, they went so far as to lay bets between them that we would never make it. At Gold Beach gather men of wealth from all points of the globe, during the season, to do their salmon snaring, catching forty pounders with little effort at the mouth of Rogue River, as the tide recedes.

The detour from here, a hundred-year-old trail which is being used in connection with the highway proper, under construction, gave us many a thrill. The old-timers who blazed this trail must have been all mooned up and went staggering through the mountains with their ox carts, or just naturally followed the line of least resistance. The short turns made it tough for us. Before climbing to the crest of a sharp mountain, the Pilot, together with the Skipper, looked the situation over. The turn was square, too narrow for the big bus and little chance of a back-up, for a slip meant a drop straight down to the ocean of a sheer thousand feet. It was finally decided to widen the road so the

bus could make the turn. We picked fully two feet out of the side of the shale rock, and then Pilot Stub brought up the big boy. After backing up four times on that narrow ledge, with the right front wheel off the road part of the time, he finally wiggled around it. His driving is so good, it's almost uncanny, for how he ever made that turn will ever be a mystery to me.

While we were sweatin' and heavin' and gruntin' and pickin' in the hot sun, the Skipper dropped up from the bottom of the mountain, carrying a Thermos jug filled with cold Budweiser and a gang of sandwiches. Never in all creation did a banquet taste more palatable. Shortly after noon we hit our next snag, which proved to be the root of a large tree on a sharp curve, with a big boulder on the opposite side of the road. We "digged and jigged and jigged and digged" until we were in the clear, but it did not last long, for a thousand feet further we hit another obstruction, on a square turn, a log on the ledge blocking our way. Using the pick and the axe, we loosened it sufficiently to permit placing a scantling under it. Got enough leverage to raise it up far enough, permitting the bus to barely squeeze past. By this time it was growing dusk, so the Skipper concluded to hit the camp-site which loomed on Pistol River. After the beans, it will be a swim in the Pistol. Glory be! What could be sweeter? For we are grime from head to foot.

The new highway, when completed, following the ocean most of the way, will be a wonder and a delight. It is a foregone conclusion that the Oregonian and the Californian will swap visits over this highway almost exclusively.

Before the dinner, our Skipper issued the following proclamation: "Boys, I have set this apart as the 'P. & S.' day." "And what's that?" we asked. "The Pick and Shovel Day," he replied, with a smile, handing us a cup of lemonade. Fair enough, for we are fast earning a berth in the Guina League of Pick Swingers.

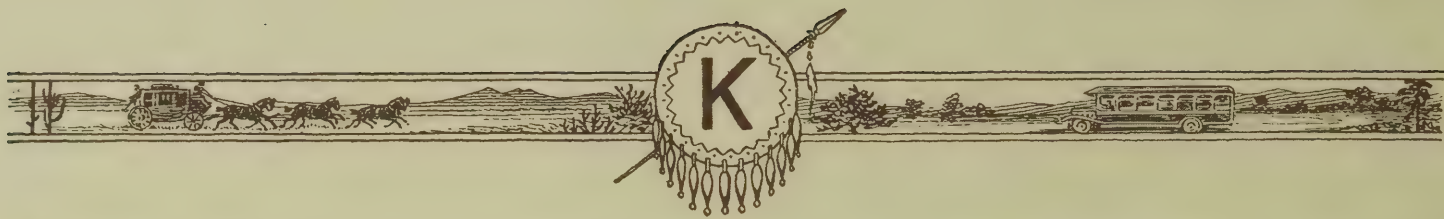
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IN OUR WILD ANIMAL CAMP—12 MILES FROM BROOKINGS, OREGON

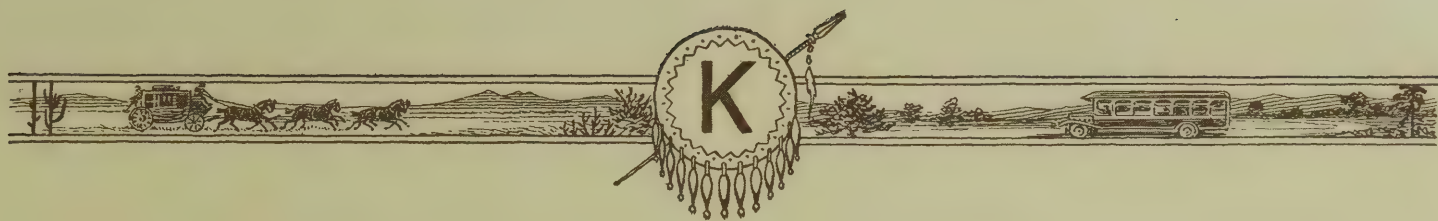
JULY 29, 1925.

Well, Folks—

We get the can of corn for mileage. It was another P. and S. day. Fortunately, we are all post graduates of the H. A. Club, else we could never have stood the gaff. The dip in Pistol River was refreshing and at 8:45 this morning we were moving with full sails, all pepped up. The Cook gave us a fine breakfast,



Making it easy for the Fords; Roosevelt Highway detour



including fresh peaches and cream. Oboy! The food he passes out through the port holes is sure the berries. Think it ain't?

Crossing a two-spanned iron bridge, which was built for a maximum of two tons and groaned under the weight, we started the climb of 2,000 feet to the top of the Coast Range. Now and then we crossed wooden bridges that creaked and groaned, thinking every minute that we would plunge to the bottom of the canyon and Cunningham would get his wish. In no less than eight cases it was necessary to resort to the pick and shovel, axe and crowbar, and we got in a full day's stint at real manual labor. Hawthorne was never conceived to travel this road; it was built at least a hundred years before his time.

In eight hours we covered nine miles. The toughest spot was on a turn where two huge trees stood on the edge of the road, directly opposite each other. The only possible way to make it was to get in a straight line, which was all but prevented by a wooden bridge directly in the rear. Every time he backed up, the bridge would start cracking, but the bridge was there, and the big drop was directly under it, so, what to do! Finally a young wood-chopper, in company with his mother, drove up in a Ford. Looking over the situation, he suggested that we skid the bus over, stating that he believed it was our only salvation. Taking the dull axe, he dropped down the hill, felled a tree that would measure five inches through, cut two logs out of it, skinned the bark off one side, placed the logs under the rear right wheels, then told Stubby to pull against them easy, while we pushed. In less time than it takes to tell it, we were out of there. The Skipper was very grateful, and admitted that the young man had taught him a new one.

Tonight we are right in the heart of the Coast Range mountains, further removed from civilization than we've ever been, where cougar, bear and all sorts of wild game abound a-plenty. Pleasant thoughts as the night wanes. We were nearly out of ice, but the Skipper insisted on making us our usual lemonade. This is certainly a wonderful experience, but it will seem sorta good to see a railroad again, even if they are noisy. We broke four windows on the big bus in the tight squeezes, and Theodore broke a door light, which is not so bad. What if the bridge had broken! The Cowboy, on top of a bank chopping down a bush which was in our way, unseated a yellow jacket's nest, and that made some fun for a while. Speaking of wild animals, the Cook, ever ready with a jest, said to Stub, "If a bear comes into camp tonight, you hold

him and ask him to wait until I hit him in the head with the pick." Quite absurd, what?

When it comes to gameness, Li'l Napoleon, Teddy Roosevelt, for whom this blankety blank highway was named, and a few others combined, have nothing on our Skipper, for his slogan is, "They can't come too tough for us." With a leader like that, do you suppose our fulgency is dimmed? Nay, nay. Not so you can notice it; another dig or two in our young lives means nothing.

It has been The Ride of Shadows, for only once today has the sun filtered through the heavy foliage, giving us the message that beyond lies the Beautiful Isle of Somewhere. No bath tonight, but Frisco is not far removed. La! La!

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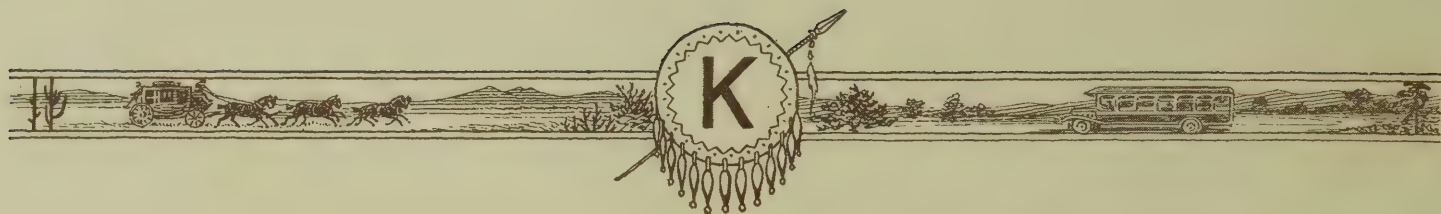
ON THE BANKS OF SMITH RIVER, 3 MILES NORTH OF SMITH RIVER, CAL.

JULY 30, 1925.

Thanks to—

The observing eye of the Skipper, we have been fortunate thus far in securing good camp-sites along some river. Tonight, if we can muster up courage, we will apply the soap, although 'tis a chilly wind which comes from the ocean blowing our way. B-r-r-r! Don't think I'll go myself. The ocean is only a few steps from here, but it's down some 50 stories with no night elevator service.

An amusing sign gave us a laugh. It read: "Five Miles to Brookings." Under it some wit printed: "Five Miles to Hell." Outside of an occasional cat cry, we were not bothered during the night, although Rover kept up an incessant growling. A good little dog, is our Rover. Shopped in Brookings, which is the last town in Oregon on this highway. The sojourn was not so arduous as yesterday, for we only dug out four times, although one bridge gave us the biggest scare of the trip, for it cracked nearly through when Theodore followed Hawthorne over. The Skipper deemed it advisable to reinforce it, which we did, thus preventing some poor unfortunate from taking a plunge. We crossed the state line into California at 4:40. When we came into Brookings, we stopped at a station for gas. The owner was dumbfounded at sight of us. "I heerd about ye. They's been a lotta boys in here a-talkin' about this here limited train, and makin' bets you'd never git here. All I can say is the next guy what comes through in a Ford and kicks on that road will git a piece o' my mind. How didja ever in tarnation do it?"



We find the native Oregonian, particularly these mountain chaps, are princes. In every case that we were stuck, if one or more happened along, they were willing and glad to lend a hand. After crossing the line, we found a big improvement in the road, for which we are all mighty thankful, although the town pessimist says we will never make it through the Redwoods. We should worry. If flivvers can make it, we can. The time book for today reads as follows:

The Skipper: Four hours directing passing traffic where we were stuck; two hours inspecting bridges; one hour preparing lunch; two hours directing the swing of pick and shovel. Pilot Long: Seven hours driving and jiggling; one hour on the pick; one hour on the shovel. Pilot Bowman: Same as Pilot Long.

The Maid: Five hours viewing scenery; one hour swinging the pick; one hour pushing the shovel; two hours flagman.

The Dishwasher: Six hours looking things over from the bus; one hour telling a native how to repair his wooden leg; two hours offering suggestions.

The Cook: One hour dressing a

wounded shin; two hours swinging the pick; two hours checking up provisions; two hours on the shovel; two hours pestering the Baler. The Baler: Nine hours waiting for the sun to come out to take pictures. Charge to Oregon for blazing new trails and credit the P. and S. gang. Total, 32 miles; total for three days, 61 miles.

Donkey, the Cook, has served the papers, and whoever won't list to that Cook is like the fellow who said, "The more I travel around and the more I see of people, the more I ain't got no sense." Others are bashfully moving toward the dining room, so the Baler moves with them. Quite so.

As we go to press, I hear the Skipper say, "It has been a tough three days, but no rebuff can stay the indomitable soul. No triumph can stiffen the back-

bone of the whiner for the cruelty of Fate is powerless against the undaunted heart." True as truth. He sure knows how to do the right thing and say the right thing to keep everybody in the right frame of mind.

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IN CAMP — VILLAGE OF ORICK, CAL.

JULY 31, 1925.

Once More—

We come to bat, being under way at nine searching the sea for better and less hazardous lanes. Breeze past Fort Dick and climb into the mighty redwoods. Reach Crescent City, a progressive port of 2,000, having a five-mile harbor and oodles of fine beach, where,

it is claimed, there is no undertow. Surely, this town has a future with the right men at the helm. Shop here, and visit with Glenn Ireland, a new-found prince, who is proprietor of the Travelers Hotel, as neat a hostelry as one will find in a day's travel, most of the rooms facing the harbor. An

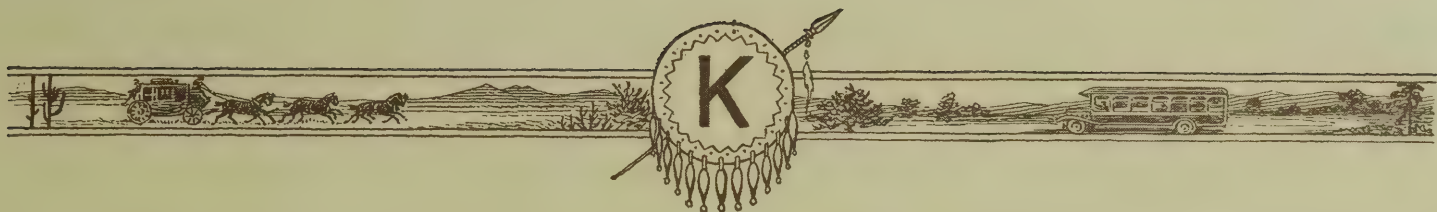


Ferry across Klamath River, Oregon

old-time host, who "set 'em up" in grand style, insisting that we tarry another hour, but time being short, we sailed off, albeit, reluctantly.

From here the trail leads us for four miles along the Pacific, then veers off again into the giant redwood forests. Talk about the jungles of Africa! They have been moved to California. If you but close your eyes for a moment, then gaze upon this wondrous scenery, the wildness of it all, besprinkled here and there with beautiful wild flowers of variegated hues, it all seems like a tale of the Arabian Nights, appearing impervious, and yet, you continue on, winding through this new-found paradise suggesting at every turn the primitive.

Today, owing to the roads being passable, although we had some tight squeezes, we failed to get our P. and



S. travail and consequently are a restless group tonight, this one and that thinking of his rapport. Stave off the Yom Kippur! Now and then we glimpsed a redwood that would certainly make a nifty little toothpick. It would not take more than one of these trees to build a hotel as large as the Phoenix Inn in Findlay. Ask the Maid. He confirmed this statement. Speaking of the Maid, whenever we shop in a town he hies off to the main hotel, thinking to glean a few ideas. Still, we can't hold that against him. If he wants to keep up with the times, more power to him.

One thing that caused my temperature to rise a few degrees today was the butcher's scale. When we left Columbus we all weighed in. My ticket read 195 pounds. With all the drubbing we've had, our activity in the P. and S. gang under blazing suns, etc., during the past few days, figured I was down to fighting weight, but the dern scale still reads 195. Felt like booting it.

One of the prettiest ferry rides we've had was just out of Requa today, across Klamath River, a short distance above the point where it empties into the Pacific, and tonight we camp on the edge of Orick, a small village, under shelter of four giant redwoods. However the Skipper can sense these spots from the roadway mystifies us. A regular "camp findin' bloodhound." We made 56 miles today, through the picturesque redwood jungles. Should reach Eureka on the morrow, where news of great import await some of us.

Cookie Joe, being of French extraction and highly temperamental, is gesticulating wildly, in a sort of frenzy, saying incoherent things, which leads me to believe the dish is ready.

(Pst! He's not French at all. He's a Dutchman.) One thing I'll say for him: as a cook he is no misfit.

ON THE BANKS OF EEL RIVER, 11 MILES NORTH OF GARBERVILLE, CAL.

AUGUST 1, 1925.

In Conclusion:—

We report the blowing of the whistle promptly at seven, and piled out of our boudoir without more ado, keen for the scent of the halibut steaks. We slipped out of the inlet at nine-thirty, a bit tardy, owing to the fact the persnickety Maid must stop and take inventory of his haberdashery stock before reaching the Golden Gates.

Over the fine gravel pave, viewing with delight the placid lagoons to the right, which are separated from

the ocean by a narrow strip of sandy shore, one being three miles in length and possibly a mile wide in spots. Meet more than the usual number of travelers on the route, all of whom slow up and gaze at Hawthorne as we pass. Through Trinidad, one of the important whaling stations along the Pacific, where, we were informed, they recently towed into port a ninety-ton spermer. They shoot a harpoon into the whale, which has a loaded shell in the end of it, with an electric wire connecting the end of the harpoon to a battery on board ship. After the harpoon has been imbedded, a button sets off the shell, which explodes, killing the whale. He is then filled with air and towed to shore. We tarried but a moment, the stench of the place being too much for our sensitive nostrils. At Arcata, which is just a small town, they have a truly beautiful park, the great, circular flowerbeds being surrounded by young palm trees. Reach Eureka, a most progressive looking port, receive the mail, wire greetings, etc., the Cook exchanging coin of the realm for foodstuffs. The Skipper procures a beard trim, looking handsome in the finish, and Theodore is equipped with a new pair of boots. The Maid gets new breeches and a nifty sweater coat, albeit, the color is a bit passionate, and looks the part of the gay boulevard-ier in the change. Finnegan's asthma is bothering him more than usual, but we hope the Sautern treatment will effect a cure. We have missed him at the dish pan here of late.

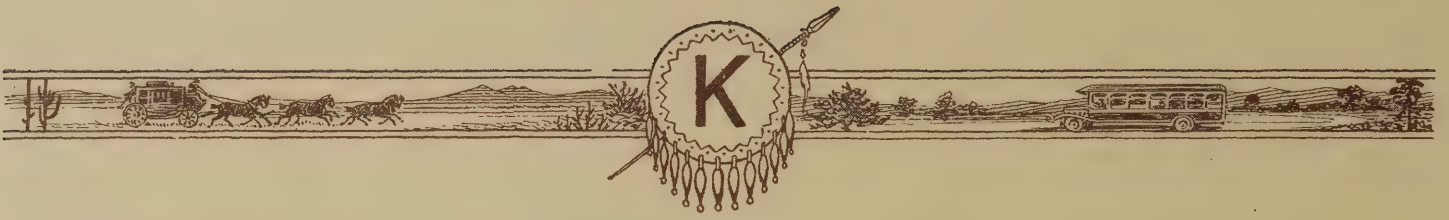
Lunch four miles out, facing the bay, the cool sea breeze being most pleasant. Cookie Joe announces that tomorrow being the Sabbath, we will have, with the breaking of the bread, some delicious fowl, fried to a turn, and all are pleased. Within a span of less than two miles we cross Eel River four times. 'Tis correctly named, say we. Drift back into the redwoods again, passing Scotia, Loleta, Fortuna, Alton, Rio Dell and Wildwood enroute.

The Skipper is happy as a lark and for the first time since the Portland jubilee, has taken a contented snooze upon the divan during the travel. Everyone in fine shape, but as for the Baler, he continues surly and disgruntled, albeit, a smile goes with it. The dog is fine, thank you. Our Eel River camp is about two days' sailing from San Francisco and we are still sustaining to the letter, the 18th Act of the Bushwaw, in grandiloquent manner.

Hearken, ye honeymooners! In the plan, don't overlook this wondrous ride through the redwoods. A thrill with every foot and it will have a salutary effect upon even the most anemic. What a wonderful mother is Nature, the first of all healers! She is the mender of



In dry dock, Portland, Oregon



all things, mute as she is wise. And out here, in the great west, when you gaze at the heavens and view her wonders, you are baffled by her many complexities, you are vaguely disturbed and as vaguely hushed and chastened and you sometimes wonder if, after all, life is but a dream and death an awakening.

All we are, all we have, comes from Nature; why should we protest when she takes us and ours back to her mysterious house?

Tomorrow will be Sunday. I feel a sermon coming on *sure*. Father Finnegan has had a long rest; we will let him preach it.

THE BALER.

THE EIGHTH ELUCIDATION

THIRTEEN MILES SOUTH OF LAYTONVILLE, CALIFORNIA

AUGUST 2, 1925.

The Sermon on the Eel, by Father John Finnegan

Brothers, all—

It has been a trying day through this mountaineous country and we saw little of civilization, outside of Garberville and Laytonville. This being the Sabbath, it is meet that we should assemble here under this azure sky in devout conclave. My text will be a ramble; a jargon of words loosely constructed. Brothers, I come to you with a statement of plain truths, concerning certain happenings of by-gone days, intersperced now and then with modern occurrences. I will ask that you let your minds go back, in retrospection, to the days of your youth, when you were taught the simpler rudiments of life.

What of Peter, the Fisherman? The day that Jonah swallowed the whale, and David slew Goliath with his slingshot, were the Hebonites deterred from crossing the Red Sea? They were not. And did not those Four Horsemen, Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, take wine for their stomach's sake? (Boss, gimme a li'l drink?) Did they not? And what did Ezekiel, Hezekiah and Obediah do for the city of Columbus? I pause for a slight eructation. Omigod! my asthma! Well, brothers, what of Samson who felled a temple with a push of his arm? He who sat astride the back of the mighty lion and tore his jaws asunder? Yea, and slew, with the jawbone of an ass, seven thousand Philadelphians, er, I mean Phillistines. Ah, but what happened to Samson? Along came Delilah, the first female barber, she of subtle ways and winsome charms. Samson's strength availed him naught, for, with the

burning kiss of death, she gave him a haircut and he lost his voice, er, I mean strength. I grow wobbly and almost effete, for last night I had an incubus, dreaming that this same wicked Delilah came unto me, a glittering paramour, and I, too, am shorn of my strength. (Boss, how about a li'l touch? I can hardly breathe.) What of Solomon, with his 900 concubines, and Shylock the Lizard, who gave to the world a dreamy love affair that set it afire, when he demanded from his rapport the pound of flesh. Ah, but there are the Seven Virgins who came with the oil to replenish the midnight lamp. Were their talents used wisely, or too well? Brothers, I've eaten of the ensilage and know whereof I speak, for what I say is not premonitory. Take Absolom, who dangled from the limb of a tree by the hair of his head; Elijah, who rode the waves in a fiery chariot; Moses, the Kid from the Bullrushes, who doused the light—are there any more at home like them?

There can be no whiffing of these truths. It is like the proverb of the bread and gravy. Pass the bread that I may finish my gravy; then, pass the gravy that I may finish my bread. As I muse upon these things, the pericardium of my heart twitches near the dorsal. Consider the lilies of the field; they toil not, neither do they spin. After all, who are the spinners? We must be more heedful, refrain from an over-indulgence in idle fancies, for there is too much wool-gathering, too much wheedling, too much twittering about this and that. Consider Saul of Tarsus. If it had not been for Old Saul, would the world have its tartar sauce? Go forth, brothers of this gypsy band, and proclaim from the house-tops these truths, e'en though they larup you and pinch your neck in the pillory. We close by singing Epithany of the Apothacary, in Chinese. (Boss, if you have no digitalus, how about a li'l shot? Omigod! my asthma.) Deacons, gather in the pennies. Choir, sing the doxology. Omigod! Amen! Wind my watch and get me a doctor!

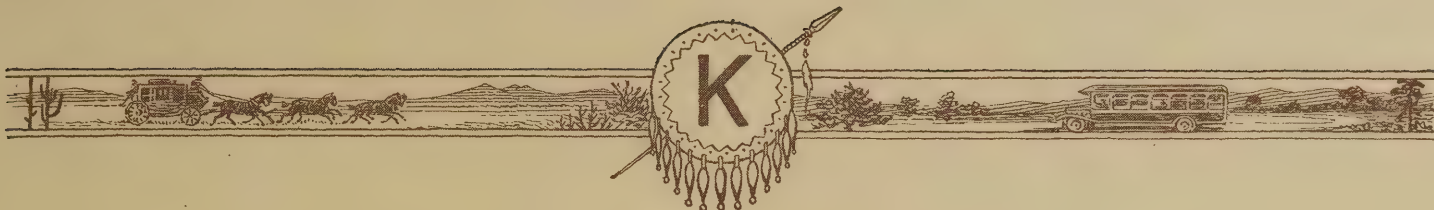
(Editor's note. The Skipper learned that Father Finnegan's trouble has been caused from secretly eating Mexican Jumping Beans. He has been placed on a strict milk and mashed potato diet.)

OUR EUCALYPTUS CAMP, SIX MILES NORTH OF SANTA ROSA, CAL.

AUGUST 3, 1925.

Yesterday—

Father Finnegan, the lover of the Mexican Jumping Bean, held the limelight and it was so late when he



finally became exhausted from wrestling with the text books, we had no chance to bale our stuff.

We did not get the anchor up until eleven-thirty yesterday, which accounted for our small mileage. Our camp last night was on a fork of the Eel River, near an apollanaires spring, at the foot of a large mountain, where many bear hibernate. All of us were a bit down-hearted due to the fact that we lost our little dog Rover. While taking gas in Laytonville, he strayed off and we did not miss him until we were in camp. A fine little pal, vigilant and loyal, ever watchful during the night hours, of the menacing cats and inquisitive bear. He had a wonderful disposition, and we feel his loss keenly. The best we can hope is that he will find a home where he will be cared for with loving hands. Boo-hoo!

This day of the voyage we visited Willits and Calpella, ports of mediocre appearance, shopping in Ukiah, a fair-looking place, stuffy with old structures. Out of Ukiah we pass fields and fields of hops, then the village of Hopdale, where the hops are shipped from, thence to Cloverdale, a likely looking village with pleasant, home-like cottages, Geyerville and Healdsburg, where flows the historic Russian River, past Windsor, into camp near the town bearing a name which sounds like a mild cigar. We were two hours getting a camp-site today.

Traveling over the prairie waste-lands day after day, one grows a bit weary of the sameness of things and the unchanged perspective becomes dull and monotonous. But the uncertainty of securing favorable camp-sites in California makes you long for the freedom of the prairie lands where it is not a question of "where will we camp?" but rather, "when will we go in?" This is a public camp, the ground is very uneven and rough, there is little or no shade, but we are sailors of the deep blue sea and you hear no grumbling from this crew.

We are in at four, the Skipper is mixing up the lemonade, and announces that he is the best dern rum player in the United States of America, so it looks like some one will accept the defi, for these boys can't be bluffed, even if they know, on the going down, that they are licked.

The instruments of longitude and latitude indicate that we will ferry across at Sausilto, avoiding Oakland, and should be quartered at the Palace not later than three tomorrow. Much work must be done this night, the Skipper changes from leather to silk undies, the laundry must be sorted and checked and other things of sundry nature attended to.

What awaits us after passing through the majestic Golden Gates? The sands of the hour-glass trickle on, taking note of the time, but tell us nothing. Again the crystal ball is inscrutable, so we must cast our lot with the God of Luck and welcome with open arms the happenings of the morrow.

Ah, the lemo is completed, the pay window whistle sounds and I go, with the rest, to imbibe the toning beverage, for 'tis wery, wery hot.

Why should we worry? Behold! the fowls of the air!

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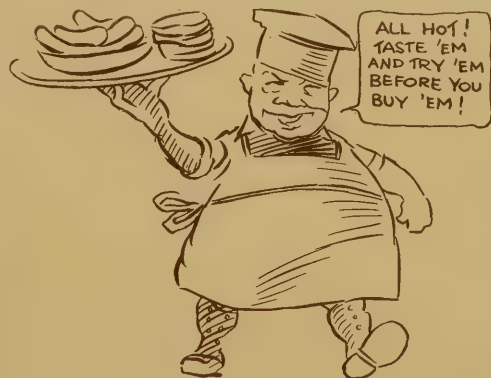
DOCKED AT THE PALACE HOTEL, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

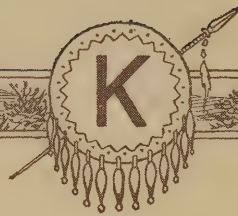
AUGUST 4, 1925.

It Was—

Summer Hat Day and before breaking camp, out came the straw chapeaus. The boulevard-iers, you know, the Skipper and the Maid, produced their staggering—er, I mean swaggering sticks, and all turn smiling faces toward 'Frisco, the City of a Thousand Mysteries.

Our last night in camp was terrific. Despite the fact that we were 25 miles from open sea, there was a hardy blow, but it calmed before reaching the proportions of a young typhoon. The Cook, ever on the alert to get in his best lick, added fuel to the flame when he tapped the Pilot lightly on the nether cheek, in a corrective manner, for speaking out of his turn, saying, "Now, Homer, you behave!" Said Stubby, "I'll have *you* to know that my name is not Homer; it is Reginald. And just for that, I'm going to take my night-gown and trot home." There was music, a moonlight dance or two in the bus, the boys getting limbered up for city etiquette. At the shank of the evening, Father Finnegan said, "Omigod!" and went to bed. The Cowboy, to test his skill, got out his lariat and tried to lasso the picture of a pony in the bus. Stub saw it and yelled, just in time, "Hey, Cowboy, if you want to throw that darn thing, take it out and lasso Theodore. That pony is liable to biff you with a wicked hoof!" The





moon drowsed at one, and we piled in, rimrosed for fair, for 'twas a rigorous night. Many and varied were the dreams thereof.

Steam out at 10:30 headed for the Sausilito ferry, the Golden Gates, San Luis Obispo and the Black Cat. I dare not get too lapidilly, else I must fake on the bailing. We stopped early for lunch, the Cook still having a bit of limburger and such as that to sell, but it was hard to persuade full stomachs. Finally, the Cook walked down the aisle of the bus, carrying a small dish of cheese and bologna, crying his wares, "Fine cheese, fine bolonee, hot coffee; no, no, we're out of that. Taste 'em and try 'em, before you buy 'em." He had a request for Snappy Stories, a Police Gazette and The Scandals of 1925, but they were sold out at Cottage Grove.

Pass through many old towns, oddly named, such as Santa Rosa, clean as a pin, having exquisite bungalows, here and there one standing out more prominent with fancy frills, fetching trellis, willow and palm trees and beautiful flower gardens; Cotati, Petaluma, Novato, Ignacio, San Rafael, San Anselmo, Larkspur (gosh! are we in America or Italy?), arriving at the Sausilito ferry at 2:30, going across the six-mile span on the good ship Eureka, said to be one of the largest ferrys afloat, docking at the Palace at 3:35, lashed to our moorings, getting out of the khaki, into the tub, fresh linens and such as that, scratching our heads for recollection of fashionable cafe manners, throwing off, for the moment, the boorish habits which come natural with this rugged life, and then to drink of the upas, or eat of its succulent roots, which is about as tasty and palatable as the quassia.

Ferrying across, we pass points of interest such as the Alectres, where is located the military prison; Angel Island, which is to the west what Ellis Island is to the east; Goat Island, Potato Island, the Vallejo navy yard, Fort McDonald and the Golden Gates. Meet the Skipper's old friend, Frank Corr, who seemed delighted and see at a glance that he is a live wire and will do his bit in the matter of variety. In Frisco he is known as "The Lion." The four street car tracks on Market Street befuddle me, for I'm just a small town boy unused to all this confusion of thundering noises. Shore leave is the hardest part of the journey, it is so difficult to adapt ourselves to the altogether different mode of living.

It is, so!

Just saw a funny sight. Four post-card venders have our Maid treed showing him their wares. "By golly! that's fine," purrs the Maid, boarding the elevator with his load of views and comics.

AT THE PALACE, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

AUGUST 5-9, 1925.

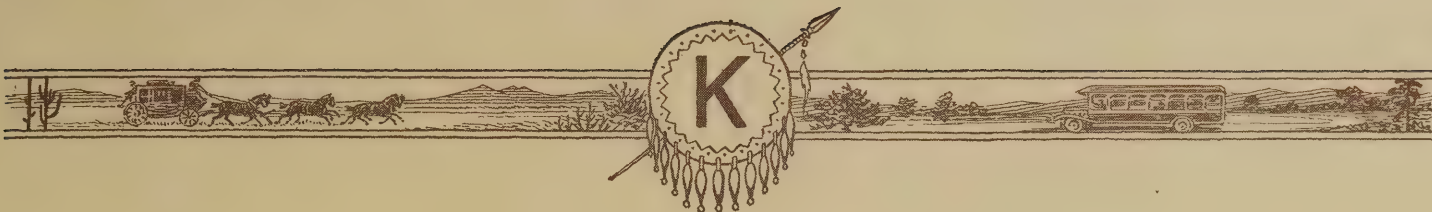
We ask—

Your kind indulgence for our negligence in not keeping up the daily dope. You see, the Baler had a birthday between the dates mentioned above. Naturally, he had to prepare for, celebrate and recover from it. And then, too, Frisco is one mad whirl after another, so strict adherence to the lines of daily habits are more or less difficult.

During the course of the week's events, many things have transpired; why, the Skipper even attended a brutal combat between all sorts and colors of fisticuff artists! The other evening, Frank Corr, who *is* a bully good fellow, arranged a shindy at Marine View, which faces the sea on a rocky projection, some forty miles from here. So we all piled in Hawthorne and sallied forth. It proved to be an ideal spot for deviltry, murders and the like.

With us were two gentlemen well known in Frisco, one, Mr. Cornelius Deasey, who is a supervisor and whose chief request was, "Pass the holy water!"; the other, Irish Ed Healy, a wit of no mean note, with funny blinky eyes and a fat tummy, who sings Irish songs in a delightful manner and knows more stories to the square inch than Billy Seddon has gray hairs. In fact, he makes a business of entertaining at stag affairs. Between the two we were right royally taken care of, to say nothing of the marvelous dinner, made up of strange dishes, with Dago Red the liquid, given by Frank Corr. Everybody, I think, ate everything, but we could never tell you *what* we ate. For part of the mirth tomorrow, Frank, through his influence with "the powers that be," has arranged for the entire crew to be guests at Dave Shade's training quarters to see him "do his stuff" prior to his set-to with Schoell, which will take place in the near future. What it takes to get past the door-man, Frank has.

Healy, rotund, heavily built, sang one operatic selection in Italian, at least it was a good imitation, and at the conclusion he gave a fat man's asthetic dance, you know, that Oo! La! La! nymphs and fawn stuff, tripping gaily and fancy-free through the woodlands. Reminded me of a fat man's potato race at the old county fair when they used to have the man-drawn hose cart races. At the finish he slipped and took a healthy spill. That was rich, too. He didn't even break a leg, which was disappointing to the spectators. Don Juan Deasey sang some rich old Irish songs. They were rare, new and delightful, but he spoiled them with his rotten accent. Capable, no doubt, under



normal circumstances of putting it over in fine shape, but he had such a peculiar twist to his mouth, the words came out and hopped right back in again.

One story told was of a Scotchman who refused to buy rubber heels for his shoes because they "give." Another one, sounding fairly parlor-ish, just a tinge of the risque, was told, and when I asked the Skipper if it would pass muster in the daily, he replied, "Use it, if you like. We'll find out when we get home." With that tip the story is forgotten. "No, No, Nan-ette," with funny Taylor Holmes and dainty Nancy Welford, was part of the entertainment dish which pleased every one very much. Quite so. We have added to our repertoire the art of eating deep sea mussels and abalone steaks, which is quite an accomplishment for the easterner.

It has, in truth, been rather a wild week in many ways. Frank Corr is a wizard in the way of providing things unique. The rigors of camp-life, always enjoyable, build us up; the mad whirl of the city's night life tear us down. On the morrow the scene shifts to Los Angeles and Tarzan of the Apes, Ed Nagle, where he takes us in tow for another round of sleepless nights and dizzy sights. Breakfast is being served in the parlor, so we hang this week's wash on the line and follow the tea wagon. All well, and bid you adieu for another seven days.

THE BALER.

THE NINTH NIGHTMARE SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

AUGUST 11, 1925.

And it Came to Pass—

After the long, tempestuous night, another day broke, clear, fair, hopeful, and these sons of men who planned to journey southward without so much as a backward glance at this city of iniquity, being mindful of the fate of Lot's wife, who gazed upon the forbidden Sodom, were detained. Father Finnegan still suffers with the asthma, and decided to return to his native heath by rail. So the Skipper held over, placing him safely aboard the U. P., it being mid-day when the train left, and too much congestion at this hour in the harbor for a comfortable get-away, giving us an opportunity of seeing more of the sights hereabouts.

Take a jaunt up Grant Avenue, through Chinatown, in tow of a little guide, who knows the ins and outs of the wily Chinese. It is a long street, a maze of fooling lights, countless shops vieing with each other for the patronage of the more or less susceptible tourist, in the sale of their jade and baubles, the Happy Joss,

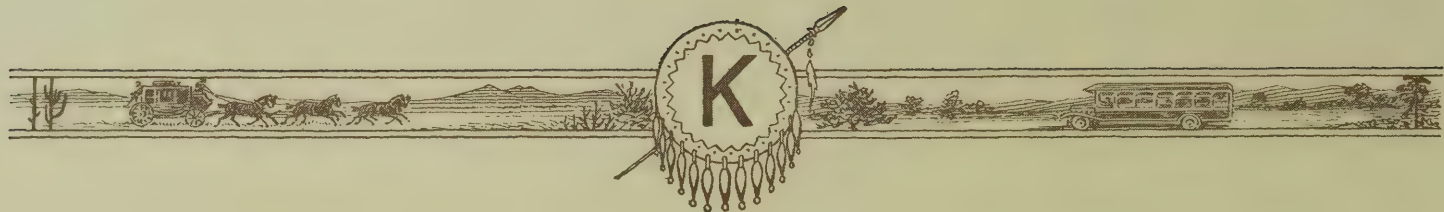
Black Cats and Dragons, jugs and tea sets, grotesque images fashioned in ivory and wood, fancy shawls and silken robes, strange candies, figs and nuts, each shop laden with a full cargo of Oriental flubdubs, catering mostly to the middle-westerner.

For a change of view, ferry to Oakland, Berkely, Alameda, finding them peopled mostly with San Franciscans, who commute back and forth. Frisco has the funniest little street cars on the cross-town lines I ever did see. On front and rear the seats are "out-doors," the middle section of the car is enclosed, the cars having a seating capacity of about 40 passengers. For a ride on one out to Golf Street and find the hills are worse than even Seattle or Tacoma, being steep and difficult to climb afoot.

It has been a strenuous eight days for we boys of the Styx, albeit, each fiddler has stood up nobly under the gaff, awaiting the nights in the open to build up the tissues. Go into conference with the Skipper and learn that the sight-seeing Maid leaves early tomorrow for Tonapah, where he holds interests in silver and gold mines, copper and the like, planning to meet us in Los Angeles four days hence. The Skipper speaks in a strange tongue about a journey to the romantic and fantastical city of Honolulu, taking fourteen days for the voyage, and I wonder if Hawthorne will stand the trip of deep sea travel. No promise is made, however, and we hang in the balance as the books close for the day, feeling certain it will be either that or a trip through the Panama Canal to New York, the Melting Pot of America. Pilot Stub has his little joke, saying that in Honolulu, when new clothes are required, the ladies of the flock sharpen the family scythe, go forth where the tall grass grows, and cut new frocks for the coming season. What do the men do?

Our hats are off to the Palace Hotel management. The treatment accorded us has been beyond reproach, and, as the bags are being packed, remarks are passed pro and con that the western hotel man is more congenial in his attitude than his average eastern brother. At two in the morning we are packed, bathed and all but booted, ready for our forty winks before sunup.

I'll let you in on a little secret. Coming across the ferry, the Skipper had me standing outside in the chill wind, with the camera ready for a shot of the Golden Gates. They told me they were as high as the Deshler Hotel, that all ships pass through them, they are gilded with gold and operated by hydraulic power. Talk about a pile of bunk! They are not gold at all—just two big rocks out there in the bay. This sure is the lyin-ist bunch I ever did see.



IN CAMP ONCE MORE — FIVE MILES NORTH OF GILROY, CAL.

AUGUST 12, 1925.

At Two—

The Skipper summoned a score of bell hops to trundle out the bags and at three Frank Corr was escorting us out of town. Speaking of Frank, you should see his nifty Pierce-Arrow car. Some spluzzy creation. A Rollicking Royce is a bloomer alongside of it. It looks like it might have been Mr. Pierce's first experiment around about the time of the Chicago World's Fair, back in the nineties. Anyway, it runs just as good as Fords, has a neat purr to the engine if you are not suffering with headache. There is a long lever to pull when you want to open and close the windows or draw the shades, but the grandest thing about it is the horn. Remember the old bulb type which was located wherever it was most convenient to squeeze? That is part of his equipment, and when he pushes the thing, it makes a faint little squawk like an invalid duck. Imagine it can be heard better two blocks away. We called it the ventriloquist horn, for it throws the bark where folks can't hear it.

At the White Company we embraced Hawthorne and Theodore with open arms, both looking fit after their long rest. Mr. Atchison, the White publicity man, took our "pitcher" for publicity use, and you should have seen Frank in the mean looking cap the Skipper loaned him for the shot. He looked like Lefty Louie or Gyp the Blood. At Valencia Street, final farewells were said. Boo-hoo! Sad is the parting!

Pass the old Tanforan Race Course, and think of Monopole Jack Graney and Pop Sapp. Through many ports such as San Bruno (a bearish sort of name), Pacific City, its approach hidden by eucalyptus trees, devoid of bark and chilly looking, San Mateo, Beresford, Belmont, San Carlos and just outside of Redwood City we see a small grove of old, gnarled, twisted oak trees and imagine some Ohioan, who failed to hit pay dirt back in '49, may have become disgusted and thrown a lot of acorns around. Reminded us a bit of home. We see funny signs, one, "Invest in a dollar a day home." Cheap enough, but try and find the dollar. Californians are certainly doing their bit to keep the home folks from spending their money outside the state. "If you send your dollar east, when does it come back to you? Invest your money in California products and industries," and many other signs similar to this adorn the highways. At Palo Alto we get a squint at the famed Stanford University. A good place to go for learnin', but it has

nothing on our own Ohio State. Through Mayfield and Mountain View, the line of march being flanked on both sides by huge orchards. Entering Santa Clara, we are impressed by the ancient monastery, where the happy monks cavort about. From here it is a beautiful ride to the little city of San Jose. Between the two towns it is practically all built up with exquisite homes, most of Spanish architecture, with now and then a sprinkling of the California bungalow and an occasional eastern pattern. Although they have but two or three modern looking buildings, San Jose looks like a thriving city. The Bank of Italy tells the world it has resources aggregating \$325,000,000.00, which is quite a few nickels. Wonder if they ever forget to lock their vault? One thing can be said, the cemetery is the most densely settled I've ever seen. Speaking of such stop-overs, on the outskirts of 'Frisco there are six cemeteries, all grouped, in a chain, extending for miles. If it were not for the marble slabs and such, the well-kept grounds and general contour, remind one of the chain of parks in Cleveland, which embrace Rockefeller, Wade and Gordon. Oboy! what a g-r-a-n-d and glorious feelin' to be back in camp once more and get some of Cookie Joe's swell steaks. No fussy creases to fret about and we can pile in whenever we feel so inclined.

Gosh! they're playing "Don't Bring Lulu" for the eleventh straight time. Guess I'll go to bed. Seventy-four miles today and we are in a public camp.

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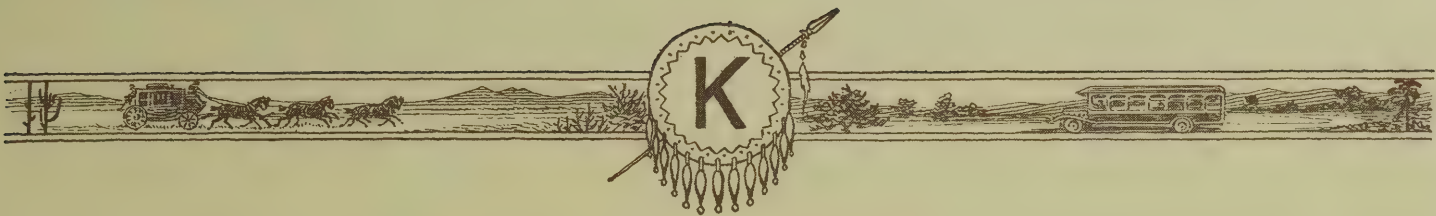
IN CAMP TEN MILES FROM SAN LUCAS, CAL.

"The Oasis in the Desert"

AUGUST 13, 1925.

It Was Hard—

To woo and win favor with the God of Sleep last night. Guess Old Man Morpheus was disgusted and just paying us back for the way we neglected him in San Francisco. Sleep came, though, after our Kansas City night-hawk (there's only one now, since the P. B. left us) rolled in. The night was filled with strange fantasies, grotesque phantoms, for all of us did more or less muttering through the long night. Of me, they say I baled off and on. I know that once a band of Spanish Knaves abducted my seraph, throwing me into an awful funk. My dogs were blistered and I had to walk sixty miles. The Cook mumbled something about "the spuds are still hard," the Cowboy chuckled now and then while the Pilot was coaxing Hawthorne to "be nice." Dawn came, a welcome visitor, but it was



nearly nine before the lambrequin was lifted from the boudoir approach.

At eleven we meandered out onto the public highway, and after collecting the fares, the Skipper informed us that if any more passengers leave (he notices the absence of the dishwasher and the Maid, when it comes to taking up the fares) he will stop at the next county seat and sell the bus at public auction. Near Gilroy are some fine onion farms, and it looks like a wonderful dairy country through here, practically all of the cows being Holsteins. After leaving San-Hoo-awn we met up with a stiff climb for fifteen miles through the barren, brown, burned hills, before reaching Salinas, where we shop for edibles. Despite the absence of greenery, the Salinas Valley is very picturesque with its rolling hills and far-off valleys, here and there a green tree standing on a hillside "All Alone."

The Skipper called to the Cook, as we disembarked, "Don't forget the 'ticker tape'." "And what is 'ticker tape'?" I queried of the Cook. "It is the 'Sacred Scroll'," he replied. "And what is the 'Sacred Scroll'?" I persisted. In a disgusted tone, the Cook answered, "Well, it is the antiskid wood pulp, run through the drier, the press and perforated, after which it is cut into rolls and you pay ten cents per roll for it. Now, you dumbhead, do you know what it is?" "Yea, yes, un-hunh, I know," I answered, vaguely. Ain't Nature grand? After scrapping with a wop who refused to let him examine the sweet corn, we bought a couple of stopples for the wash basin, the Pilots coaled the ships, the Skipper returned with a smell of toilet water hanging to him, minus the whiskers, and we were soon under way.

California has wonderful roads. Fruits, incomparable and unsurpassed, grow in abundance in this land of sunshine, but, after all, the hot summers and chill wintry blasts of our old Buckeye State are the best.

We give California back, without so much as pilfering a single green prune. Oregon, in our opinion, surpasses California, with its pure, cold water, beautiful scenery, excellent roads and hospitable folks. And we have a thought of the Roosevelt detour highway in mind when we say it.

After a ninety-mile ride over perfect roads, with little to look at save the brown hills, Chualar, Gonzales, Soledad and King City, a busy little dairy center, we find the "Oasis Camp" some ten miles north of San Lucas. Its tall, green trees look good to the Skipper, despite the fact that it is a public camp housing many other campers, the jib sail is lowered and we drift into the sluice way. A fine breeze blows and the blankets will be welcomed.



Refugio on Pacific shores. Pilot and Cowboy breaking camp

From the spacious dining room comes the cry of "On the Table" and the crew, to a man, come to chow attention that we may appease the gaunt feeling which gnaws at our innards.

Who hath gathered the wind in his fists? Who hath bound the waters in a garment? Who maketh Chicken

Gumbo from the sage bush? What is his name? "Cookie Joe!" answer the sailors, as one man.

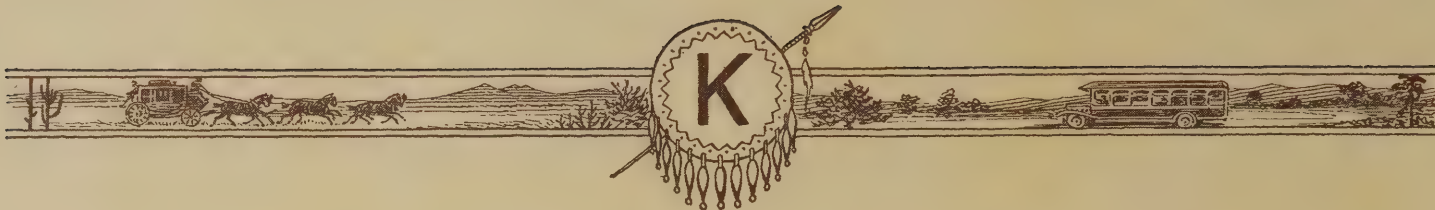
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OUR PACIFIC SHORES CAMP—REFUGIO CALIFORNIA

AUGUST 14, 1925.

Sounds Something—

Like the name of that old Monestary back in Santa Clara, but you'd be surprised. For the first time, we are encamped right on the ocean, with each sailor, from the Skipper down, keen for a dip in the surf, although the Skipper and the Cook had a cold shower in camp last night—dunno why—so it may be that they will not feel the need of the salt water rinse.



Not much to chronicle today. Following lunch, we were all seized with a drowsy spell, cat-napping now and then, dreaming of this and that. A couple of signs baffled us, one, "Telephone Peas," another farm sported a sign reading, "Here are grown the famous Whistle Beans." Dunno what kind they are, but imagine Mr. Van Camp does. Beyond San Ardo comes the old town of San Miguel, and here is located the shell of the San Miguel Mission, built by the Indians back in 1797, being an old dokey, with little effort, apparently, on the part of the populace to preserve it, for it is all but tumbled down and in a sad state of decay. At Paso Robles, where it was mighty hot, the famous Hot Springs Hotel is located, the manager telling me that Paderewski, the renowned Polish pianist, owns vast acreages and winters here. Through Templeton, Astacardio, where is located a pumping station and large storage tanks of the Union Oil Company. A sign tells us that we are entering the Santa Barbara forests, although we see but a light sprinkling of trees here and there on the big brown hills. At Pismo, for the first time since leaving 'Frisco, we angle back to the ocean once more, but leave it again as we leave Pismo and bowl along through Arroyo Grande, Santa Maria and Orcutt, where we notice the farmers are cutting their wheat. Then comes Los Alamos, Buellton, Las Cruces, getting back on the ocean shores three miles out, which we follow the remainder of the day, doing a total of 155 miles.

The Pilot and Cowboy were in conference, and decided that the Baler ought to take the first dip, thinking, perhaps, if I don't freeze stiff in the sand, they may try it. The air is too sharp and I concluded it can be put off for another day or so, when we will be in the City of Angels, where awaits Big Ed Nagle, the Bull of the Southlands. There the Pilot leaves the party to visit for a few days with the family, who are quartered in a neat little cottage at Ocean Park, inviting the entire crew to break bread with him there.

A most enjoyable day, quiet, restful and taking stock of the expression on the faces of the balance of the crew, the Baler concludes that each and every member of the band has visualized to himself the magnitude and grandeur of what has transpired to date, coming to a partial realization of the uniqueness of the trip, surrounded, as it has been, by the unusual features which have, from time to time, developed, for, had we the magic lamp and command of the genii, there is nothing we can think of that could be added to its completeness.

Why is it that we never fully grasp the truth of beauty, of poetry, of Nature until we overstep the limits?

IN CAMP — ALEXANDRIA HOTEL, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

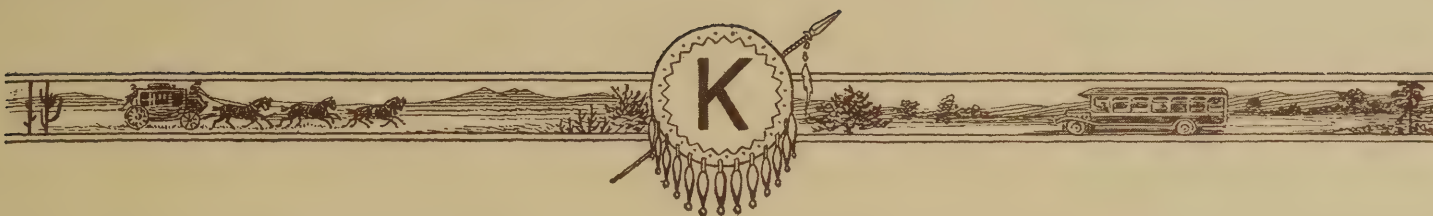
AUGUST 15, 1925.

Here We Are—

All dolled up in neckties and things like that. Big Ed called shortly after we arrived, and I can see that his brain is teeming with things to do which may require the service of some foreign diplomat. Ninethirty found us putting Refugio in the background and before we knew it, we were in the heart of beautiful Santa Barbara, where, on June 29th, occurred the disastrous earthquake. Talk about a calamity! This town had it! Fortunately the quake occurred at 6:30 in the morning, which accounts for the fact that there were only eleven casualties. In the Mission of Santa Barbara, originally built in 1787, partly destroyed by an earthquake in 1812, and rebuilt in 1815, Father Raphael, who was conducting services, narrowly escaped death from a falling image which crashed to the floor from above. The upper part of the towers and cloisters were wrecked, the monetary damage totaling half a million dollars. The beautiful Arlington Hotel, which is a long and artistically angled building in mission architecture, was seriously damaged, particularly the eastern tower, which broke from the main structure, falling into a tangled heap, killing two people. The Church of Our Lady of Sorrows, established in 1786 by the Franciscan Padres, which was destroyed by fire in 1863 and rebuilt, was partially destroyed, many business blocks, the Potter Theatre, the County Jail and Library, First National Bank, Grand Hotel, Hotel California, Santa Fe Railroad Station, in fact, practically every building in the business district suffered some damage, with the possible exception of the City Hall.

It might well be termed "The City of Beautiful Homes," for they are in evidence everywhere. The drives along the beach and the boulevard, which are lined with well-kept, uniform palm trees, is both striking and delightful. Reconstruction is progressing very rapidly, however; the citizens are very optimistic and determined to build an even more beautiful Santa Barbara. It is the first quake they have suffered in more than a hundred years.

Out of here, we followed the ocean for 30 miles to Ventura, taking note on the way of a forest fire in the mountains, learning that more than 500 acres of timber were already destroyed, the fighters making desperate efforts to keep it from spreading into the valley. We were told that a woman camper, neglecting to put out her camp fire, was responsible for the con-



flagration, the authorities having her under arrest. Our informant stated further that she would be held responsible for all damage as well as expense in fighting the fire. That is paying for a lot of kindling wood not used in the kitchen range. The grade up the Conejo pass proved a test for both cars, just out of Camerillo. Prices asked for land through this country run all the way from four to twenty-five hundred dollars per acre. Wonder if Florida is doing that to California? The ride from North Hollywood to Hollywood proper reminds one of the traffic enroute to Indianapolis on the day of the auto races. To the passerby there is really nothing exceptional about Hollywood as a city. Outside of three modern buildings, the Guaranty Trust, the Savings and the Taft, the remainder looks squatty and unattractive. It is built up solidly all the way to Los Angeles.

Once more we sparkle with cleanliness and polished nails, the Cook's daughter, Miriam, carries him off for dinner, the Pilot is off for Ocean Park, and it looks like a quiet evening for the Skipper, the Cowboy and the Baler, which suits us fine. Ed Nagle just blew in, so we may have to change our guess.

For a look in the Book of Rules on Etiquette, then off for a bite to do our best with all the funny tools. Bon jour for this week-end, with a promise of more interesting news to be broadcasted later from the City of Angels.

THE BALER.

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THE TENTH TIRADE

RECORDED AT THE ALEXANDRIA HOTEL,
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

AUGUST 17, 1925.

Here we are—

Flanked on all sides by famous "movie" stars. No matter where one goes, one hears of a "shot" being made here, an "action" under way there. We are in the heart of the great silent drama world.

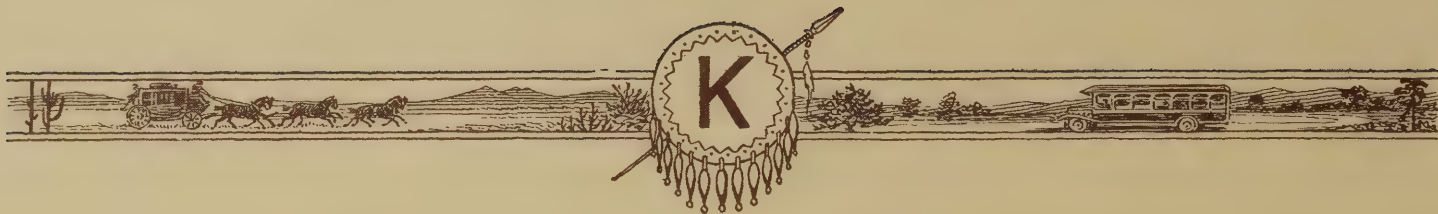
Upon invitation of the Pilot, the Skipper, the Cowboy, Dobby, who drove Theodore for the Skipper two years ago and is now living in Los Angeles, and the Baler piled into Big Ed Nagle's Pierce-Arrow and started on our jaunt to Ocean Park. We pass many places of interest, including Cecil DeMille's, Hal Roaches, and the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Corporation studios, with whom our Produce Buyer has a standing order for first run features for his Quilna Theatre. Through Culver City, Venice and up the speedway to Ocean Park through the avalanche of traffic, progress being very slow. The "speedway" is nothing short of

a narrow alley, barely wide enough to permit two machines to pass, and the congestion is fierce.

Greet the Pilot's family, and find the two children, John and Mary, as brown as Ute Indians, spending most of their time on the hot sands of the beach. A fine pair and glad to see their Daddy. After a quiet hour, we return to the city, pausing long enough to see Dobby's fine boy, a rugged youngster of eleven months, who bosses the ranch. Pass famous St. Vincent's Cathedral which, we are told, was sponsored by Edw. Doheny, of Tea Pot Dome fame, truly a wonderful edifice, majestic with the glow of soft lights on spire and dome. It brought us to the thought of Sunday, but, alas! the hour was too late for worship, which grieved us not a little. The Skipper's thoughts reverted back, for the moment, to the days of his tender youth, and he recalled the time when he followed from altar to altar, holding up the robes and spilling the tallow here and there. His brother, Cookie Joe, was also once an altar boy, being tailored for the priesthood, but, insofar as singing the litany is concerned, it was apparently a misfit. He'd rather cook spuds and things like that.

Tommy Ross, who is 15 months old and has a chest like Jack Dempsey, called to see his Granddaddy, the Cook. He surely is a bouncer and it will not be with the passing of many moons ere he has Grandpap stepping along. In our last issue we made mention of Frank Corr's Pierce-Arrow car, how devilish it is and all that. Big Ed has one just about like it, the only difference being that Ed has ditched the tubercular horn. But it runs, and that's that. We'll let you in on a little secret: We have, in our possession, a placard with Ed's picture engraved thereon, used in connection with his campaign for councilman in the seventh district last May. A dark-skinned gentleman from Afghanistan put him down for the count. Knowing him as we do, we have no doubt but that Ed could defeat, with fists or votes, any local niggah in his district, but somehow the native sons fell for that imported stuff, and Ed went down to ignominious defeat. One of the three votes received, he cast, and he is now a sadder but wiser man, having erased politics from his slate of future achievements, settling down to the pleasant business of selling lots at so many thousand per foot. A fine boy, and his slogan is, "When they make it too tough for me I tell 'em to go to h— and go out and sit under my apple tree." And he has one in his front yard. We are to meet his gracious wife in a day or two, and she, mayhap, will give us the lowdown on his Los Angeles skulduggery.

Oboy! The kippered herring, which I know little



about, has arrived and the rest gather around the festive board. Craving your indulgence, I join them.

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AT THE ALEXANDRIA — LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

AUGUST 18, 1925.

The Skipper—

Received a wire from Billy Hoyle, Chicago, apprising him of the fact that our erstwhile dish-washer, Father Finnegan, arrived safely. Being under the impression that John was in a serious condition, Billy met him with a wheel chair and was surprised to see him hop off the train with unusual alacrity, albeit, a bit weak from the tedious ride. No doubt his brother Tom will nurse him back to full health again. If you don't squeal on me, I'll give you the contents of the wire sent by the Skipper to Billy. "Dear Friend Billy—pleased to receive your wire. Just your way of doing things. Very much appreciated. After Chicago has done her best, we will always miss you at the receiving end." You can't beat it. Everyone in the world, it seems, knows Billy Hoyle but me, and I hope to some day have the pleasure of meeting him.

It was a quiet, restful day here in camp with little activity until Big Tarzan of the Apes, Ed Nagle, drifted in about seven. He suggested strutting us about here and there to visit places where the conversation water flows more or less freely. So, at ten, we board the Pierce-Arrow and whip out Washington Boulevard headed for the Green Mill. On the way, read the billboards and find the leading cinemas are Charlie Chaplin in "The Gold Rush," being shown at the million dollar Egyptian Theatre in Hollywood; Lon Chaney in "The Unholy Three," a story of evil visaged crooks; Leatrice Joy in "Hell's Highroad"; "Seven Days"; "The Half Way Girl" (a funny thought hits me); "Lady Be Good"; "White Collars"; the passion play, "The Ten Commandments"; and the pilgrim play, "The Life of Christ." The Skipper declared that if any one in the bunch is intelligent enough to run one, he will buy a movie outfit, get a corner on all first run releases, set up a tent adjacent to the Quilna Theatre in Lima, and show the features at ten cents per head. That would be working a hardship on our poor P. B. sure.

On the way, Big Tarzan passed up the Lion's Den, Spielman's Nightingale, The Night Life and other highfalutin looking denizens of harsh laughter and parked in front of the Green Mill at eleven. Now, I am just a small-town boy, born on a farm and trying

to learn, but, my word! the old eyes popped out at this joint. The interior has a wall around it, lined with the front view of cottages of old Dutch type, each house having a divvy in the window of pale blue or subdued red color. Then comes the race course, there being accommodation for some 800 guests at the tables. Here and there, long tables are placed in front of comfortable divans, so that anywhere from six to twelve guests may be seated facing the orchestra and dance floor. A circular picket fence, lighted with old-fashioned street lamps, placed ten feet apart, with soft red lamps burning, surrounds the dance floor. Ingram's Orchestra furnished the wicked music. When they played "The Wandering Blues" the entire orchestra marched, single file, around the dance floor, mingling with the dancers. The ceiling is a replica of a partly cloudy sky, showing the moon and here and there, twinkling stars. We had the thrill of seeing the new step, called the Charleston, which is all the rage here. In an effort to dissect it, the best we can say is that it strikes us as being a combination of the old-fashioned southern darkey cake-walk with a touch of the ague, the hook-worm, a bit of finished gelatin combined with sciatic rheumatism. After watching the cabaret artists, garbed in tight skirts and rolled sox, none of us attempted the new fandango. We received a bit of attention, one of the little ladies, with pleasing personality, sitting at our table and singing "Yearning," "Because They All Love You," "I'll See You in My Dreams," etc., all being very clever, but making us a bit conspicuous. Some one was to blame, of course, but how to find out is the puzzler.

All in all, 'twas a pleasant evening, quietly spent, and at two we were running pell-mell into the open arms of the Sleep God, with no definite plan of action formulated for Wednesday.

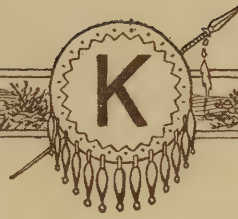
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STILL MOORED TO THE ALEXANDRIA PILING—LOS ANGELES, CAL.

AUGUST 19, 1925.

After All—

It is a wery, wery small world. Yesterday, with Tarzan Ed, the Skipper ran smack-dab into an old friend of Jack Howe and Billy Hoyle, Pat Devlin by name, an Irishman who kissed the blarney stone before he went to work for Billy Leachman in Columbus, years ago, who is now working in a small cigar store, which deals directly with the passerby on the sidewalk. To have his little joke, the Skipper asked Pat to mix him a Shenandoah cocktail and a mint julep or two, and poor Pat nearly burst into tears.



In a walk about town we are impressed by the heavy traffic, both pedestrian and vehicle, the traffic squad being most zealous in taking to task the jay walker who persists in crossing the street against the red light, albeit, he let the Baler go with a severe scolding, after learning that he was a rube from a small town. Drop into a shoe repair shop for a bit of a patch, and find it a deluxe place, heavily carpeted, portiered rooms here and there, with music for the patrons and stands with the latest magazines and daily papers. Fifteen cobblers rush about slicing leather and pushing needles while seven attendants, snappy and alert, wait on the customers.

Take a spin in the antique Pierce, Tarzan Ed telling us there is much thievery about the town, bold bandits stealing his second-hand wheelbarrow and fifty-cent rake, throwing him into a great peeve. At Wilmington, about 20 miles out, find they are enlarging the harbor due to heavy increase in exports and imports, the plan being to build it large enough to accommodate at least 500 more vessels above present capacity. We are informed the last Congress made a generous appropriation, the State of California and the City of Los Angeles to stand the remainder of the expense which will, no doubt, revert back to the taxpayer. It will take a year or more to complete the project.

Ride through the better residential district and are impressed by the magnitude of the homes and park-like yards, flanked with all colors of flowers and well-trimmed palm trees. See the home of Little Jackie Coogan, Mary Pickford, Charlie Chaplin, which looks ordinary from the street, Will Rogers, Adolph Menjou, spiffy looking, and last, but not least, the funny looking little cross-eyed-effect home of Ben Turpin, with the comical signs distributed about. It was our conclusion that the workmen who built the place must have been cross-eyed, like Ben. Still, it probably looks all right to him. Most of these homes are in Beverly Heights. The most puzzling thing we found was what is termed "Miracle Hill." You believe, and would bet good money, you are going up a 40% grade, when you shut off the engine you are coasting to the "top." Then, when you'd turn right around and bet money you are going *down* the hill, you find you are climbing and need all your gas. The Cook's son-in-law, Johnny Ross, to satisfy himself that it was a hoax, poured water on the hill. "The blamed stuff ran right up the hill," said Johnny, disgusted. It's not the stuff they imbibe hereabouts that makes it appear that way, it just *is* that way.

The Cowboy spent the day with the Pilot, splashing

in the surf, and evening found the balance lolling around our rooms. Big Tarzan took the Baler home with him, his wife being away, where we had a fine steak and sweet corn, taking turn about at the spit. After leaving, it occurred to us that we neglected to eat a quart of banana split ice-cream, which set on the edge of the sink, but hope it will give his dogs a good breakfast. Today it may be a ride to the Catalina's to see the flying fish and such as that, Ed telling us that one can see for a depth of forty feet in the ocean waters, viewing all sorts of finny monstrosities cavorting about. Up to this hour, no sailing orders have arrived from the Skipper's cabin for the crow's nest, so we bide our time.

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AT THE ALEXANDRIA, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

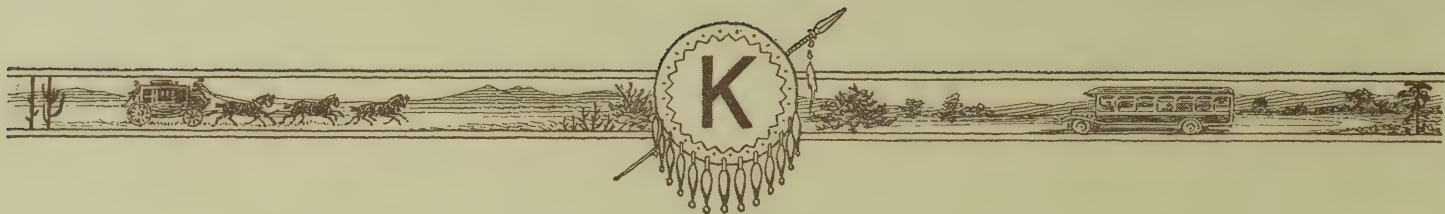
AUGUST 20, 1925.

In the Old Days—

Folks went to prayer meetin' on a Thursday night. We planned to go tonight when, lo, came orders for full steam ahead and we sail, not on Hawthorne, but the good ship Harvard, for a cruise to San Francisco and return, the Skipper opining that a bit of salt air will be rejuvenating before the voyage eastward through the hot sands of the desert, which is not a poor theory, for, on the days that we swelter and gasp for breath, the thought of the cool deck of the Harvard, where we shivered in the sun, will be our panacea.

Details of yesterday's activities are very meagre. Quite so. We all went for a ride with Tarzan Ed in the afternoon to ridicule his police pups, and whilst we were in the kennels his good wife prepared an abundance of assorted chow, the table fairly groaning under weight of the many foodstuffs, and we anchored there until quite a late hour. It was a pleasant party in every detail complete and enjoyable. The only thing we failed to engage in was the old-fashioned game of "post office" and "kiss the pillow," rare foolishment, but no fun to play without girls. Ed brought us safely to camp, with the help of his better half, and we all feel grateful for their fine hospitality.

On arising, we note an article in the Los Angeles Examiner, which, in commenting on our expedition, says, in part: "The Baler's daily log is a record several thousand miles long of porterhouse steaks, pancakes, fried chicken and difficulties surmounted." All of which is true in every respect, save one. We have not had a single pancake, nor yet a waffle, since starting out. Think it would be well for the Skipper to call a special session of the Brothers and offer a resolution that the Cook give us an occasional pancake,



griddle cooked, made from sour cream or something. Of all the snaps in the outfit, his is the biggest. All he has to do is to buy the provisions and cook 'em rare. Of course, he has spuds to peel, corn to husk, chicken to joint, and things like that, which keeps him out of mischief from day to day. Quite so.

We will all be glad to migrate from this diamond studded joint. It is a wonderful hotel, inlaid with marble, abalone shells and such as that. The treatment has been mighty fine in every way, but they surely know how to charge for a matured egg and a slice of thin toast.

A long distance message from the gad-about Maid tells us the infected foot is much better and he hobbles about with a cane. Something must have bit him in Tonapah. The other sailors, all having irons in the fire to pull out, conclude to remain in Los Angeles, so the Skipper will take the Baler with him. Happy thought. Just learn that the laws of navigation prohibit a typist without a diploma from using a machine aboard ship, because the noise of the clicking keys causes the whales to go insane, thereby jeopardizing the lives of the other travelers, which lets me out on the baling for a day or two. Hotdiggity! I'm about as disturbed as a hibernating bear in January.

Guess I won't go!

Ha!

Think I won't?

ANOTHER SABBATH AT THE ALEXANDRIA, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

AUGUST 23, 1925.

The Life—

Of a landlubber is hard. On the 20th we parked most of the baggage in the basement and glided out via Tarzan Ed's Pierce de luxe of 1892 extraction to Wilmington, where awaited our coming the good ship

Harvard. Cookie Joe has taken up quarters with his daughter, Miriam, and grandson, Tommy Ross, while the Cowboy rows to Ocean Park to spend the week-end with the Pilot. We learn the Cowboy has finally found a horse he can ride. It is one of those little ponys with legs bolted to the floor, and it costs five cents to ride him. But even so, the Cowboy held the saddle around the circle to the tune of the caliope.

On the five hundred mile voyage to 'Frisco, the Skipper proved that he has sea legs of note, but it was the Baler's first experience in the business of retaining food against the dip and rock of an ocean tub. Odd sensation. Quite so. All right sitting down, but when I tried to move about it made me feel sorta squeamish. But, somehow, I got by, but others were in dire distress. One chap, who was getting in his best licks over the side rail, ocean-ward, said to a jester who

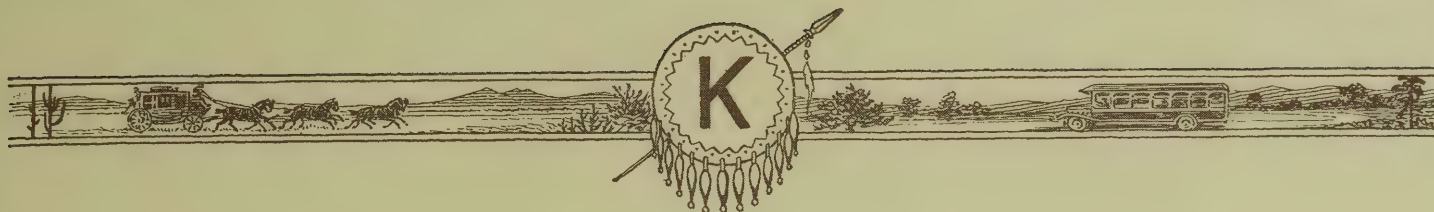
ridiculed him about having a "weak stomach," "Brother, my stummick is not so weak. I am throwing it just as far as anybody else." It just naturally jarrs something loose inside of you. Our quarters were splendid, although not as spacious and millionaire-ish as our snappy

parlor, bed-room and bath at the Alexandria, nor yet our comfy tent bunks.

Service in the dining room was excellent and the food not bad. Music is played during the meal, the fiddlers later going to the ball room with their trumpets. With the meal we got ice-cream in three colors and coffee demi-tasse. Later we sat on the poop-deck, where the life-voats, rafts, etc., are located, and watch the scenery. Had the thrill of seeing a large spermer putting on a single about 500 yards off, with fire hose in operation, after which he gently tapped the water with his puny tail, sending a spray sky high. It was interesting to watch the dancers doing their best with the ship listing to star-board. It was a case of "Jack be nimble—Jack be quick," or else fall down. At nine we passed our ocean beach camp, "Refugio," and later Marine



The good ship "Harvard"



View where Frank Corr strutted his stuff with the big dinner.

To go aft was next to impossible, owing to the stiff breeze, so we were content to loll around astern. We turned in after nine, with a night-cap, hoping the free dinner, included in the passage, will safely ride the waves. Upon arrival in 'Frisco, we see Frank Corr and our fickle Maid. Frank, by the way, suffered the loss of a brother since last we saw him. Spend the night in quietude at the Palace, planning to return tomorrow on the Yale, which is twin greyhound to the Harvard. We leave with little fuss, and upon arrival at Los Angeles, find Parson Nagle, Pilot Stub and Cowboy Marsh awaiting us at the dock, reaching the Alexandria safely, for a day's rest or so, preparatory to our eastward voyage. At this writing the Skipper vouchsafes no information as to our course, but we are equipped with binoculars, compasses and such as that, life belts and other nautical entanglements against a desert break-down.

The elusive Maid, who must, of course, explain his actions during the long absence, is a seadog, having shipped across the pond; the Skipper has plied the waters of the Bahamas, Havana, etc., but as for the rest of us landlubbers, well, the gypsy life is first in our hearts, leaving the ocean to Captain Heinie. To bale here is difficult, for we sit in the lap of the world's playground, where Fatty Arbuckle fell down and broke his—er, reputation and there is the call of a different wild. Ho, hum! Man that is born of woman is of few days and full of trouble. He fleeth like a flower and is cut down. Mighty is Allah!

THE BALER.

THE ELEVENTH ESCAPADE
IN THE CITY OF ANGELS, CAL.

AUGUST 24, 1925.

The New Week—

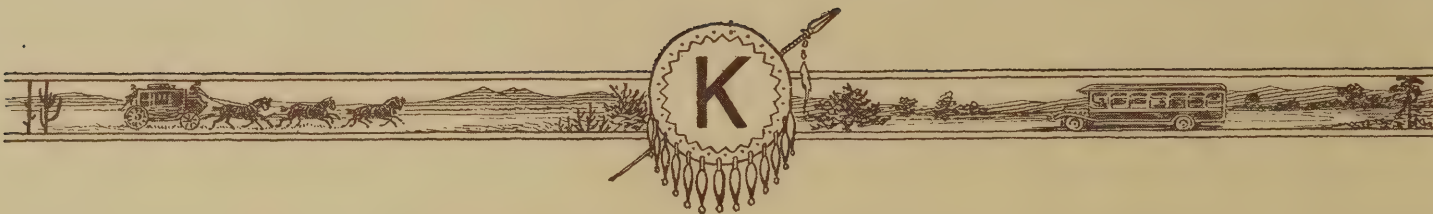
Looks promising, for the Skipper put in tedious hours pouring late over maps solving intricate detours covering the homeward flight. He has designated Magdalena, New Mexico, as our first mail stop and we wonder if the purpose is that we must all do a certain pennance here to purge our souls of any possible contamination suffered from contact with these wicked cities.

Pilot Stub was in Ocean Park, packing up his family, who return east today. The rest of us remained in our suite, Cookie Joe not responding to roll call, being absent with kith and kin. About nine we were simul-

taneously seized with a desire for meat and sallied forth with great bravado. A place called "The Tent" attracted us and the Skipper docked there. A bit bizarre, yet a fascinating place, the lights are soft and subdued, most of the shades being pointed affairs in variegated colors, resembling peaked pom pom hats. The balcony is bordered with paper images, depicting all sorts of wild animals, some in cages, others jumping through fiery hoops. Tables are covered with the old-fashioned red checkered cloth, with napkins to match (the Skipper is talking Columbus Union Oil Cloth to the management and we think he'll sell him), luring booths with here and there some young girl, unattended, hard looking, smoking her de Milo or Bud perfumed cigarette in a long holder, looking for or expecting "some one." The ceiling is fashioned like the interior of a "big top," everything, in fact, suggesting circus environment. Cabaret singers entertain, and there is dancing, on a small floor, for those who desire. Following the tasty meal, coffee was served, demi-tasse, in small glass cups, rather than china, the Skipper enlightening us with the thought that the reason it is served thus is for the convenience of the "law-breaking" guest who might pack a bit of Dago red, in order to befuddle the observant inspector who goes about with his long proboscis, wearing a badge of authority.

Tarzan of the Apes takes us for a ride out the boulevard where Night Life reigns King, dropping in for a casual hour at the Nightengale, a neighbor to The Red Mill. Here dark-skinned Mammas from the Southland do the Charleston in typical fashion. Talk about nervous jelly, my word! They was it! Musta been made out of India rubber, the way they shivered around. At that, 'twas different and very entertaining. On our sojourn back to the hotel, we learn that some bad men from the east (in California they are always from the east) held up a bank in the down town district about mid-noon, abandoning some nineteen thousand dollars when the chase grew too hot. Results of the hold-up, two harness men dead, two dead yeggs, two bandits at large and the half of Los Angeles in a panic. So we go about with tense nerves and taut muscles, on the alert for suspicious characters.

Have a good one on the Maid, the darling. The other day, after making a purchase, he said to the shop-keeper, "Say, young feller, I don't like the ring of this half dollar." Glowering at him, the clerk replied, icily, "Say, what do you expect for fifty cents, a tune on the Normandy Chimes?" And THAT set him down a bit. I draw a bunk with him this night. More scandal. Odear!



AT THE ALEXANDRIA, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 25, 1925.

We Take a Ride—

About the town in Tarzan Ed's spiffy Pierce, taking Cookie Joe first to the domicile of his daughter, then bowl along Willshire Boulevard for a view of the most wonderful homes I've seen to date. See the Ambassador Hotel, well named, for 'tis a swell looking parking spot, setting well back from the street with green, well-kept lawn for the approach, beautiful palms and the like. A fetching looking Spanish apartment, with all its perigolas, the cupalos, the winding walks, the divvy in the window, glowing soft and promising.

Turn on Rossmore and head for Hollywood, finding most of the homes on the way fashioned in stucco, here and there an occasional frame or brick structure. Where does all the money come from? Pass the Wm. Fox studio, and find "The Havoc" and "The Whirl" in the making. Then comes the Famous Players Laskey Corporation studio, being the largest we've seen, from outward appearance. Covers blocks and still expanding, for many new buildings are in the process of erection. Warner Brothers studio, where is located the radio broadcasting station called KFWB, who send greetings from Los Angeles to the world, the two huge towers standing as mighty sentinels near the entrance.

Near here is the spot where the immortal picture, "Intolerance," was filmed. The district is now built up with nifty bungalows, all tenanted. The outskirts of Hollywood are fine, being one continuation of dainty homes, most of them unostentatious, yet all inviting a second look.

We return over Sunset Boulevard, a wondrous ride with so many things to see two eyes are insufficient. The "stop," "slow" and "no left turn" signals mean nothing in Ed Nagle's life, for he laughs at them with a challenge. Luckily no coppers were watching, else we might have spent the night in a hoose-gow. On North Main, near Spring, we pass a Mexican settlement where is located the Old Mission, said to be the most ancient building in Los Angeles.

Get a view of the new Elks' Home, not yet completed, which faces the wonderful Westlake Park, towering, I believe, twelve stories high. Finally arrive, uninjured, at the Alexandria, hungry as wolves. Personally, I felt like the man who had been denied meat for many days. A friend called him and said, "Would you like to go on a sleighing party tonight?" "I certainly would," replied the red meat eater, "whom are we going to slay?"

The sky looks threatening and we wonder if rain will be a night visitor. Come what may, we have seen so much, heard so much and know that some one else knows so much, that we feel it is well to be sunny and bright, but there are moods also when the soul is glad of rain, and of all the gentle melancholy that rain bespeaks. Don't mean to be just exactly sentimental, but sorta preachy-like, if you know what I mean.

It has been a delightful day. Brother Ed has been most attentive and we offer apologies to his good wife for taking him from the home fires and are grateful to him for his many attentions.

Have a quiet dinner with the Skipper in his room, the last man retiring at twelve.

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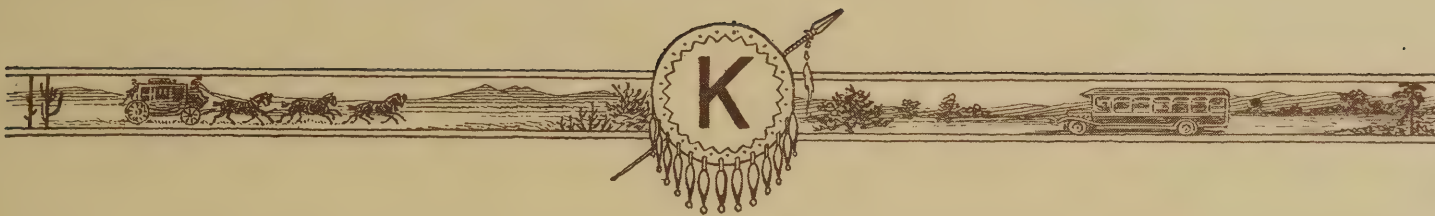
AT THE ALEXANDRIA—MID-AFTERNOON

AUGUST 26, 1925.

Do You Know—

What it is to be befuddled? There has been so much glare, glamour and ginger that I'm beginning to think I don't know what it's all about. Tuesday was tranquil enough, that is, the daylight hours, but evening came, as evenings will. We all had our prairie appetites so the Skipper suggested the Circus Rendezvous again for a slice of tiger steak. They were out of that and offered lion's claws broiled with grizzly bear pudding for the sweet, so we gave back our hat checks without partaking thereof, and took a spin out Washington Boulevard with no definite objective in mind. Arrived at the Nightingale and found so many cars parked there we thought a riot was on, so the Skipper headed in and fastened to the piling. During the sail the Pilot, who sat in the front seat, had the taxi driver all but wild, for he kept tampering with the meter thing and when the taxi boy remonstrated, Stub said, "Well, if you don't like it, just pull over near those bushes. That would be a good place to kill you." It was too rough a game for the driver, so he let Stubby have his way.

The Plantation Outfit from Dixieland were still there, and they gave us, not only the Charleston, but quite a variety before we left. The Pilot had a speech imbedded in his craw and was determined to make it. The management grew alarmed and called a harness man. After the dish of advice, Stub said to him, "Do you know what I think I'll do? Think I'll pick your pocket." A brazen thing to say! Replied the cop, "I have nothing to steal." Answered the Pilot, without



a second thought, "Well, I guess I'll steal your pistol." Even a cop can't go for such twaddle, so he left, admonishing the Pilot to be a wee bit keeful. We had a lot of fun at their racket, but it is an even break they will be glad when they learn Hawthorne has steamed out of port.

Today has been quiet, for we are organizing for the get-away on the morrow. Sherman Bond, formerly of Columbus and for many years manager of the old Boody House in Toledo, dropped in and took the Maid and the Baler for a ride to see where the millionaires spend some of their millions. Sherm has made good in this locality, selling real estate, and likes it fine. So we Cadillac-ed our way out North Broadway, through the tube, past the Hall of Records to Pasadena Avenue. In Sycamore Park is located the municipal picnic grounds which accommodates thousands of families annually. By the famous Cawston Ostrich farms which attract the average tourist and onto Orange Grove Avenue in Pasadena in no time. See the celebrated Busch homes, two stately mansions, standing side by side where is located the famed Busch Sunken Gardens, and it is said through the grounds is a portrayal of many fairy tales, including Little Red Riding Hood, Hansel and Gretel and others, small mannikens being used to weave the story from start to finish, as you walk through the gardens. Later, pass the castle of the Gum King, Mr. Wrigley, back from the street some 200 yards and a marvel of white stone, the yard being a regular park, a private swimming pool is in the rear and the drives and walks look very beautiful with their hedge of variegated colored flowers, palms, etc. Down Colorado Avenue past the Elks' Home, of old southern design, stately and beautiful, done in white and green. The old Maryland Hotel, operating the year 'round, and the magnificent Huntington Hotel, playground for the idle rich, open only three months in each year, beginning January first. It overlooks the famous Huntington estate which can be seen in the valley below. To the right is Mt. Wilson and Mt. Lowe, where is located a government observatory and what is said to be the largest telescope in the world. Here, at stated intervals, comes Father McCarthy of Santa Barbara to make his astrological readings. In Pasadena, a city of 75,000, the temperature is ten degrees higher, on the average, than Los Angeles. Ride out Christmas Tree drive, lined for three blocks with genuine Christmas trees. During the Yuletide season they are wired and lighted, all sorts of colorful decorations being used to carry out the Christmas spirit.

ANOTHER DAY AT CAMP ALEXANDRIA — LOS ANGELES, CAL.

AUGUST 27, 1925.

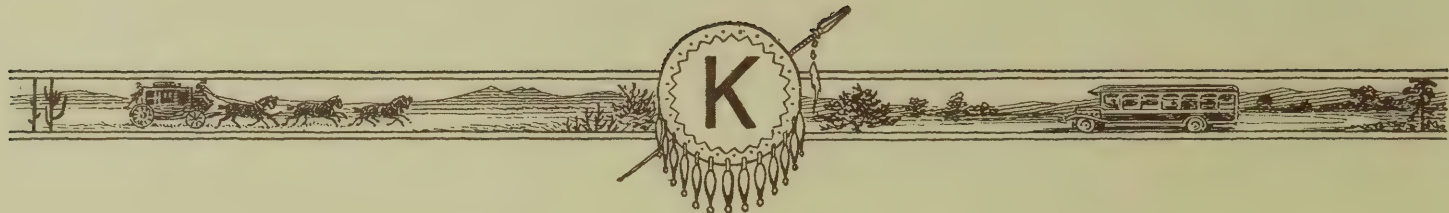
Some Chink once said—

That the man of silence is never strangled by his own tongue. 'Twould be well were the Baler to ponder over this. We fear strangulation, but, dernit! there is so much to cackle about, how can we tell it if we don't tell it? Yesterday we lacked room on the page to finish our yarn about the trip to the Playground of Millionaires. Personally, I'd say it's the resting place rather than the playground of the scions of wealth. Still, one can never tell what is going on in those big castles.

We returned the Glendale route, passing over the bridge which spans the Arroyo Sego, a dry river bed which has water in it for a few minutes only when a rain—which is, of course, unusual—comes. Speaking of rain, what is it like? The last we saw was back in Pocatello. From this bridge can be seen the Pasadena stadium, having a seating capacity of 60,000, where is held annually, on New Year's Day, the rose festival and the football game. Just across the bridge is Eagle Rock, a huge meteor, which has been there for hundreds of years perhaps, so-called because of the likeness of a large eagle imprinted on the upper part of the now cold cinder, showing wicked beak, pinions and all.

Down Colorado Boulevard, through the town of Eagle Rock, which is ten miles from Los Angeles and connects by trolley, with a five-cent fare. Through Glendale, which has extremely wide streets, see the nifty Elks' Home, made of stucco, with green, well-kept lawn, palms and flowers. Next comes Mixville, which looks like one of the typical western hamlets. Here is sheltered Tom Mix's outfit, including horses, mules and paraphernalia used in making his western "thrillers." Just across the way, on top of a large hill, stands the mansion of Tony Moreno, all alone, reminding one of "The Castle By the Sea." Pass several studios, including Mack Sennett's—with no beauties in evidence—Marshall Neilan and some smaller independent studios. See the famous Angelus Temple conceived and built by Amee Semple McPherson, faith healer, which is called "The Church of Four Squares," because of its location. Two huge aerials broadcast from the Temple, which is known as KGO station. It is located just across from beautiful Echo Park.

Arrive in camp, where the elusive Maid packs his pajamas and toilet waters and takes a flier for San



Diego to visit "folks" of his, returning tonight. Owing to the fact that the Skipper has some irons to pull out of the fire, we will not lift anchor 'till Friday. Cookie Joe tells us of wonderful sights to be seen at Catalina, odd shaped fish, seals, swimming exhibitions by fancy artists, beautiful bathing girls and such as that.

We loafed in camp all day; Tarzan Ed dropped in about dusk, and not being in a rollicking mood, we all sat the evening out, whittling away, and finally persuaded Ed that what he needs to help what ails him we've got, so he agrees to sail with us to the first port or two, which is gladsome news. We are quite a few miles removed from home, as the crow flies, but, as Confucius once said, in a meditative mood:

The journey of a thousand miles must begin with the first step.

Life is an art, not a science, and yet the things we positively know are of little consequence. We know two and two make four, but as to the big things that make up our daily existence, they are just as strange as spooks and fevers.



Among the eucalyptus and pepper trees, near Riverside, Calif.

THE LAST HOURS IN CAMP ALEXANDRIA — LOS ANGELES, CAL.

AUGUST 28, 1925,

Were disposed of as follows:

Yesterday we slept late and then fiddled around at the packing, being, as the Skipper put it, "the putter-off-until-tomorrow-guys." Numerous callers came, including A. A. Comey, formerly with Telling Bros. Belle Vernon Co. of Cleveland, later Columbus, who has, with the financial backing of the wealthy bankers, Hellman Brothers, made himself plenty of the filthy lucre in the ice and ice-cream business, having a model plant where they turn out some 450 tons of ice and a capacity of 5,000 gallons ice-cream daily, known as

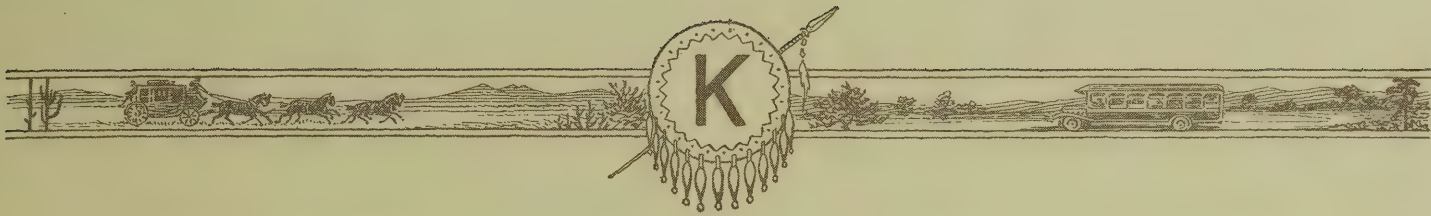
the Globe Ice Cream Co. Due to the ice war, the price of ice here is 40 cents the hundred.

At five, Dainty Ed Nagle, the fast Los Angeles heavy-weight and pride of the seventh district, where he was all but elected councilman last May, only for the prestige of a certain colored gent in the district, pushed his 250 pounds avoirdupois through our threshold and the Pilot, Cowboy and Baler Pierce-Arrowed with the Skipper to Hollywood where he visited with the Sherrards, the in-laws of his son, Harold. Enroute, there were funny signs winking at us, such as, "Hops, malt, corks, tops, openers and bottles for sale." Everything but the makin's. "John's Gum Drop Shop," "Joe's Radio Shack," "The Crazy House, Walk In" and others. As we idled away, awaiting return of the Skipper, a—er—rather shocking in-

cident occurred. Several young ladies, wearing a bucket of paint apiece, ankled past and they were stockingless! Quite so. Just imagine, broad daylight and right in purified Hollywood too! We were all shocked silly, and turned our blushing faces away, we were that embarrassed. So glad

the Skipper did not see it, for 'twould have upset him for the day, so exacting is he on rules of convention. Ahem! Please don't repeat this to anyone, because I don't want Mrs. So-and-So to find it out. She will tell the whole neighborhood.

To the hotel at eight, dine quietly in the parlor and then earnestly to the packing. Coming up the elevator, some one said, "Four," and Big Ed jumped to one side and yelled, "Who hollered 'fore.' The last time that happened in an elevator, some one hit me in the head with a golf ball." He is positively as bad as Spuddy. The Pilot will go no further than try to pick the copper's pocket or steal his pistol, but Tarzan Ed, my word! you should see his spiffy socks. They pour it on the dogs out here. To wear socks like those in Ohio would be flirting with the mace of the police.



The cadets removed the bags safely, and as we stepped on the pier, both Hawthorne and Theodore whinnered affectionately, if you know what I mean. They showed class all over as we slipped away from the Port of the City of Angels. Try and find the angels. Oh, one might, in Hollywood. At one we met the foxy Maid at the depot, just returned from that denizen of iniquity—not mentioning any names, but we will tell you that San Diego and Tia Juana were included in his itinerary. They must have done something to him down there, for he slept in his chair all afternoon. Neglected to tell you that the suite at the Alexandria we occupied was the same one held by the Skipper and his party four years ago, where Mr. Cuckoo was introduced. We saw the historic spot where the P. B. and John Ranney conducted their four-day debate as to the merits and demerits of electing a Grand Exalted Ruler oftener than once a year.

A pleasant trip, though hot, through El Monte, Puente and Pomona, where they have a spiffy Elks' Temple. Out of deference to Big Ed, who looks a bit worn and torn, the Skipper goes into a camp 55 miles out, being seven miles from Riverside, among the eucalyptus and pepper trees, where he camped once before. We sleep directly in the path of the milky way, which, I hope, is a good omen, although I feel noivous.

As we go through life, we live by the way. Deep stuff, meaning that we are all glad to be back in camp once more.

Just gave Tarzan the up and down, then measured his cot. Bet he'll have his feet in the Cook's face before dawn. Sure is big. No wonder he's a deputy sheriff and things like that.

"The pay window is now open!" cries the Skipper, and tools are dropped in the mad rush to get in line.

IN CAMP TWO MILES FROM BARSTOW, CALIFORNIA

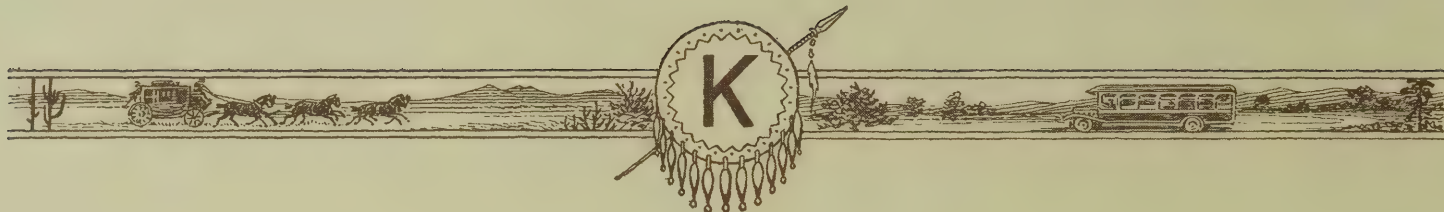
AUGUST 29, 1925.

There is smuch—

To tell you; one letter a day does not cover it. We will be brief as possible. Insomnia fastened a hold upon Tarzan Ed, for he awakened at six, looked about dreamily, and let out a thunderous yell, "Say, I'm taking Finnegan's place and I want a little service. Whose gonna wind my watch?" That started the day. At San Bernadino he disembarked for Gilman's sanitarium, where he goes to purge his feet of Los Angeles clay and mud-bake some of the onery-nous out of him—if it can be done. At Riverside we spend two hours at the old Mission Inn, the most wonderful place I ever did see. Many rare things are here. The St. Cecelia Chapel, where more than 500 weddings have been solemnized—they do it in any denomination, from Catholic to Chinese—and there are exquisite bridal chambers for the newly-weds, far removed from the noise and the eyes of the world. We explored subterranean chambers which made us shiver, Tarzan Ed remarking, "This would be a good place to hide out from the law." The corridors are lined with rare old paintings of individuals, scenes, etc.

In the Cloister Music Room is, what is claimed, the rarest collection of crosses in the world, and they boast having the oldest bells in existence. "Sweet bells jangled, out of time and harsh." There is the bronze harness bell from Rome; one from the Jewish market; the brass bell brought from Rome by Allis Miller, which belonged to the Medici family about 1450 and has a history miles in length; a Chinese altar bell; sheep bell from the high Sierras near Lake Tahoe; the Sausage call-bell from the Bratwurst, Glocken, Nurem-





berg; the Sanctus brass bell from Santa Maria degli Angeli at Portiuncula, presented to Mr. Miller, the founder, by the priest personally. A brass Hindu god bell, a gong donated to the Buddhist Temple of Shom Fook Chee. Then there is the oldest known bell in existence, bearing this inscription, in Latin, "James, Jesus Christ, Mary; Quintana and Salvador made me in the year of our Lord 1247," purchased by Mr. Miller in London, at the shop of the bell founders, who cast the original "Big Ben." We could devote pages and pages to these fascinating bells, as well as the crosses, but our suggestion is that you write the Mission Inn, Riverside, if interested, for a book entitled, "The Bells and Crosses of Glenwood Mission Inn," and one entitled, "Handbook of the Glenwood Mission Inn." The books sell for twenty-five cents each.

There are statues in Franciscan garb, rare paintings of all descriptions, one being "The Court of Birds," truly fascinating. The Mission of San Gabriel; The Visit of the Wise Men and Their Flight to Egypt. There are wax figures portraying the Christ Child, born in a manger, showing the

Mother Mary, the Wise Men, the sheep, cow and ass. Another portrayal is of the Court of Pope Pius X, with the Pope upon the throne, his court attending. In a niche in the wall is the Buddha of Kamakura of Japan. The El Camino Real, the Escretorio of de San Vincente, being a replica of an old Monastery writing room. The Baptismal and Santa Clara Chapels, St. Cecelia Art Shop and Oritory, the Oriental and Carmel room, the Spanish Art Gallery and Patio. The Garden of the Bells, the Oriental and Spanish Landings, the gold altar, 26 feet high, inlaid over hand carved cedar, valued at a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Even the ceiling of the kitchen, spotlessly clean, is graced with paintings. The owner, who originated, planned and built the hotel, is Mr. Frank A. Miller, now in Japan purchasing rare specimen to add

to the present collection. One may purchase any or all of Mr. Miller's fine collection at very reasonable prices. We are indebted to Mr. Wm. P. Hall, Secretary to Mr. Miller, for the courtesy of furnishing us with a guide for our trip, although, upon the first going down, Mr. Hall did not feel inclined to accommodate us because we were not "dressed up." Found him very willing to see that we were taken care of.

Pass through Colton and shop in San Bernadino. It was a husky eleven-mile pull to the top of El Cajon Pass, an elevation of 4233 feet. At no time were we in high. Going up the pass we found a stone building erected by the Elk Lodges of Southern California, which proved to be a rest-room for the sojourner, and is mighty fine; a sort of haven of rest at the commencement of the trip over the sunburned desert. The building

is provided with stoves, tables, benches, etc., and is maintained by 19 Elk Lodges, extending from Los Angeles No. 99 to Cal-exico No. 1382. A tablet within the building reads as follows: "Rest here a while and when you go, take with you kindly thoughts for these western

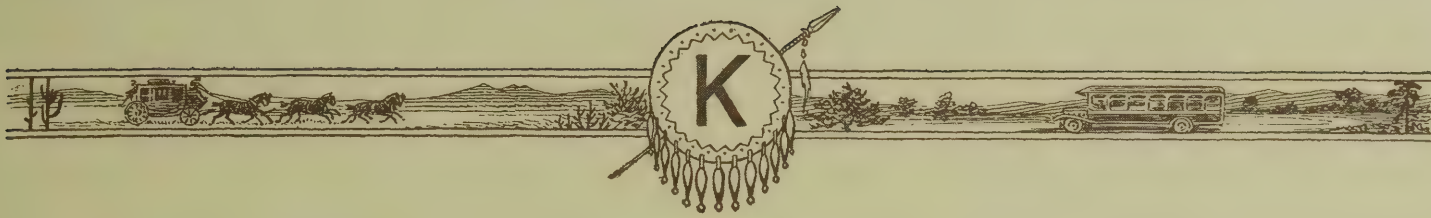


The haven of Rest, El Cajon Pass, California

brothers. We welcome the coming and speed the departing guest." It is signed by the 19 Lodges.

At Helendale the temperature was 110 in the shade. Back in Idaho we stopped at a place called "Hell's Half Acre." Today we saw millions of Hell's *Full Acres*, if parched lips, a dry throat, heat, sand and sage are sponsored by Hell. And we're 150 miles from Needles, where it really begins to get hot!

Oboy! If the Skipper ever sounds the call to arms for the P. and S. gang in this arid-sun-baked-god-for-saken-end-of-the-world, I fear there will be mutiny aboard ship for the first time. Maybe not, though. They tell me out here is where Jack McAleese awakened one morning and found a rattlesnake on his chest. Jack rolled over gently, made it uncomfortable for Mr. Rattler, who slid off and crawled away. So they



say. Well, if I wake up with one on my chest, think I'll just swaller him whole. That's what the heat does to you. Pouf!

Oo! La! La! Come orders to don Tuxedos. Oboy! Think we won't? But the joy is dampened a bit by his gloomy statement that for five days, commencing Monday, the pay window will be closed, until we see green verdure once again. Ho hum! Well, our Skipper knows best.

Tomorrow being Sunday, we will surely try and find a house of worship, for I want to use the Bible I got from Mr. Gideon.

And so we come to the end of another period, all well and happy, and trust you are the same. Here's hoping that we can go to bed thinking of the good things that have happened during the day. If nothing good has happened, then may we think of the good things that are going to happen tomorrow!

What kinda philosophy is that? I dunno.

THE BALER.

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THE TWELFTH TREK

DISCOURSE AT GOFF, CAL.

*By Rt. Rev. Joseph N. Schaefer, Maid,
PHD-LLD-MD-BLAH!*

AUGUST 30, 1925.

My Brothers:—

While I am not vested with the authority of the clergy, I bear a Biblical name, have my coat of many colors, as did Joseph of old, and feel freely disposed to speak with you on serious matters this Sabbath day. My theme is taken from the fifth chapter of the Book of Proverbs, which do say, "For the lips of a strange woman drops honey and her mouth is smoother than oil, but in the end she is as bitter as wormwood." Hearken ye, then:

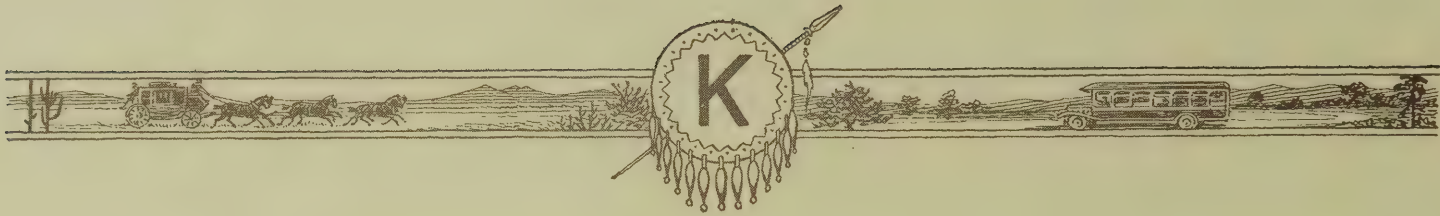
What I am about to say is no silly tittle-tattle. We have covered many leagues of desolate wasteland and the sun's rays have been likened unto the hot breath of Hell's furnaces, belching their odious gases. At Ludlow it rained. At Fenner it was a hundred in the shade, and we learn six people perished from the heat in Needles during the past week, when the mercury rose to 126 in the shade. Were they prepared to go? This is a warning to you, my brothers. Does your cup runneth over? Then the Skipper filled it too full. Woe is you. Be of good cheer therefore and bear in mind that heaviness in a man's heart makes it steep; it rests at a slant. If a brother knocks you down, rise up, wipe

the blood from your face and mush on, you poor simp! Remember the fate of Andrew the Faithful. Noah busted him in the jaw and he fell off the Ark's poop-deck into the surging sea that swirled and hissed in its madness of forty days and forty nights of continued dampness, and poor Andy gave up the ghost. You cannot squeeze gold-dust from the shell of a terrapin, and a mountain will do no man's bidding. Remember Mohammed.

At the outset today our Cook made the statement that it is not necessary to attend church in the desert, firstly, because there are no churches, and, secondly, there is no opportunity for man to engage in wrongdoing here. Ah, yes, my brothers, but do you not cringe at the thought that Father Abraham wore chin whiskers and Rip Van Winkle was drunk, with the pygmy bowlers of the dell, for twenty years? As a child you made mud pies. Now, in the fashionable restaurant, if there be a speck of dust upon your soup plate, what do you do? You tip the waiter an extra dollar for reminding you of your childhood days. Vanity, vanity, all is vanity. How changed is our mode of living. Remember, your forefathers wore the mother hubbard. We do so many things that are nugatory, without purpose, and yet we are ever sanguine of a tomorrow, for the fool beareth insolently and is confident. Better is a dinner of herbs, where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith, for it is a wise son that maketh the heart of his father glad. Columbus is rightfully proud of many things, but it does not presume to lay claim to the birth of Isaiah and Jeremiah, those drunken, er, I mean Duncan sisters of the dark ages. Ah, my brothers, remember that in the mouth of a worthless man there is a scorching fire. Hath not that venerable statesman, Dapper Dan Cannon, proven this? And did not Sir Walter Lindenburg, the beloved poet (Ach, Gott!) sing sonnets in its praise? Ye cannot cleanse your sins in the River Jordon here on the desert, 'tis true, but you can stand within the confines of the soft and fervent glow of the fixed star. Ah, my brothers, after we disband, who knows? We may never meet intact again, but it is written that we will meet on some peaceful star, and our laughter will ring out free there where there is no shadow of parting. Hail to you, my friends, Hallelujah! Amen and amen!

After collection, we will close by singing the underscored verse of the song entitled, "Every bee has a place for its stinger, but give us our desert home." The Skipper promises the cup that cools the gastric juices.

If you ever come to Findlay, Ohio, look me up.



IN CAMP, NEAR KINGMAN, ARIZONA

THE LAST DAY OF AUGUST, 1925.

The Elusive Maid—

Grew inspirational, bribed the spot light boy and held the glow during baling period yesterday. The fact that his name is Joseph gives him an idea that he has the makings of a Holy Roller preacher, so he "tried it on the dog." Near Goff, where we camped last, they had a very heavy rain. The garage boy at Ludlow said, in customary California fashion, "very unusual; a freak rain; we do not ordinarily have rain here this time of year." Everything that happens out here, that might be unpleasant, is termed "unusual." Old Man Alibi lives hereabouts, sure.

Last night the Cook, Pilot and Baler dropped into the "store" at Goff for a dish of cold sweet. Just as we were seated, a lady on the porch yelled, "Come here, quick, someone!" So the Three Musty-tears—er, I mean Musket-tears rushed valiantly forth with true chivalry, for, was it not a cry of distress from the fair sex? Swaggering up the walk, assuming an attitude of haughty possession, came a huge tarantula, large as the palm of Ed Nagle's hand. I thought it had twenty legs, but Cookie only counted ten. They were all fuzzy and he had little, shiny, beady eyes, evil looking, just like a young octopus. Stub, the Lionhearted, captured him in a glass jar and presented him to the lady. She said, "We've been here a year now, and that's the first one we ever saw. Quite unusual." Blah! Quite so! For some reason I have a strong aversion to spiders of any specie, so, when night-time came, I looked carefully under the bed, the pillows and between the sheets, having a feeling that it was infested with scorpions, lizards, gila monsters, snakes, crockadiles and even elephants, perhaps. Getting in gingerly, I was all but straightened out when, wow! my foot came in contact with something

fuzzy and I leaped to the roof of the tent at one bound. Tearing the bed apart, I found some dirty dog had put a piece of weed therein. It might just as well have been one of those devil spiders. Well, I was sure of my ground, so got back into bed. But, wow! again something stuck me, which felt like the short, sharp snap of the jaws of a tarantula. My word! It gave me a thrill that lasted for 24 hours. They stuck a hackle burr through my sheet. Don't know who the culprit is, but I have my suspicions. It was the Pilot or the Cook, sure.

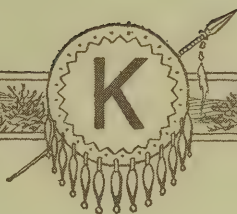
We planned to move at six, due to the anticipated heat, but, owing to the fact that the Skipper mislaid his underwear and knew not the whereabouts thereof, and the zealous Maid must get every speck of dust out of the corners of the bus, we were delayed until 6:45. Coming into Needles, it was a welcome sight to behold the green grass, palms and oleanders. They had rain during the night which was an agreeable surprise in this go-to-hell hole of the world, with the temperature above a hundred that early



Alta Group, near Oatman, Arizona

in the day. Shop here, paying a cent per pound for ice, and lucky to get it, no doubt. Sixteen miles out we crossed the Colorado River and entered Topock, Ariz., all of the inhabitants being Indians. All sorts, old and withered, young and spry, papposes, etc.

The day was cloudy and it was not at all an unpleasant ride through the desert, for during the hundred-mile sailing we had far more attractive scenery than the Idaho prairies offer, in the way of mountain ranges, scrub palms, pine shrubs, sage and many specie of cacti, some in bloom. The roads were splendid, but out of Oatman the climb of three and one-half miles to the Alta Group was no cinch. In camp in a cleared space, nice and cool, so cool, in fact, the Skipper opened the pay window long enough to pass out a cup of his delicious lemonade.



Ojoy! It's not so tough, even in the desert, if my say-so counts for anything. We can understand how sage, cacti and reptiles flourish in this country, but imagine a rose bush in full bloom! With the wonderful strides of irrigation and the nearness of the Colorado River, that time will surely come to pass.

THE CAMP OF MISFORTUNE — ASHFORK, ARIZONA

SEPTEMBER 1, 1925.

Did You Ever—

Step on a horned toad, sink your heel against the fang of a rattlesnake, walk barefoot into the beak of a Point Breeze thorn, or collide with the working end of a rhinoceros? If not, then you don't know what a hackle burr is. They are about the size of a pea with two wicked prongs, hard as flint, like the tusks of a bull walrus. Listen, my children, and I will a tale unfold, not of Rapunzel, the Golden Haired, but the Dance of the Seven Winds.

As you know, we have been traveling through oppressive heat for several days. It must have filled up the hole in the Baler's head, for last night he ran amuck. In fairness to the other Roving Brothers, the event must be chronicled, painful thought it may be. The Cowboy is in love, or something, for he has all but lost his appetite. At 7:30 he wheedled the Pilot into going to bed while the Skipper and Maid held a conference in the bus and the Cook and Baler sat outside in the dining room playing this piece and that on the victrola. The supper settled, Cookie thought we ought to have a li'l touch, so he put on the P. B.'s suggestive piece, but the Skipper was so absorbed in weighty matters he failed to take note of the insinuation, ignoring us completely.

Finally we stormed the bus, told him that we had played the ditty eight times without results, and he said just for that we'd have to take one for every time the piece was played. So we did. Omigosh! wish we hadn't. Later, at the suggestion of the Cook, who is always suggesting some tomfool thing, we carried our cots out on the open desert to sleep under the canopy of the blue sky with stars for companions and the moon winking from afar. Some one played "Yearning," which disconcerted the Baler not a little. A wicked piece, with a lot of wiggle in it, followed. The Baler rose from his bed, donned his boots, his breech clout made of chintz and chiffon, and tripped up and down the desert doing a crude imitation of the wood nymph, about as graceful as a new-born calf.

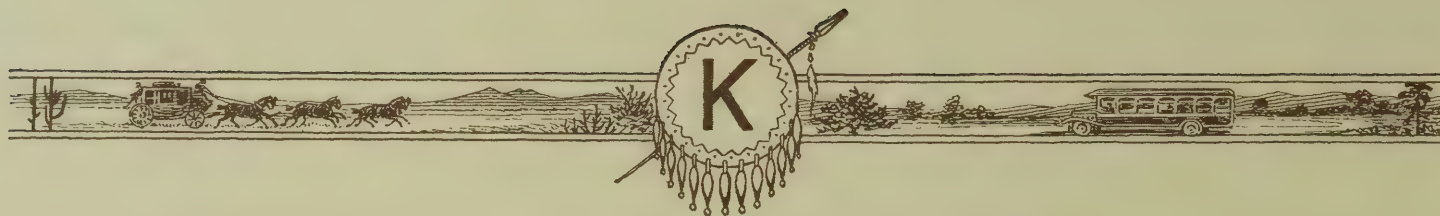
Why go on? Terrible, terrible! During the melee, the Skipper rushed from the bus slipperless and in his nightgown to ascertain the cause of the confusion and quell the disturbance, when, wow! he stepped on a hackle burr. Losing all sense of location of the bus, he danced about like a big

kangaroo with a fire cracker under its tail. Stub declared it a scurrile dance and tried to stop it. This irritated the Baler, who refused to be heckled, and continued dancing until he fell in a heap from sheer exhaustion. During the exhibition the stars blinked and the moon closed both eyes.

It grieves me to continue, so we'll talk about something more pleasant. The Cook, Cowboy, Pilot and Baler are fixed for a picture to be placed in the family album. We're calling it "The Old Quartette." The Cook is growing a moustache and nifty goatee. Looks like Gustus Lutz of Lima! The Cowboy is taking on a flowing moustache, resembling, for all the world, Old Simon Legree of Uncle Tom fame. The Pilot is teasing along a moustache and wicked round chin-whiskers, the very image of a sheep-herder, while the



"The Old Quartette", left to right, The Baler, Cookie, Pilot and Cowboy



Baler is doing the whole thing, and looks like John the Baptist or Ernest Tolerance in "North of 37." That picture alone should get us a berth in vaudeville.



Balmy weather prevailing, the pay window remains open, as usual. Hotdig! O boy! I'm so sore under the axilla from that wicked dance, feel like some one dropped me into the middle of a monsoon. In camp at Ashfork. Hawthorne busted his left rear axle drive

shaft. The Skipper long-distanced Los Angeles for a new one, but it looks like we are marooned for a day or so. It surely took the wind out of proud Hawthorne's sails, having Theodore tow him through the main street of the town. Reminded us of an ant dragging a beetle.

More with the setting of another sun, if we survive the night, for much talk is flying about concerning the evening past-time.

THE CAMP OF THE SCORPIONS — FIFTEEN MILES WEST OF FLAGSTAFF, ARIZ.

SEPTEMBER 3, 1925.

We Combine—

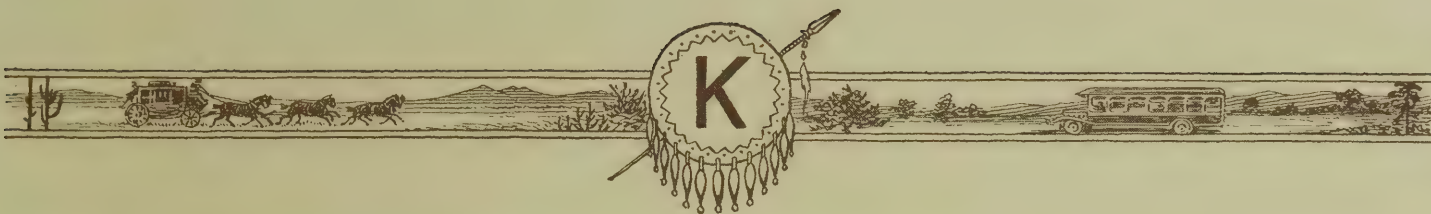
Two in one today. Quite so. Yesterday we remained in our Ashfork Camp, along the railroad, for the full day, rising on bankers' schedule. The Skipper put in a stint at house-cleaning, the Pilots operated on Hawthorne while the Cook and the Baler engaged in a seven-up set-to, the Cook being worsted in the fray, growing quite wrothy on the last game when the Baler was five and begged, the Cook gave him one, the Baler led the deuce and the Cook hit him. Nothing serious, and the Cook paid his billet doux of 20 cents forthwith.

In the afternoon, sat around the bus dishing a little dirt therein, Paul Eisele, Frank Crist, Billy Seddon, Bull Durham, Fred Snyder, Dutch Lindenburg, Dapper Dan Cannon and a few others came in for their share of slander. Oh, yes, and they talked about Smokey Hobbs, too, and an antique car the Cook bought years ago, which did a lot of tricks about town.

He called it "Calamity Jane." Later we went forthwith to the county seat to make purchases therein. Ashfork has a Methodist Church, but there are few sidewalks about the town. Coming back, we toted a large box of groceries and a sack of ice. Through the main street it was the Cook and Cowboy's turn to bear the burden, transferring the packs to the Pilot and Baler on the outskirts. Said the Cook, "People in this town will say, 'Oh! look at those two big guys making those little bitta guys carry those great big loads. Shame on 'em,'" and the Baler retorted, "Aw, can the chatter; you are just tryin' to make a hit with the big fat squaws."

At six the Skipper, Pilot and Cowboy hoofed to town, about a mile distant, to pick up the repair parts therefrom. The express agent was quite surly indeed and it rankled the Skipper not a little. In the toss-up of dollars and cents, the Skipper had a nickel coming in change, but the agent was out of nickels. "Keep the nickel, you big stiff," shouted the Skipper, all endangered up, "and buy yourself an overcoat and one for your old man." He spoke awfully rough, just like that. The desert country makes you lose your girlish bloom. Later in the evening the Cowboy sang "Yearning" in three distinctive tones, making a wry face, and I wondered if he had a fish-hook in his thorax. The Pilot peevied the Baler when he told him his whiskers looked like a worn out hair brush. To me they look more like a scraggly oat field with more chaff than wheat thereon. Before breakfast, the Baler hiked to the village and returned with a pail of ice-cream. "Three dishes! Three dishes!" begged the Cook. (Page John Ranney.) Later, the Cook arose and prepared lyonaise potatoes. Said the Baler to the Pilot, during the cooking thereof, "I fear an odor of onions is wafted this way on the breezes." Replied the Pilot, "Oh, quite so, we shall call the dog and locate the odor thereof."

'Twas a pleasant ride through the desert, the pine-covered hills remind one more of Oregon. Along the trail of excellent roads, wild flowers, such as the scarlet salvia, golden rod, verbena and flashy yellow mustard stand out in vivid and pleasant contrast with the green pines and shrubs for the background. The Skipper stated that in all his trips through the desert, this has been the coolest and most pleasant; it looks as though the latter part of August and first of September is the ideal season for the tourist to make it. We shopped in a trading station called Williams, where they have a mighty fine store, and pay a cent and a half per pound for ice. The Skipper wired our Produce Buyer, Lou Cunningham, to join



Camping in the pines, Arizona; where scorpions were numerous

us in Albuquerque, suggesting that he turn over the management of the theatre to Gussie Bryan and Phoebe McCauley during his absence, but Lou wires that Frank Wright has had his teeth pulled, is on a soup diet and needs companionship, so his coming is uncertain. Smashed spuds tonight. Did you ever try to mash 'em in a tall dish with a long handled spoon? It's like hanging up your sock on Christmas Eve—you get a lot of s'prises.

IN THE HEART OF THE DESERT—FOUR MILES WEST OF HOLBROOK, ARIZ.

SEPTEMBER 4, 1925.

As Far—

As eye can see, there is naught save sand and sage and what seems to be an endless expanse of desert wasteland. It is one fine spot to make way with the enemy and feed him to the reptiles. Speaking of such pets, we had a visitor in our Pine Camp last night, the caller being Mr. Dangerous Scorpion, a wicked little monster with bulging eyes that shone like twinkling stars in the camp fire light. They strike with the tail, inflicting a most poisonous wound. We teased him a bit, to see how he worked it and then the Baler, who sud-

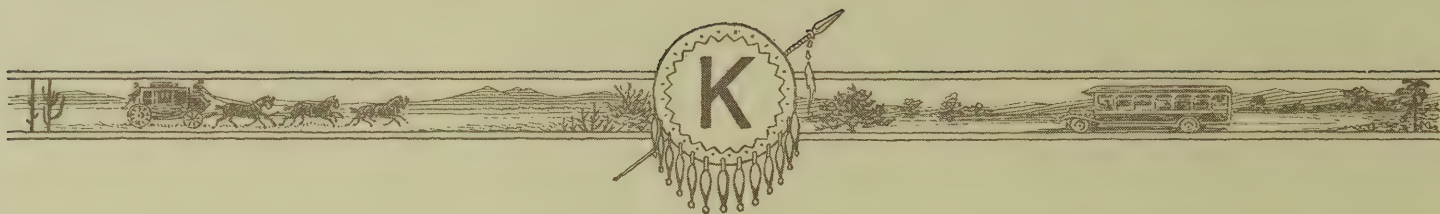
denly visualized the **THING** in his bed, crunched it under his heel, earning the Croix de Guerre for his act of bravery. Quite so. He will probably receive as the token a nifty little cactus.

We sailed over 101 miles of almost perfect roads today, with the exception of a short stretch where a bridge was washed out by the heavy rains, necessitating a detour. One thing that impresses us is the fine service of the Arizona Highway Commission in getting road gangs on the job following the heavy rains. At every point where the road had been washed away, red flags

were posted and we found the men making repairs. We traveled over the flat country for miles and before we knew it, were right in the Padre Canyon and a few miles further is the famous Canyon Diablo. We spent a pleasant hour at the Canyon Diablo Lodge, where is located an Indian Zoo and Curio Shop. The Zoo is in charge of Indian Miller (Crazy Thunder), who speaks English very well, and the Curio Shop is operated by Chief Joe Secakuku (meaning Yellowfeet), who directs all of the Hopi Snake Dances, which are held a short distance from the Lodge. Crazy Thunder is an Apache and Yellowfeet told us that in the olden days the Apache and Hopi tribes were the bitterest of foes,



Home of the Cliff Dwellers, Canyon Diablo, Arizona



but that has all been forgotten and buried with the scalping tomahawk. Crazy Thunder is said to be one of the most renowned medicine men (priests) in the United States. Chief Joe is a fine specimen of American manhood, with the whitest teeth I ever did see, and so clever a salesman is he, that the Maid walked off with a half dozen Navajo rugs. Near here is located the Navajo and Hopi Indian reservations, also "Meteor Mountain," where science has spent vast sums of money in research work.

We go for a trip through the Zoo, in charge of an Indian guide, and see the many reptiles in captivity, all being native products of Arizona. Among the points of interest we were shown the "homes" of the ancient cliff dwellers, which are individual rooms, being of natural formation in the rocks. After viewing all these creatures, the Baler was moved to write a parody on the song entitled, "Why They All Love You," which is a favorite with the Roving Brothers:

"I hate each lizard, with slimy gizzard;
Because they all hate you;
I hate each snake, asleep or awake,
Because they hate you, too.
I hate each scorpion with stinging tail,
That drips with poison dew,
I hate each bug, with deadly mug,
Because they might bite you."

Thank you, thank you, the applause is quite unexpected. Tonight the Skipper is undecided if we go to Albuquerque via Magdalena or Gallup. Quietude reigns in camp, which generally bodes ill for some one. With our crops of new grown hay, sundry nicknames have been passed out. The Pilot is Isaac the Sheepherder; the Cook is Count Debility; the Cowboy is Simon Legree; while the Baler draws the hors de combat of Ernest Tolerance, alias John the Baptist.

The Maid wrote 72 post-cards in Ashfork. He bought 500 more today.

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IN CAMP—THREE MILES FROM SPRINGVILLE, ARIZ.

SEPTEMBER 5, 1925.

This is one—

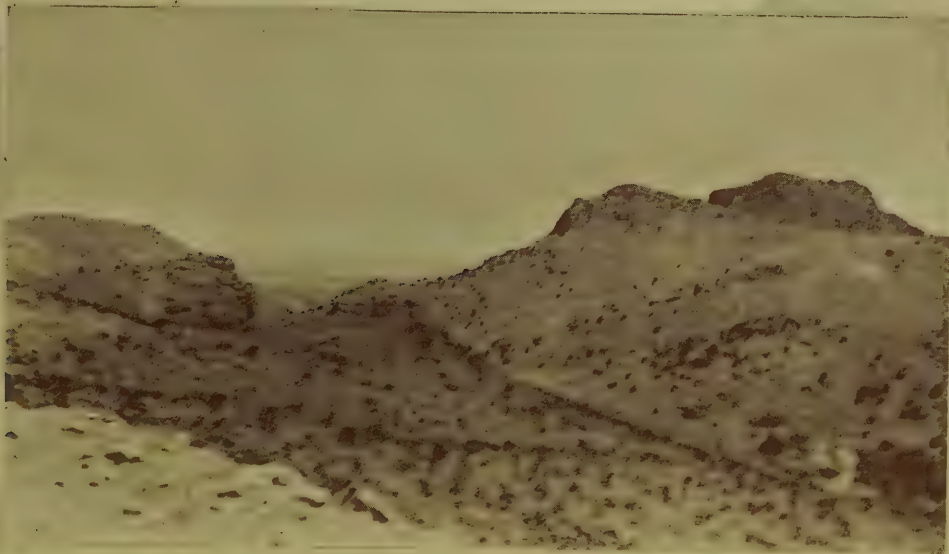
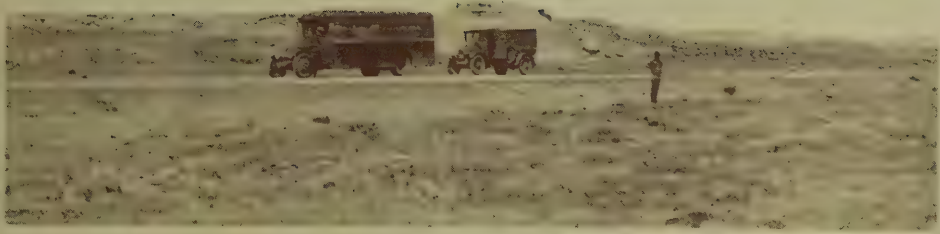
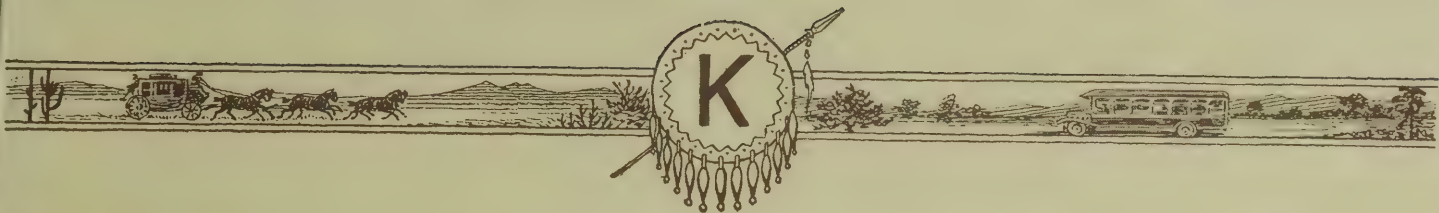
Of the high spots in the life of our former dishwasher, Father Finnegan, and we all had a bit of ice-water and such as that in memory of him as we passed through this part of the Lost World where no spring chickens are obtainable and the humming-bird shuns

in its migratory flight to South America. The Twelfth Trek of the Roving Brothers ends here.

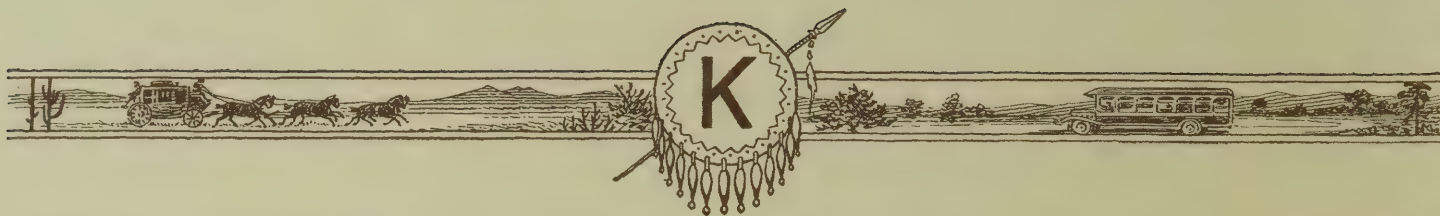
During the course of our travels, we have engaged in literary debates, held social sessions, discussed sports, attended vespers, mass and prayer meetings, listened to constructive discourses by such learned apostles as Father John Finnegan and Holy Roller Schaefer, so, tomorrow, the Skipper will conduct Sunday School Services. Talk about variety! We've had the cream of cuisine, as prepared by that able French-Dutch chef, Cookie Joe, who learned the noble art in a Greek restaurant; we have the Pick of the Pilots in Stubby and the Cowboy, either of whom would have taken a plunge down a two-mile canyon had they thought of it; a Maid who is perfect in the performance of his duties, scrupulously clean, careful and attentive, being particular that plenty of wrinkles remain in our sheets. But what of our Skipper? Not only has he been Commander in Chief of this expedition, with all the worries and responsibilities of picking the best routes, but many other intricate details incident thereto. He has been Father Confessor, Doctor and Advisor, a companion, a playmate, and just a big boy who will never grow up, as young as any of his grandchildren, albeit, he has passed the age of adolescence, or puberty, if you please. This journey may be likened unto a cloudless azure sky, for at no time has there been a cloud, the semblance of a shadow to mar the perfect tranquility of our camp life, be it in an exclusive hotel, on prairie or desert. It makes us believe, after all, in the divvy that glows in the window, making the world not only more cheerful, but a more comfortable place in which to live. Truly, Fate smiles with favor upon this band of happy-go-lucky roaming gypsies.

We added another 101 miles to our total this day, passing through Holbrook, then the Petrified Forests, where it is not permissible to pilfer even so much as a single chip, although we tramped for a mile or so through this interesting phenomenon. Then came Concho, St. John and Springerville. The roads were but fair on the average, the three weeks' rain working havoc in some sections. We are in camp, but thirteen miles from the Mexican border, protected by a most wondrous double rainbow, signifying good health and life eternal, and where cool breezes blow. At eventide the Skipper made this declaration:

"Tomorrow, my brothers, will be the Sabbath and, as you know, there are no convenient churches; therefore, I decree that we hold Sunday School services at nine and shall expect a full attendance. Carry this thought, from the Book of Law, to your beds: 'A



Scenes in the petrified forest of Arizona



cheerful heart is good medicine, but a broken spirit drieth up the bones! for the light of the eyes rejoiceth the heart and *good tidings* make the bones fat'."

Deep stuff, wot? But we all have our lessons. Quite so. We are trying our level best to restrain the bellicose ego. And I'm sure we will hold down the lust of intellectual conquest.

So, for the twelfth time, we bid you—not good-bye—but *au revoir*!

Wonder if Father Finnegan is still eating Mexican Jumping Beans?

THE BALER.

THE THIRTEENTH TRAVELOGUE IN CAMP NEAR DATIL, N. M.

*Our First Sunday School Class, Conducted by
The Skipper*

SEPTEMBER 6, 1925.

Good Morning, Scholars—

"I am glad to see such a full attendance. Our Golden Text today is"—"Ouch! Wow! Teacher, Stub put a spider on my neck!" interrupted the Baler. "Now, now, Stubby, don't do that, else I might grow provoked," admonished the Skipper, soothingly. "The Golden Text is"—"Boss, by gosh! I'd like to have a



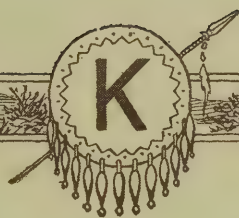
"Out where the west begins", Continental Divide, New Mexico

little Bud," interposed the Cowboy. "All right, Cowboy, soon as it is cold. Now, the Golden Text is, 'I am weary with my groaning; every night make I my bed to swim; I water my couch with my tears.'"—"Teacher, the Cook is sticking me with hackle burrs," complained the Maid, "Children, you must all behave like good little boys," said the Skipper, patiently. "Now, Spuddy, you may tell the class who discovered Columbus, Ohio." "Smokey Hobbs," replied the Pilot, in a high pitched voice. "Correct. Now, Cookie—" "Ouch! gosh-darn some one," wailed the Baler. "Now listen to me, Baler," frowned the Skipper, "if you do not immediately cease your disturbance I shall send you home without a head mark. Cookie, who is the

most popular man in the seventh district of Los Angeles?" "Why, er, Mister Nagle," replied the Cook. "Righto. Only he doesn't know it. You may sit at the head of the class. Now, Cowboy, who is the Lion of Frisco?" "No-body else but Frank Corr," promptly answered the Cowboy. "Correct, as usual," replied the Skipper, "my what a smart class we have today. Some trust in chariots, some in horses, but we trust in Hawthorne and Theodore. Maid, have you ever gazed upon wine when 'twas red?" "Wal," drawled the



Our arrival in Quemado, N. M., created a little excitement



Maid, "I have taken many a drink which bare false witness against me." "It is ever thus. Now, Mr. Baler, who wrote the Book of Revelations?" "Why, it was Tanglefoot Lindenburg." "Wrong, you looked in the answer book, but not on the right page. It was Col. Graney, and you will find recorded therein this text, 'For I sitteth on the end of a limb and cutteth it off near the trunk, which was foolishment, for I fell to the ground and breaketh my collar bone, for which I collected many ducats from the insurance company.'

"Before dismissing the class, ponder over what that great scholar, Zophar of the Naamathites, said, 'His bones are full of his youth, but it shall lie down in the dust with him.' The choir will sing that famous song, made immortal by our former Produce Buyer, entitled, 'In the Old Oaken Bucket there are many poly-wogs,' which made King Solomon a favorite with wife No. 13."

With that the Skipper dismissed the Bad Boys.

We left at 8:10 this morning, covering an even hundred miles, most of the going being tough. Passed through Quemado, Pietown and over the Continental Divide, an elevation of 8300 feet, at 2:50 P. M., going into camp at Long Point, near Datil, at 4:00 P. M. Near here we met an old German, driving a couple of burros, enroute to California. We took a picture of our Skipper with the outfit and asked for his name, that we might send him a print. He said, "No use givin' you my name. I ain't had no address since 1902."

When we crossed the Divide, the Pilot disembarked and poured water on the crest to see if it would head for the Atlantic or the Pacific. "The darn stuff didn't go either way," said the Pilot, disgustedly.

And so, tonight, we steal away in the quiet and darkness, where comes to us the still small voices out of the hurly-burly. It is there we find memories of pleasant experiences and, as Voltaire once said, "It is there I find even a greater stranger—myself."

ON THE BANKS OF THE RIO GRANDE, TWO MILES WEST OF BELEN, N. M.

SEPTEMBER 7, 1925.

Now, then—

Folks, this is not going to be a lotta dern foolishness, but an intelligent preamble of this and that. Note the name of this town. Sounds like one of those things Grampaw used to get in his ear.

The Eskimos would go good in the camp we had near Datil last night, for it was like sleeping on the chest of an iceberg. At Magdalena we pause long enough to gather up the correspondence, all of us hearing from kith and kin, and, Oh, yes, the single boys had missives from their fair ones. Being Labor Day, the stores were closed, so we could not shop. It

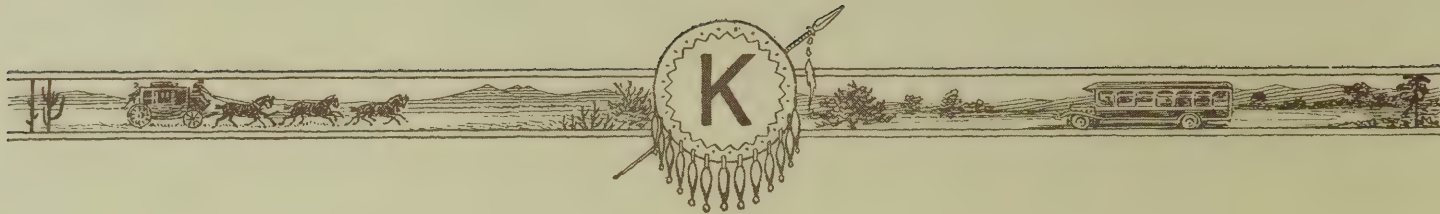
was an annual Rodeo Day and cowboys, glittering like cigar store Indians, were pouring in from all over Hell's Half Acre and part of Texas, to say nothing of Arizona and New Mexico. A big boy in a sombrero stood on the corner shouting his announcements of the day's activities through a



"Playing the ponies." The Skipper, a desert wanderer, Cookie and the Maid

megaphone every few minutes. We regretted the necessity of pushing on, as it would, no doubt, have been an interesting thing for we Ohioans to see. But we meet the Produce Buyer, Kickapoo Lou, a camp or two from here. You see, the Skipper gets lonesome spells for our little dog Rover, so he wired for Lou, who will be a good substitute.

It was a stiff pull to the top of Johnson Mountain. Before reaching this point, we pass through Blue Canyon, one of the prettiest we have seen. Not as large, not so stately, as Wind River Canyon by any means, but mighty interesting. It is, for many miles, a most picturesque ride and is known as "sky-line drive," the vari-colored valleys, barren, just desert, being visible as far as eye can see. We cross the Rio Grande just out of Magdalena, finding the waters shallow and muddy.



At Belen everything was closed tight, and imagine the entire populace were in Magdalena. Even the new "dobey" church was closed, but we carried off a picture of it. A mile or so out of the town we find the irrigation ditches everywhere, which leads the Skipper to believe hostile skeeters may abound hereabouts, so he gives orders to retrace. We come back through Belin and go into camp about two miles off, on a prairie, getting in at four.

An order for mass formation of the Tuxedo Squad comes from the Skipper. Did we hesitate? We did not, for we are an obedient crew. Omisoul! You know, I believe the Cup of Joy would have quelled the European disturbance we call the "World War." It would have cured Job of all his ills and lamentations, for it promotes good fellowship, makes one versatile and prompts repartee; it has sponsored many a healthy laugh and been the father of countless big heads, but even so, the conversation it makes continues to flow the next day with added zest.

Ha, the dinner whistle sounds and I make haste that I may spear the piece of liver so nicely browned, hiding away under the onions. Shoot! the Cowboy got it! You'll pawdon me, I'm sure.

There is one thing puzzles me. In all these Mexican villages the homes are one and two room "dobey," none larger than we saw. The villages are filled with kids. Where do they go at night?

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AT THE FOOT OF OLD LA BAJADA HILL. NEW MEXICO

SEPTEMBER 8, 1925.

A Few Years Ago—

This famous old pass was the bane of the Skipper's life, and it was no mean trick manoeuvring over it on

slippery mud roads. Since that time the course of the road has been changed and greatly improved. So today we sailed along, full of optimism, for old Hawthorne was walking to the top like a spider in its web, when we suddenly discovered Theodore's absence. The onery little cuss thrun a shoe nearly at the foot of the hill. We dismounted, followed the spinal curves of the hill and found the Cowboy running in circles talking soft-like and purring into Theodore's ear, but he just looked disdainful, sniffed off toward the Rio Grande and remained adamant. A fine kettle of mush. Wot to do? Wot to do?

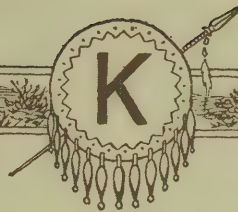
It proved to be something wrong in the rear extremities, for he refused to pull and would not move a jot nor a tittle. So the Skipper, Cook and Baler hoofed back up the long hill, toted down the groceries, water and "office." We all got together and pushed Theodore back down and over near a big cottonwood tree by the Rio Grande, at the foot of the hill, where we camp tonight. The Skipper, Pilot and Maid then boarded Hawthorne and set



A modern church, Belen, New Mexico

out for Santa Fe to see if new parts may be procured. Suppose the reason the Maid accompanied the Skipper is because he is out of post cards. The Cook and I had to make up all the beds, dernit! Slick? Boy, that Maid is slippery-er than any eel that ever wiggled. And all he'll say is, "Oh, it cannot were!" when he finds the boudoir arranged.

Nothing exciting to report today. We had our usual concert last night, on the desert; our music attracted a crowd of nearby picnics and about twenty high school kids drifted into camp and spent an hour listening to the music. After the Persian melon, ham and eggs, we were soon in Albuquerque, one of the finest and most progressive little cities I ever did see. We bought this and that, including fillums. Last night the "Old Quartette" disbanded and after the lawn-



mowers were sharpened, the fun commenced. You should have heard the howls and screeches! Wot a job! Just about pulled my lip in twain. My first experience, hiding behind the brush, and I'll never do such a silly trick again. We should be arrested.

Out of Albuquerque we pass through Bernalillo, an Indian village, where they were having some sort of fair. Many red lemonade stands were doing a thriving business and there was surely some array of bright colors worn by the Mexes. Beyond here we climb a pass where the road is cut right through a big hill. It was so unique looking we stopped long enough for a picture. You will note the Skipper is standing on the hood. He is trying to make believe he is filling the radiator or something, but he forgot to take a bucket of water. You see through that, don't you? Well,

To tell you the truth, it won't matter to us if the Skipper gets repair parts or not. This is a pretty nice camp spot and a rest will do us good. We have all been working pretty hard here of late. You should see my li'l mouth organ. Has five notes on it; is only an inch long, but it will play any kind of a tune. It will be used at our next Soiree Musicale.

Am anxious for them to get back to see what kind of cards the Maid bought. Bet he'll have one with the picture of an Indian chief on one side and Minnehaha on the other. Talk about The Courtship of Miles Standish! We had some of the Cowboy's favorite limburger for lunch today. Poochie! There, I'm glad that's over.

STILL IN THE SHADE OF OLD LA BAJADA HILL, N. M.

SEPTEMBER 9, 1925.

We Drew Lots—

To see who would remain here and be the watchman while the rest take a pleasure ride to Santa Fe to get

shaven and shorn. Boo-hoo! I drew the short straw and am here all by my only, watching crippled Theodore and apply the salve whenever he groans. Well, I don't care whether the accoutrements arrive or not. I'm far from the maddening crowd and the army of hecklers provided with plenty of protection against snake bites.

Don't know what to talk about. Ain't much *to* talk about. The sun is terrible hot, even under this tent.

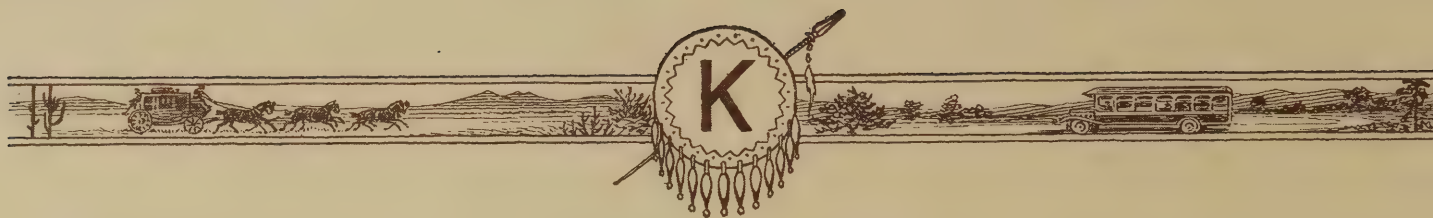
So hot, in fact, I've laid off my shirt. Wish it wasn't wool. Sheep must get awful hot in the summer. Bet the little lambs do, too. Might as well have my shirt on, the flies worry me silly. They have the stick-en-ist feet and sure do tickle. Saw a cute little lizard and a baby horn toad, but couldn't catch 'em. Wish they'd hurry and come back. Awful lonesome out here on this big desert. Wait 'till I put more coal on the fire; want to make it comfortable for the poor li'l flies. Gosh, this surely is No Man's Land. I don't want it; check it back to Needles or Ed Nagle. He likes to sit under his apple tree, and there are two nice big cottonwoods here.

Last night I had a terrible dream. Thought I was Dante, making a trip to Hades with Virgil. Saw men fashioned as rooted trees, others head foremost in boiling holes, which looked like the hot lava beds in Yellowstone. The air was filled

with great creatures, grotesque in shape, slimy reptiles crawled about my feet, hissing and striking, ugh! it was awful. Before leaving the bottomless pit, met a panther, running amuck, with foaming mouth, blood red eye and gleaming fangs. He seized me in his cruel claws and tossed me about like a trained seal bouncing a rubber ball. After the play was over, he threw me back to earth again, and I rolled along like a feather in the breezes. The shock caused me to groan in my sleep, bringing me to state of full consciousness.



Made to order for Hawthorne



Bruises and scratches cover me from head to foot. The Pilot said, after inspecting the wounds, "You must have been sorting cats. You look like a brand new road map." For some reason it seems there was a melee in camp last night, and in the fray the Cowboy and the Baler mixed, the latter being vanquished by a strangle hold. What strange fancies seize a mortal in the hot desert sands. I am poured out like water; all my bones are out of joint; my heart is like wax; it melteth within me. The Bull of the Pampas is dead! Long live the bull!

We had a quaint old visitor today. A queer chap with lines of a deep past written on his face. He told us of having family trouble which induced him to come west. Looked like he had been on a bat. What kind of sand do they use to make whiskey with in this country? Anyway, it would take a lot of sand to drink it. Among other things, he said, "I used to work in a bank. You know you can't work in a bank and bring home samples." Quite so. That is not being done in polite circles.

Guess Uzzi, Gershon, Kohath and Zadek must be having a swell time in Santa Fe; they've been gone four hours now. Hope they return before dark. Gosh! it's gettin' lonesome around here. Guess I'll take a li'l shock of icewater and go find a scorpion or fuzzy worm to play with. Gotta have company and flies are tire-some; just a pestiferous little animal who overdo a privilege. Anyway, they just about have me tickled to death.

Ho hum! well, one consolation, they are bringing back some chickens to fry and that's something to look forward to the way our Cookie does the trick.

And so Job died, being old and full of days.

Quite so!

— o —
LA BAJADA—Continued

SEPTEMBER 10, 1925.

If Theodore's—

Godparents ever find out all the things the Skipper said about them, they will just naturally pass out. The parts, supposed to be shipped from Denver, failed to arrive, and being a witness for the plaintiff, I am here to testify that they had things said of them no one else ever dared say.

So we made the most of the situation. Kickapoo Lou, the P. B., failed to arrive, there was no word from him, all of which made the heat of the Skipper's ire more intense. Boy, I'm glad I was out of range. I stayed behind the big cottonwood and did my gig-

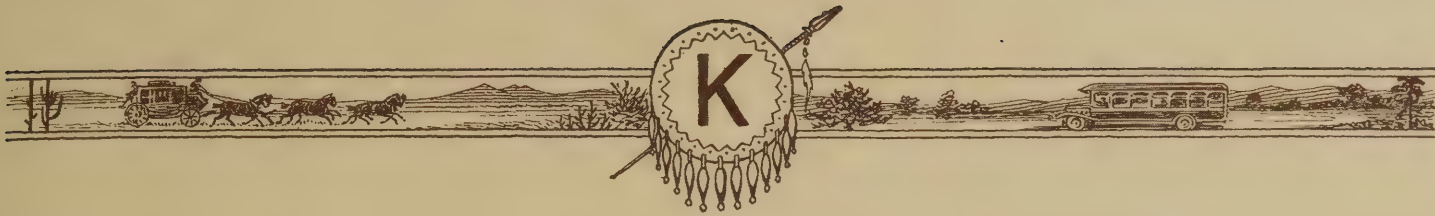
gling. Just had to giggle a li'l bit, he was so churned up it was komikel.

The elusive Maid, together with the Pilot and the Cowboy, bussed to Santa Fe in the morning to try and get some information on the lost articles and find some clew to the mysterious disappearance of our P. B. At five, the Pilot and Cowboy returned, bringing the sad tidings, stating that the Maid had sent wires to the P. B. enroute and would wait for the eleven o'clock train, having a hunch that he will be on it. When the twain made report to the Skipper, he flew into a high dudgeon. "I don't care a dern if the parts never come and I hope the train Lou is on disappears in a mountain slide." With that we all took to our heels. What it takes to rout an enemy he's got. Woe is Denver, for he vows he will go there by airplane tomorrow and tell them what's what.

While the three were gone, the Skipper, Cook and Baler put the house in order, getting everything in tip top shape for the home-coming of the prodigal, the fattened calf was killed, we rehearsed our parts which fall to the lot of a reception committee under such auspicious conditions, and then to find that there is not even word of him—well, that would exasperate a saint, and I know when the Produce Buyer does appear, if he ever does, he had better be garbed in armor plate, for his homecoming reception has been converted from an occasion of joy to one of tragedy, or I miss my guess.

But at that the Skipper took half of it back when he gave orders to hold the chicken over another day and have the steaks because, as he put it, "the damfool *might* come yet; I'm off of him, but if he shows up, well, I'll take him along back." A soft answer turneth away wrath. You see, during the tirade the rest of us just kept still, so he got the soft answer.

An old timer, who has traveled the trails since 1880, dropped in last night and camped under shelter of the neighboring cottonwood. He arrived just after dark, alone. As he unhitched his team of burros, we could hear him talking to them. This is what we heard. Unfortunately we cannot imitate, in print, his peculiar drawling voice, so use your imagination. An old fellow with a white, scraggly beard, browned skin, wind and weather beaten. "Now, Molly; don't you ron off agin tonight, like you did last night. I ain't agoin' to hunt fer ye if ye do. Whoa, Babe! stand still thar. Why, Molly, look where you're a standin', you're a standin' right on my foot." Later he kindled a small fire and presently a native came across the river, walked up to the old timer and said, "Don't be a lightin' no fires around here." "Say, I know what I'm a doin'." "Wal,



don't cut no wood out o' thet tree." "Whose a cuttin' wood out o' thet tree? I keery my *own* wood. Reckon I know whar to git it. I been on these trails for forty year and guess you ain't been here thet long." That settled the newcomer and presently they were both engaged in telling thrilling yarns of the days they fought the Mexicans. 'Twas funny.

Gee, wonder if the Maid will bring Kickapoo back with him?

THE LAST CAMP AT LA BAJADA HILL, NEW MEXICO

SEPTEMBER 11, 1925.

The Imperial Order—

Of The Roving Brothers went into secret session between the hours of twelve and one last night, to celebrate the return of our absconding Produce Buyer, Epitaph McCarty Cunningham, who blew in with the sand storm after all hope of reaching him had been abandoned.

After the evening meal, the Skipper and Pilot engaged in sharp repartee, rare wit flying about like sparks from an anvil, the debate teeming with humor. Then a rehearsal was given, and after plans for today's activities were fully consummated, the Skipper did a rest period, feeling a bit disgruntled over the way things have turned out. The rest followed his example and were soon snuggling in the arms of Morpheus. About midnight the Hook and Ladder wagon arrived, bearing the Maid, the missing parts and, wonder of wonders, the wandering P. B. The first thing they did was try to rouse some of the less dangerous members of the crew, finally holding the flashlight in the face of the Baler, who sat up in bed and cried, "Back that engine down the track! You are on the wrong siding!" Well, we awakened at last, and when I tip-toed into the Skipper's quarters, gently awakened him and spilled the "glad" tidings, he looked at me blankly. I repeated again. He turned his face to the wall and said, in the most disgusted tone of voice I've ever heard, "Ohell!"

Without more ado the team went into august session. In his rich lyric tenor the Cowboy sang sweetly, "Jasper fore the battle Mother." There was a wrestling bee between the Pilot and Cook, a la nudity—in part, the Pilot securing a boa constrictor hold on the windpipe of the Cook, and after ramming a camel hair blanket down his thorax, it was declared a draw in favor of the plaintiff. They fiddled around like a pair of American Mannikens at Jean Patous. Just before the next number there came a quick, sharp rap on the

fly of the tent. Hist! The Cook was breathing heavily. "P-s-t!", hissed the Pilot, "quit breathin'!" Taut muscles, tense nerves stood at attention, sense of hearing quickened. (We knew what it was, but the P. B. didn't.) "Gosh! let me in," moaned the wandering soul of convict 999. It chilled our blood. Boy, I got all goose-pimplish. In quavering voice the **THING** started again, "Let me in, I say. I've just been released from the electric chair and I've had the shock of my life!" (This, you understand, is all in our ritual—it's the unwritten work.) Aha! it was none other than our Skipper. With the agility of a panther stalking its prey, he leaped through the door of the tent and upon the poor P. B., who stood, trembling like a leaf, his face an ashen color, with lips quivering. Being so unexpected, he was taken unawares, and just stood there, nonplussed, rooted to the spot like a graven image. Recongnizing in a flash that he was afire with fear, the Skipper turned the hose upon him, putting a dampener on the act, and that ended the dirty work of the degree team.

What followed, you ask, sweetly? Well, upon motion duly seconded and unanimously carried, a resolution was adopted to join en masse the Purity League so that we, too, may have the right to peek through lots of keyholes. Good of the order, then an old-fashioned social session followed.

Today, after the fried chicken, the Skipper will remove seventeen stitches (No. 8 black thread) from the Baler's wounded side. They will operate upon Theodore, and out of deference for the Maid, the Skipper will not move until tomorrow, today being Friday. The Maid is superstitious, making this statement, "A Friday flit is a short sit." And so

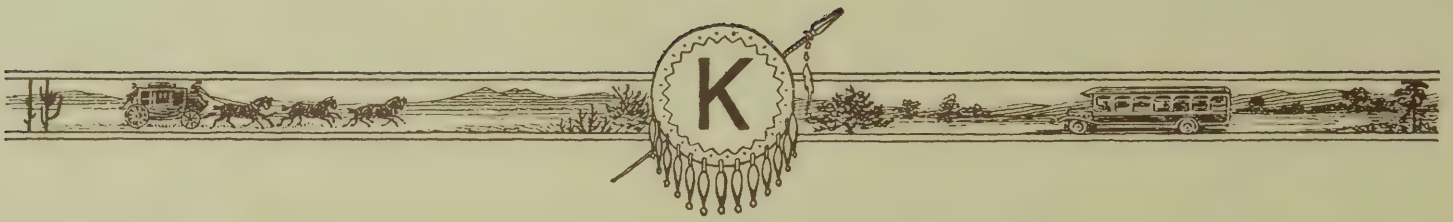
The Star of Fidelity continues to sputter.

IN CAMP, SEVEN MILES FROM THE ADOBES, SAN JOSE, NEW MEXICO

SEPTEMBER 12, 1925.

Did You Ever—

Awaken during the night and find your mouth full of sand? It is not altogether the most pleasant sensation in the world, but that was our experience last night down at La Bajada. During dinner, a stiff blow came off the desert and Cookie Joe had his own troubles trying to hold his fire, but he finally got the chicks fried with his usual success. After dishes were washed, being fatigued with the day's activities of doing nothing, we all retired. The Skipper remarked before dark that it looked like a sand storm in the offing,



although we did not anticipate it would pay us a visit. But during the night it swept over and the divvil was to pay. It all but blew our bedroom, commode 'neverything right out from under us. We'll taste sand for the next week.

But the night passed, although 'twas made a bit irksome by the snoring trio, Cookie, Pilot and the P. B. Along with other things for breakfast, we had some choice soup which was ridiculed in no uncertain tones by the P. B., who has been pampered with his Rockyford melons every morning at ten. Wot a crush some

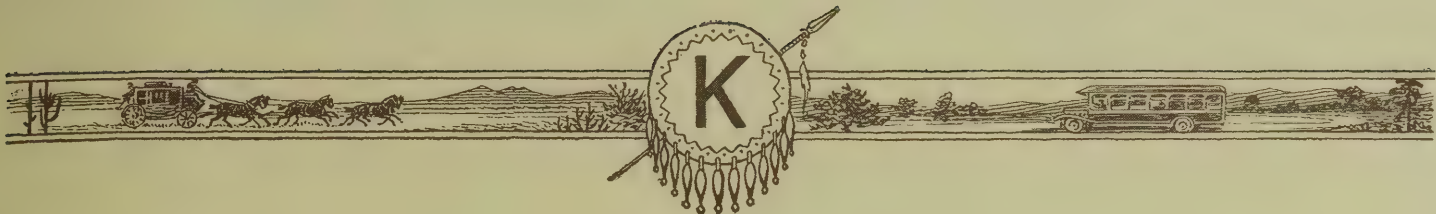
folks 'ave! About eight we bade good-bye to the Rio Grande and started on our cruise via La Bajada. The rest did us all good. Theodore went up the hill a-snortin', while Hawthorne trekked in his wake a bit proud of his running mate. It is a tough ascent, at that, but a most attractive ride.

Before reaching Santa Fe we pass the Pueblo Indian reservation, and are attracted by the many neat cottages and villages erected. In Santa Fe, which is in the center of the most interesting fifty-mile square in America, being the second oldest city of the United



1—The Maid and the Merchant

2—Four Queens; San Jose, N. M.



States, we shop and see points of interest. There is the shrine of San Miguel, a reminder of the days of holy zeal and self-sacrifice, which was partly destroyed during the Pueblo revolution in 1680, being restored in 1710. It contains a bell—and what a wonderful tone it has!—cast in Spain more than a century before America was discovered. De Vargas, responsible for quelling the rebellion, is buried 'neath the altar. Father Emanuel, a kindly old soul with silvery locks, gave us some most interesting information. Please take note of the fact that we were in church at last! The historic Palace of the Governors, whose massive walls are some 300 years old, stands in the center of the town, withstanding the ravages of time remarkably well. It was here, in the Ben Hur room, that Lew Wallace, then Governor of New Mexico, completed his Ben Hur MS. in 1877. The new museum building is a replica of the Mission church of Acoma, contains the state art gallery, a magnificent auditorium and exquisite mural paintings of the life of St. Francis. Then there is the wonderful Roman Catholic Cathedral, the Scottish Rite Masonic Cathedral, one of the oldest houses in the United States, the Capitol and many others. Truly a wonderful spot to spend a vacation, for the average temperature is very fine, albeit, they had a freak snow storm here yesterday which lasted thirty minutes.

The larder being empty, the Cook fairly gutted a grocery and butcher shop, then we were on our merrie way, passing through Rowe, San Jose, where we have a bit of fun with a queer old withered shop keeper, who had nothing but stale peanuts, apples and a few sticks of candy in his shop. Go into camp, a beautiful location in the small pines, with nice grass, but in a torrent of rain. My word! the clouds are angry with some one sure.

Tomorrow, being Sunday, Father Lucius Domingo Cunningham will conduct mass. We are not requested to attend—we are commanded to do so. All we need to complete the setting is to see Beatrice doing her ride on the Neptune.

Greetings to all. Tomorrow starts another rhyme for the readers. **THE BALER.**

THE FOURTEENTH FLIT EIGHT MILES NORTH OF WAGON MOUND, NEW MEXICO

Discourse of Father Lucius Emanuel Domingo Cunningham, Commonly Known as Epitaph McCarty

SEPTEMBER 13, 1925.

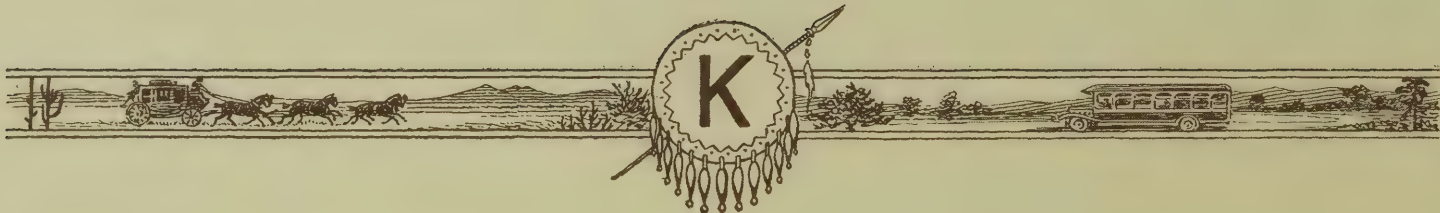
My Brothers—

How does your tibia articulate to-night? I'm glad to see a full attendance and, as my predecessor in this parish, Ancient Father Finnegan, hath said, we must not whiffle the truth. So I request that you pay strict adherence to what I am about to inebriate, er, I mean, elucidate. Ahem!

My Brothers, last night we reposed in the Garden of Eden. There we put out the rain god secured from Father Emanuel of San Miguel. What happened? We were deluged by torrential rains, in fact, morning found us well nigh inundated. What parable do we glean from this? Nothing else but the lesson of Adam, Eve, the apple and the serpent. We are gumptious men, quite so, yet have we immolated a single ranchero? Our habits have been pure as the lily, sweet as the burdock. I am not come here to single out any one individual for the purpose of belittling his actions, not even the wily Maid, whose intuitive qualities are surpassed only by the shrewd and subtle fox, nor yet the Cook, whose fried chicken is terrible, whose soup is the bunk. Nay, not even the penurious Skipper, who



The P. B. bartering for produce, Old Trails Highway, New Mexico



Road scene in New Mexico

would not so much as put a drop of ginger oil in the palm of a dying man's hand. Mr. Maid, remember Tia Juana! Upon his return thither, what was his cry? "Pour oil upon my joints, Oh, Skipper! for they creak as I bend." Faugh! Hoity! Toity! And yet, my children, are any of us likened unto the Hound of the Baskervilles, that phantom fear of the night hours who skulked across the moors? Remember there was once a fisherman, Simon called Peter—did *he* ever fish at Tia Juana? Aha! That is a deep one. But hearken ye, we must not forget that we are upon the drink—er, brink of a new era. For there is no make-believe about Atropos, the Fate who severs the golden thread of Life. Quite not.

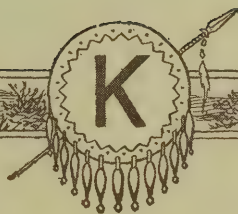
Yesterday we stood before the sacred shrine of San Miguel. The thought shamed me not a little that there was an odor of banana oil upon our beards. And yet, hear ye, is that any reason why Moses should have written more than ten commandments in the city of Horeb? And again, does it not say in the Book of Proverbs, "Give strong drink unto him that is ready to perish, let him drink and forget his poverty, and remember his misery no more?" Brother Skipper, I am all but perished (shakes

head sadly) for I am Old Man Poverty's only son—gimme a li'l touch? (Sips rapidly, gulp! gulp!) Aha! he cried, in accents wild! Now, then, our Cook is a graceful Cook, the meals he serves are beautiful meals, but, have a care, for Grace is deceitful and Beauty is vain. Aha! look not upon meat that is raw! We should not eat of the bread of idleness, for in the days of Ephriam and Naphtali the women of the field layeth hand to the distaff; their hands also hold the spindle and their lamp goeth not out by night. I tell you, my brothers, the real song of Solomon was this, "Brigham

Young," for had he not a thousand wives, young and beautiful? Poor Solly! And who amongst you can recite the shortest verse of the Book of Law? Aha! your education has been sadly neglected. Learn this, then, sluggards, when the question was put to Paul: "Wilt have a little wine for thy stomach's sake?" What was his reply? One word, dolts, just one brief sentence, "Y-e-s!" Therefore, do I not stand before you another Paul, for when that same question is put to me, I am mindful of Paul's terse reply, and, like Paul, I answer, "Yes!" Wilt not some one put the question that I may prove my point? (Silence, save



The Old Adobes, San Jose, N. M.



a snigger here and there.) Woe is me. Within a stone's throw of us lie the bleached bones of someone's ancestors, in quaint old Mountain View Cemetery, across yon road. Throw me over the fence! Feed me to the vultures! for I am just a poor Cowboy and I know I've done wrong! (Sniff! Sniff!—gets no results.)

The choir will sing, in mournful tones, that it may impress thee, "When you go around with another's man's wife, be prepared to go two rounds with her husband," after which we will conclude by criticizing the chicken, razzing the Cook and washing the dishes. You are welcome at the Quilna Theatre in Lima any time.



FATHER LOS VEGAS LUCIUS,
THE RATON RATTLER

IN CAMP JUST ACROSS THE GREAT DIVIDE— SUMMIT OF RATON PASS, N. M.

SEPTEMBER 14, 1925.

It Was—

Our intention to give you the low-down on certain happenings in camp last night. It has been such a glorious journey through this part of God's country, it sorta knocks all the writin' out of me and the fact that Father Cunningham ordered the printing press to remain silent, commanded the printers' devil to attend services and listen to his blah! blah! yesterday, find we are a wee bit in arrears on our history.

Our camp near San Jose furnished us not only the heaviest rain storms of the trip, but a bit of snow for the variety, and it was wery, wery cold. Were you ever in Las Vegas? You come to what is known as Old Las Vegas first, one of the typical adobe towns so common in Mexico. Before you are aware of it, you find yourself in the New Las Vegas, a modern little city with brick buildings and wide, paved streets. So unexpected, it is like being

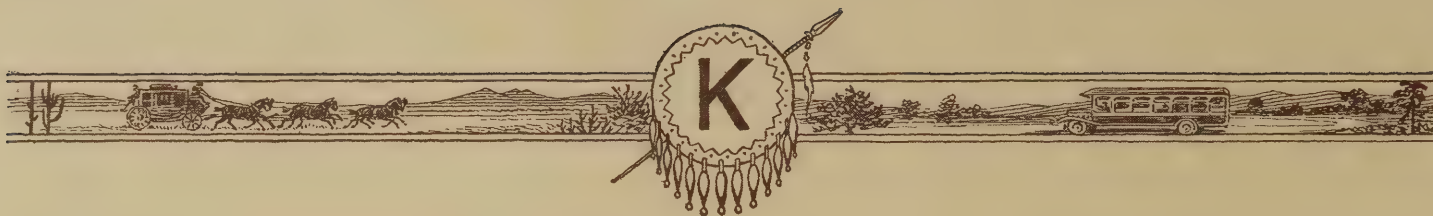
transported from the old to the new world all in one breath, and is so sudden you wonder what it is all about. Las Vegas, in Spanish, means "The City of Meadows."

At Watrous, just a short distance out, we hit the mud and were informed that it had been raining for three weeks. At the edge of the mud road, an old-timer told the Skipper, "Wal, thars about 40 mile of it, but it seemed like a hundred t'me." Gloomy news. Pass the sanitorium at Valmora, then Optimo, which, we voted, should be called Pessimmo during the rainy season, then Wagon Mound. There is a legend that here an old forty-niner was murdered by Indians and buried on the mountain. On top of the mountain we saw a projection, the outline of which closely resembles an old covered wagon, hence its name. We were forced to head right into a big storm, which, a Mexican told us, was hail, sure. He was right, for two miles out the big stones commenced to pelt us. The road was mud, a trifle higher in the center, and the Pilots had a sweet time keeping out of the ditches. We called it our "slippery elm" road, for it took us two hours to cover eight miles. At this point a favorable camp site loomed and the Skipper headed in.

We were out of camp at ten; beyond Colmor a fine gravel road greeted us, and Hawthorne immediately perked up his ears. Across the vast expanse of green prairie, the majestic ranges being visible on all sides, their towering peaks glistening white with the new snow. Speculation was made as to the distance of the snow-capped peaks, and it was the Skipper's belief they were fully 150 miles distant. In Oregon we saw Mt. Hood plainly at 70 miles, with the old snow



Road scene taken from Raton Pass, N. M., city of Raton in distance



on it. Next came Springer, French and Maxwell, where there is but one church which bears a sign, "Community Church." Some ten miles distant we see the fine little city of Raton. Here we shop and some of the boys doll up for fair. This will remain a point of remembrance for the reason that the Maid failed to load up with post cards. He was too busy shoeing flies out of the bus, granting interviews to newspaper reporters and such as that. To describe the scenery from here on up the famous old pass, which is open to tourists summer and winter, is beyond the power of pen or brush. No use even attempting it. A wonderful winding road, smooth as glass, leads you for twelve miles to the summit, with an elevation of 7800 feet, over the Old Santa Fe Trail, now called "The National Old Trails Highway."

We were too busy digging out to fully appreciate the beauty of the scenery visible from Jackson Hole. We marveled at the majesty and magnitude of the mighty Tetons; our eyes bulged at the sights in Wind River Canyon and Shoshone was a delight. Oregon, the State of Wonders, entranced and set our hearts afire. California offered a few thrills, especially in the north. Arizona, another Sahara of America, offered interesting variety every foot of the way, but Raton Pass! My word! It is simply gorgeous.

No matter how high you climb, gaze in any direction you will, there are always visible the most wonderful mountains in the world. At least, impressed as we were by the grandeur of everything, we felt then that they were more beautiful than any we've seen.

And we camp just over the Divide, beyond the crest of the summit, in a most wonderful spot, surrounded by the choicest bit of wilderness imaginable, where the air is cool and bracing.

In camp, the Skipper said to me, "This, to you, is wonderful, no doubt, because it is all anticipation. It does not mean one-half so much to me, for I know, from my frequent trips through here, just what lies ahead." "Yes," I replied, "it is all very wonderful and delightful to me. And I can partly realize the pleasure Little Alice must have felt when she stepped through the Looking Glass into that Land of Enchantment called Wonderland, for no fairy tale could be more enchanting, more wonderful than this."

Why go on? It is all too marvelous for words, so how could a dumb-bell like the Baler approach even the first step of depicting this creation of Mother Nature?

As we close the press, Father Cunningham hands Father Schaefer a sheet of the Sacred Scroll, with this remark, "Father Schaefer, have you seen the evening paper?"

IN CAMP — TWO MILES NORTH OF PUEBLO, COLORADO

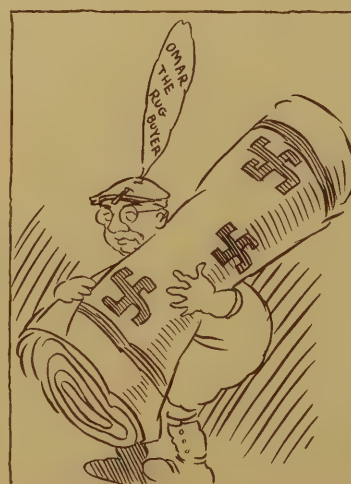
SEPTEMBER 15, 1925.

While We Were—

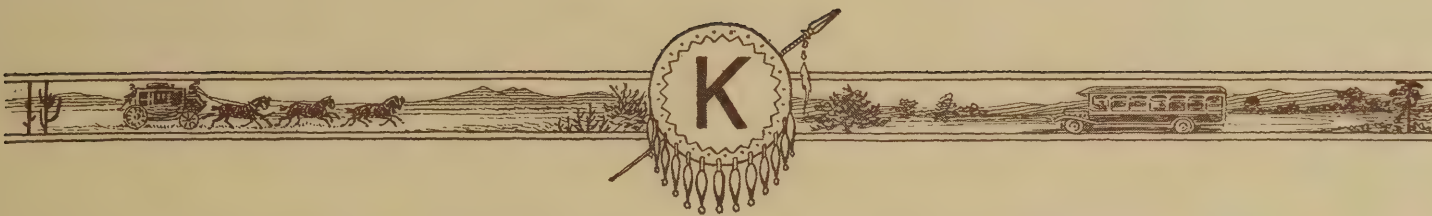
Putting on the feed bag, with our nose in the melon this morning, a cowboy, be-spangled, be-shapped, be-hatted and be-pistoled, drove in with an air of regal possession astride his pony. The Skipper greeted him with a cheery "Good morning, sir." Ignoring the pleasant salutation, he said, laconically, "'Spose you're movin' today?" "Yes," replied the Skipper, "in about an hour." "Make sure," said the Sears-Roebuck one, tersely, and with that he wheeled his pony and rode off. His call was quite formal and quite cool. Quite so. But it did not spoil our enjoyment of the Cook's fine liver and onions.

This high altitude is a poor spot for the Sock 'Em and Rock 'Em Club. The dexterous Maid, who has a passion for Navajo rugs—it is not just what would be termed a passion, it is a sort of mania—grew a bit playful yesterday and busted the Baler on his Adam's apple, well nigh pulverizing both tonsils. But the Produce Buyer, who is used to handling tough guys in his theatre, talked real cross-like to the Maid, belittling his childish antics, and the Maid grew quite gentle forthwith. It developed later that his animosity toward the Baler was because he claimed we knocked his rooming house—er, I mean, hotel, pardon me, in a former issue. Yesterday, after he had the bus all tidy and clean, the P. B. deliberately scattered a lot of potato parings all over the floor. Wow! And last night the Maid washed the dishes. Skillets, forks and suds went flying to the four winds. After the last piece had been splashed, he demanded to know where the rest of the dirty dishes were, and the P. B. coolly dropped a camp stool into the dish-pan. Those boys will never get along.

We forgot to tell you about a Mexican visitor we had in camp the other night, who looked for all the world like Huerta. In answer to his inquiry, Spuddy told him we were building a new road from New York to Los Angeles, finding locations



"The Elusive Maid"



for new bridges, and planned to blow up all the present concrete bridges along the highway. It awed the Mex, and he wanted to know, "Where you geta your or-daire?" "Oh, we just set up our wireless. Get Washington in ten minutes. They are on the look-out for us day and night. We are going out today and mark some bridges to be dynamited." The Mex spat a long black cane upon the ground and exclaimed, with great fervor, "I tella you, we gotta goshdamma gooda gov'-ment!"

Since leaving Raton Pass our travel has been through the mining country of Colorado, owned mostly, we are told, by Johnnie Rockefeller's children. There was Morely, Starkville, former home of the Jicarillo Apaches and Ute Indians; Trinidad, a bustling city in the heart of the coal mining regions. To the south is visible Fishers Peak, which rises to an altitude of 10,280 feet, considered by many to be one of the most picturesque in the west. Aguilar, Walsenburg and Pueblo, population of 43,000, Colorado's second largest city, known as "The Pittsburgh of the West" on account of its large iron, steel and smelting industries. It was here the Pike Exploring Expedition camped in 1806. We camp tonight in about the same spot occupied by the Skipper and his party four years ago, when he was stopped by an officer and notified he could not pass. It was at the time of the terrible flood, and he was more than a day securing a permit to go through the city. As we passed through, the P. B. remarked that it did not look like Pueblo to him, for there were no steam engines or box cars on the front porches.

The west is now almost in the back-ground. Ain't that turrible? We are fast worming our way into the criticizing, bickering, back-biting arms of civilization. Fred Snyder better have about six extra barbers on the job when this gang rolls into his barber shop at Columbus Elks' Club. And now we'll let you in on a choice tid-bit. Donkey, who was once an onery little altar boy, but later forsook the cloth to become a Cook, wants to preach the next sermon.

Hic! Hoc! Horum!

IN CAMP—THREE MILES FROM FT. LUPTON,
COLORADO

SEPTEMBER 16, 1925.

The Morning—

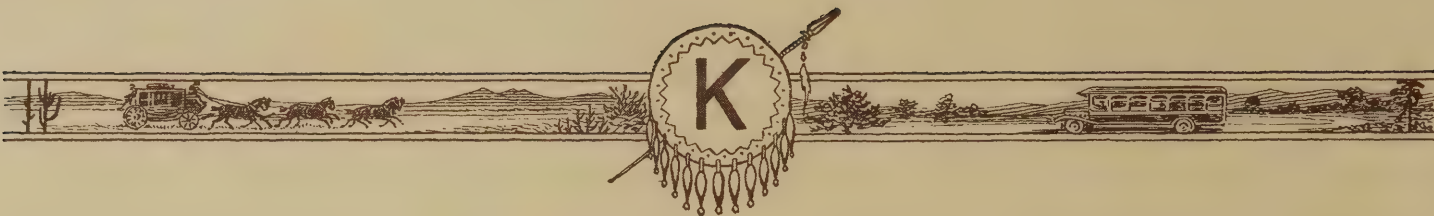
Broke clear, crisp and cool and we were bowling along under full steam at eight, hopeful of smashing out a lot of miles. The sights are about over, so the Skipper opines we may just as well hurry along and

get home. But it was this way: Yesterday Theodore got smart and flung a couple of tires. Not to be outdone by his running mate, Hawthorne repeated the trick today. And, believe me, it was a hot job for the Pilots in the blazing sun! Consequently, 143 miles was the best we could do.

We passed through Fountain, Kelker and then Colorado Springs, where we virtually had to go to bat with the clerk of the Antlers Hotel to get mail we had sent in their care. After the third trip, dealing with different individuals, believe we got all of it. Many things of interest are in and adjacent to this city, which has a population of 35,000. There is Pike's Peak, most famed of all; the Manitou Baths, said to be the most completely appointed bath house in the United States, located on the Manitou Mineral Springs. There is the drive to the Garden of the Gods, the Manitou Cliff Dwellings through Phantom Cliff over the newly constructed Manitou Skyline Drive into Williams Canyon. The famous Ute Pass, through which the tide of gold seekers swept in the early days of Leadville and Aspen, in fact, dozens of rides of great interest, may be taken out of Colorado Springs. Very little snow could be seen on Pike's Peak, which stands 14,109 feet above sea level.

Next came Sedalia, Littleton and Sheridan, all on a detour out of Colorado Springs, and then Denver, where they claim the sun shines 345 days out of each year. The massive State Capitol, which is constructed of Colorado granite, has a huge gilded dome and can be seen for many miles. Denver commands a beautiful view of the Rocky Mountain range, with Pike's Peak on the south and Long's Peak (not our Stubby's) on the north. Here the Skipper and Pilot haggled with the Goodyear boy for tires, being successful in the barter in talking him out of a nice fat dividend. For the first time on the trip, the Skipper got crossed on his longitude and latitude, for he took a different road out of Ft. Lupton than he originally intended. Rather than retrace steps, he gave orders to go cross country, figuring to strike the main highway and save the extra mileage. We got into a narrow lane, little used, and after manoueuvering through a couple of gates, finally landed on top of a broad prairie, where we go into camp for the night. So it worked out just fine, after all.

Saw some funny signs on our travels. For instance, coming into Denver, there is a factory called The Shoshone Potash and Sulphur Co., the sign reading, "Home of Jazz." Now what has that to do with potash and sulphur? A little further on, "The Home of Flemish Giants." Wonder if they have one eye in



the center of their forehead? On the highway, a homespun sign says, "Eggs and hay for sale heer." Just how are the two associated? Does the hen eat the hay to lay the eggs, or does the hay make the nest for the hen to lay 'em in? All of which takes us back to the ancient argument of which was first, the hen or the egg? A Ford came along, bearing this slogan, "My name is Pluto. I pass most everything," which, we concluded, is a funny name for a racing car. Gee, it's a funny world if you just keep one eye open!

Boo-hoo! our fun is about over, and we are all fulla sad. But in the crypt of sorrow lie the garments of majesty. Wonder if it would be well for the Roving Brothers to enter and put them on?

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IN CAMP—FOUR MILES FROM OTIS, COLO.

SEPTEMBER 17, 1925.

Is There Anything—

Finer than a soft morning, when,

"Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain-tops?"

A spirit of ennui seized the passengers of the John G. Price special, Hawthorne de luxe, when we bade good-bye to the big, friendly mountains today, for we shall see them no more, the way Hawthorne's nose is headed.

Last night a rum game was the levity and we are delighted to announce the Skipper, Cookie and the Maid garnered in a few roubles from the P. B. He will have to sell many tickets to pay the stipend. Hard is the life of a gambolier! As we slept, a whole flock of horses—maybe four thousand—got on a rampage and stampeded in close proximity to our sleeping quarters, startling us not a little. We could all but feel their merciless hoofs caving in our chists. But they missed us, glory be!

Started on the eastward flight at eight-thirty, passing through Hudson and at Ft. Morgan the Skipper took the Cowboy by the hand and led him to an eye specialist, he having an aggravation in one of his orbs, a mote or a beam, I know not which. The Doc pronounced it eye-ritis, possibly because it was his right eye. Before we forget it, the P. B. is growing one for the family album, which is the long, flowing kind, resembling two forks of Eel River. Gee, we hated to leave the shelter of the big hills; they looked forever like great, silent ghosts, beckoning to us through the haze. It made us all feel about as good as a three dollar diamond. When I made that remark, the Cook said, "Don't forget that the prize ring is not the only

kind that signifies a fight." Now, just what sort of an insinuation is that? Near the last mountain we saw, there was a mound, a tablet and an inscription thereon, which read, "Here lies William Laudit; he chased a bear and finally caught it." Perhaps we're lucky, after all. And that reminds us, once there was a maid (not our elusive Maid) who said to a man, "Lips that have touched liquor shall never touch mine." "Your lips?" he inquired, listlessly, "No, my liquor," she answered, with ice in her glass. Remember Mary? Mary had a li'l lamb, her father shot it dead. The lamb now follows her to school between two hunks of bread. So they got her another one, and this is what happened: Mary had a little lamb, she put it on a shelf, and every time it wagged it's tail, it spanked it's li'l self. Tee-hee! We just saw a sign which reads, "Tourists, if you go broke, we will buy your car." Boy, that's a tough racket, speaking of Shylock and his pound of flesh.

A town called Bursh, then Akron, which would fit in the court house yard of Akron, Ohio; Otis, where the elevators are made, that's what the lyin' P. B. said, and go in camp off the main road, a grassy spot on a cross-road highway, just large enough to squeeze in the spread, doing 114 miles. And what stirs the Cook in the porridge pot? Ah, fried chicken, mashed potatoes, gravy, 'neverthing! Last night he dished up golden bantam corn, shorn from the cob, wax beans with bacon squares for the flavoring, plus tenderloin steaks. About the only thing he has not handed out is sour milk corn cakes and the old-fashioned tipsy cake, you know, sponge cake dipped in brandy. Try and find the brandy!

For the sake of the P. B. I'm glad we're out of the high altitude. It gives him the bloody nose. You should see his new, ten-gallon, shop-lifting, corduroy pants. Hotdig!

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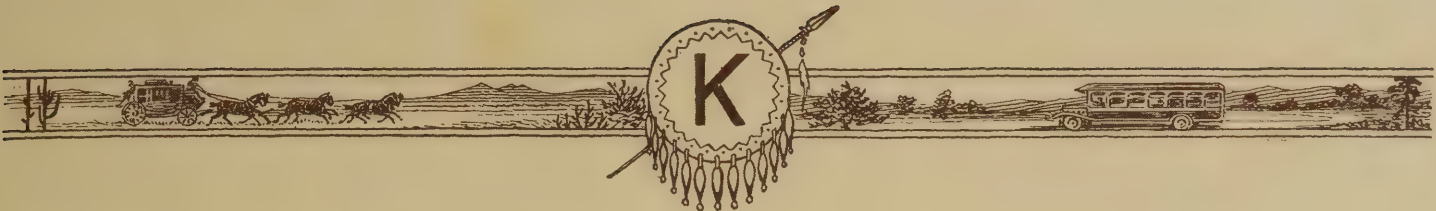
IN CAMP—FOUR MILES FROM OTIS, COLO.

SEPTEMBER 18, 1925.

It Was Nice—

Of Hawthorne to get playful and gum up his generator during the night, necessitating a lay-over for repairs today. Pilot Stub found the crossed wire about mid-day, gave Hawthorne a good lecture and then reported. By that time the Skipper was prepared to stay put, so we moved not.

The day passed very quietly. A little rum was indulged in—er, I mean engaged in, and about twilight there were a few friendly arguments on politics, music, authors and sexology. In fact, I counted as many as



four distinct and different debates in progress at one time. It was a tough job for the listener, trying to follow them and give correct answers.

In the evening it was decided to have some home talent entertainment. The Produce Buyer recited, in his masterly way, this poem, "Shanus O'Brien looked up at the moon and said, the prison doors will close on you soon. You stood at my bar and drank all of my rye, you refused to pay and I blackened your eye. You're like Paul Revere, the Man of the Night, who made a long ride to start a big fight. Just to pay our respects to McGinnis!" (Thunderous applause from the claue.) Then the Skipper sang, with sweet tenderness, "O! Promise Me," accompanied by the Baler on his four-note mouth organ. (More applause from the claue.) Next came Cowboy Marsh, the silver throated prairie tenor, who sang, with great reeling—er, I mean, feeling, "I'm Just a Poor Cowboy and I Know I've Done Wrong."



Well, that was a riot. Instantly recognizing the great possibilities of his throaty nasal twang, Pilot Stub took the Cowboy to one side and secured his signature on the dotted line for a five-year contract. The first engagement will be strictly an invitation affair, if the dust does not ruin his voice in the meantime, to be held in Lima, Ohio, January 18, 1937, at Boone's Cabin on South Central Avenue. Announcement cards are in the hands of Carl Pfeifer, Columbus, Ohio. This will be his "coming out" party—you know, just like a regular debutante does it. Requests for seats will be filed in the order they are received. Use one side of the sheet only, and write plainly.

'Twas, in truth, a day of relaxation, and every one enjoyed it. For the evening meal, the Cook gave us a Jiggs dinner, but, for some reason, the longer he cooked the spuds, the harder they got, so we had them for the ornament, and will carry them along to pelt the wolves in case of attack.

What an amazing, dainty, gorgeous and enchanting paradise is this earth! And it seems Mother Nature, each day, plays her most rapturous symphony, if we but take the time to look and listen to the infinite force that creates all things in expressing its tenderest

moods. We miss the obstacles, the hardships, for we count them now as added pleasures in our life.

And I firmly believe each and every member of this gypsy band would consider it a pleasure and a privilege to once again lie the body down upon a bed of hackle-burrs.

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FIVE MILES EAST OF McCOOK, NEBR.

SEPTEMBER 19, 1925.

The Anchor Was—

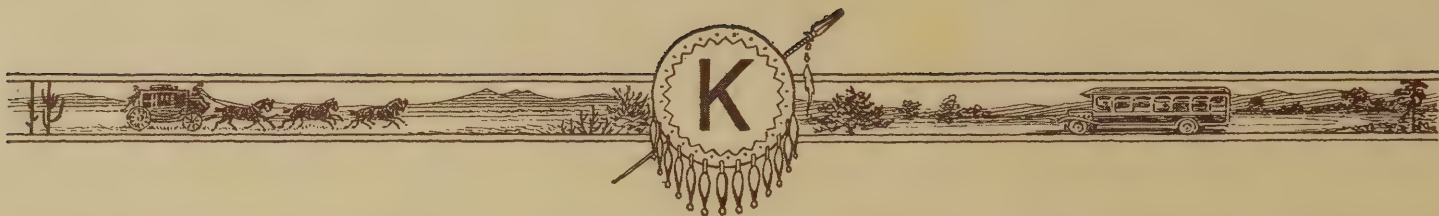
Hoisted at eight, every man, including the Maid and the P. B., being in fine fettle as a result of the rest period.

The ride has been uneventful, and so in contrast to what we've left behind, every one seeming a bit listless and disinterested in the panorama which greets us as we bowl along. First came the Port of Yuma, then Eckley, and at Wray we dock, exchanging hard Indian money for the things that satisfy the inner man.

We should, perhaps, feel grateful to the Produce Buyer for the many thoughts he has given us relative to spots of historical interest along the line of march. Out of Wray, to the right, is a large hill. According to Father Lucuis, years ago an Indian boy, fourteen years of age, who was chief of his tribe, quartered just beyond the hill. As the story goes, the Indians perpetrated many dastardly deeds upon the whites. In the course of time, a battle ensued, and the whites sent word to McCook for reinforcements. Some five thousand soldiers dashed out, but were unsuccessful in capturing the young chief, who routed the soldiers by pelting them with tins of Campbell's soup. Can you imagine anything so absurd as that? And to chronicle this historic occurrence, we used two pages of our note book and find it is all the bunk. I should appeal to the Skipper and have the P. B. arrested. He's terrible. And I hope that long moustache winds itself around his neck while he sleeps tonight and chokes him.

At eleven, the Hour of Recollection, we crossed the Nebraska state line. Here we paused for a moment while the elusive Maid gave a toast to our absent brothers, east and west, north and south, including those who peacefully sleep in the cemetery just across the road, each man, in turn, touching his lips to the mug of ice-water.

Laird, Haigler, Benkleman and then McCook. Not far from here, years ago, occurred in what is known as Massacre Canyon, the bloody massacre of the whites by Pawnee-Sioux Indians. A short distance from Mc-



Cook is located Valentine's gorge, an extremely picturesque and wild rock glen.

The Pilots hand in a slip for 144 miles today, covered over smooth sailing, for not once did Hawthorne list to port-side. He would have no trouble riding the waters of the Nile. B-r-r-r! Colder'n heck! with a mighty stiff blow rising. Imagine this will please the Cook, for he'll have a cool kitchen.

We haven't seen Andy Gump for so long we've forgotten what he looks like. Will Jeff and Mutt be at the World's Series? Early to bed, are the orders, that we may appear fresh and in receptive as well as retentive frame of mind on the morrow, for we listen to the discourse of our Cook. His text will probably be, "Eat thou not the bread of him that hath an evil eye. Neither desire thou his dainties." A better one, we think, would be, "Whoso keepeth his mouth and his tongue, keepeth his soul from troubles."

Ho hum! And so, 'neath this Nebraskan sky, the fourteenth reel of the Roving Brothers' Comedy comes to an end.

THE BALER.

THE FIFTEENTH FROLIC EIGHT MILES FROM HARVARD, NEBR.

SEPTEMBER 20, 1925.

Sermon of Father Josephus Theodore Kaufman

Boys and Min:—

My text today is taken from the third chapter and the fourth verse of the Book of Gluttony, which do say, "He that sitteth down at my table and eateth not, shall go groaning into the night with an empty belly," for verily I say, the fowl of the air, the fish of the sea and the quadrupeds that roam the fields and plains falleth under my cleaver. Woe unto them, for there shall be gnashing of teeth as jaws crunch the bones and rend the flesh!

Jonah's past-time was swallowing, not swords, but whales. Samson slew the king of beasts with naked hands, and David killed giants with his sling-shot. All of this is written, but, my brothers, what do I, your Cook, do? Verily, verily, I stand over the hot skillets, yea, I roast at the spit, that the paunches of the hungry may be clothed in raiment of scarlet, for the meat shall inherit the earth and keep our bones fat. Quite so! Remember the words of wisdom, written in the Book of Lucius, "Him that seeth me, recognizeth me, and says nothing, him will I see afterwards." Hallelujah, brothers! I ask that ye meditate upon my work and muse upon my doings, for ye cometh to my table like a flock, led by Moses and Aaron. After all,

are not stolen waters sweet and bread eaten in secret pleasant?

We are just laboring men; the appetite of a laboring man laboreth for him and his mouth urgeth him therefor. Harken to the saintly words of that golden prophet, I mean the golden words of that saintly prophet, Ed Nagle, "For the sluggard burieth his hand in his dish and will not so much as bring it out again." Look ye, therefore, one at the other; are we, then, sluggards? Nay, nay! Quite not! And Frank Corr, the Elijah of 'Frisco, or was it Freddie Robinson of Chicago, idol of millions, speaking to the multitudes, said, "Are we therefore winebibbers? Remember, wine is a mocker, strong drink is a brawler, and whosoever erreth thereby is not wise." Brothers, I ask you candidly, did he sip of the Cup of Joy? Knoweth he the thrill of crossing the Jordan, on Tuxedo parade, with the Roving Brothers? A thousand times no! He were lucky were he ever off his own front stoop, for he knoweth little of the smiles that come and go in this untoward world, to him that seeketh. Ask and ye shall receive, knock and the door openeth unto thee. (Ohell! the chicken's burning!)

There. Eat thereof, my brothers, though the dish be of cinders, that thy soul be not lean, for the spirit of a man is as a lamp, searching for the crumbs. 'Tis true that the adder sheddeth his skin, but the leopard changeth not his spots, for the lips of the wise disperse knowledge, but the heart of the foolish doeth not so. A gentle tongue is a tree of life, but in the mouth of the foolish is a rod for his pride.

And so, disciples of the open, we come to the commencement of another week's journey, where food is abundant and there shall be manna for all. Be ye of good cheer, prudent and careful, lest ye slip upon a treacherous banana peel and get a crick in thy back; this is the parable as spoken by Sheol and Abaddon in the land of Zoar, for with the lowly is wisdom. Verily, the truth hath been spoken. We will close by singing, in unison, 87 verses of Schnitzel Bank. Und so ve commence!

On the table!

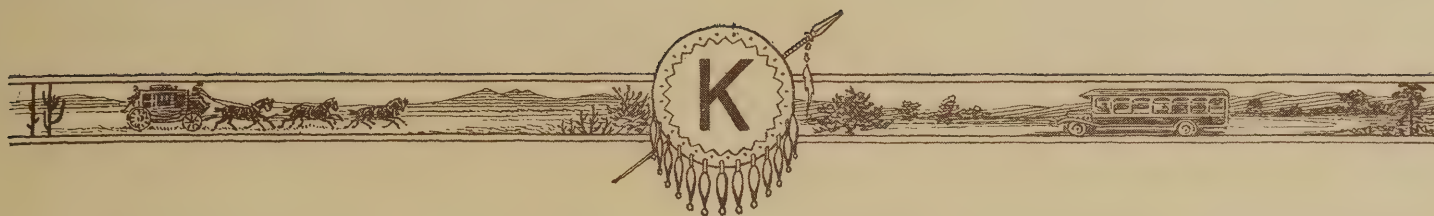
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IN CAMP — EIGHT MILES FROM GRETNA, NEBRASKA

SEPTEMBER 21, 1925.

Attention, Sailors Brave!—

Eyes right! Hoopla! Skillebootch! (Business of inspecting Tuxedos for visible signs of grease-spots.) "Private Baler." "Aye, aye, Skipper."



"You will pass the Cup that Cheers down the rank and file." "Aye, sir." (Sotto voice, eyes bulging, "hot-dam!") "Whazzat?" demanded the Skipper, sharply. "Nothing, sir, I just said 'here I am', sir," responded the Baler, meekly. "I'll have no mutiny aboard this ship! General Debility—er, I mean, General Maid!" "Aye, sir." "You will see to it that none of this is spilled upon the linens!" "Aye, aye, Skipper," answered the Maid, giving the Baler a belligerent look. "And you, 'Looy' Cook, see that none is used to flavor the soup." "We has no soup, sir," piped Cookie, in a small voice. "What!" shouted the Skipper, in great rage, "No soup?" "Nozzir, all we has, sir, is fried chicken an' gravy, mashed spuds, quarter sawn tomatoes, golden banty corn and some light sponge cake wif' brandy dressin'." "That is not enough!" roared the Skipper, fiercely, his anger rising, "from now on see that we get a full supply of rations, or you go to the guard house." (Company gives vent to deep groans of anguish.) "Company! At ease! As is!" came in quick, staccato barks—and so, far into the night.

Sunday, Cookie used all of the allotted space, but at that, believe his sermon saved a couple of souls. Anyway, after the sermon, we saw a bit of Indianola, Bartley, Cambridge, Arapahoe (whatever that is), Oxford, Edison, Fridham (not fried ham), Minden, and near here we strike the same road into Hastings that we traveled westward in June, then Hastings and in camp eight miles from Harvard. It was a cold camp, too much air in the bed-room, sun-up found us astir to get warm coffee, and at 7:15 we were bowling along. Reach Sutton and at Fairmont the Cowboy fuels Theodore, while the Pilot jogs to the outskirts and we wait for him. He fails to show, we return and ring the courthouse bell. Ye gods! he's lost! Make due search and inquiry, but find him not. So we follow No. 7 over the D. L. D. headed for Lincoln, former home of the famed evolutionist, whatever that is, or whoever he was (we refrain from all postumos remarks) seeing the village of Milford enroute. In the capitol City, Spuddy calls a round-up and captures the Cowboy, who came prancing along like a wild pony with Theodore in leash. He had a bit of hard luck, got on the wrong road into a deep, dank ditch, and the farmer boy broke two tugs pulling him out. Here in this mighty fine city we shop and then away to Havelock, Waverly, Greenwood, Ashland, Gretna—by the way, wasn't there a funny ditty written of Hetty—I mean, Gretna Green? Or was he the guy who murdered Gussie Bryan—er—I mean, Pearl Bryan?

Be that as it may, we drifted along over the smooth gravel highway, the Skipper despairing of a camp-site,

being fearful that we are doomed to a hotel mooring for the night, when lo! eight miles out of Gretna there looms another of those wide cross-roads where we are able to pitch our tent again, as we did last night, off the boulevard and 17 miles removed from Omahawhaw. All of which pleases us, including Omar the Rug Buyer, otherwise known as the elusive Maid.

A cold, chizzly night, with a light drizzle falling. But what care we, for the cheery fireplace roars and crackles and many are the fanciful pictures fashioned therein. Quick, Watson; the needle. He's sinking fast!

"Feebly shines the Star of Debility," mumbles the P. B., stirring restlessly in his sleep, as we put the cork in the ink bottle.

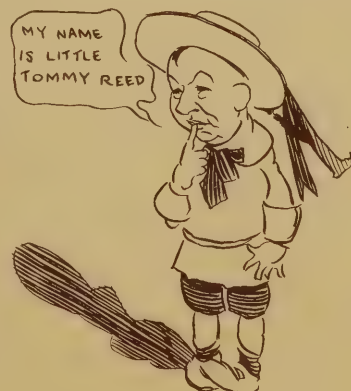
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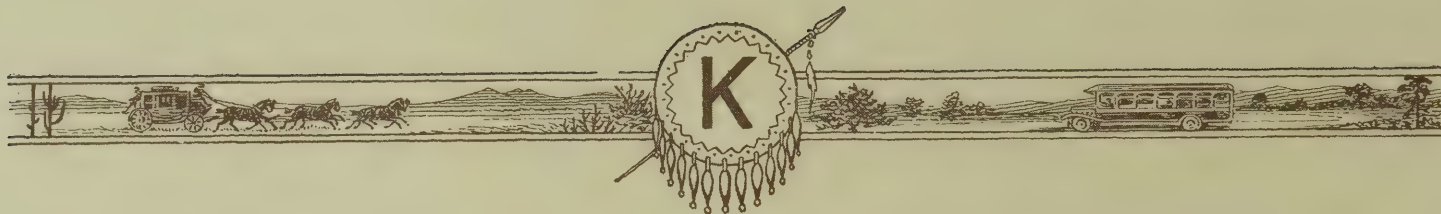
IN PUBLIC CAMP — COUNCIL BLUFFS, IA.

SEPTEMBER 22, 1925.

It Rained—

All night; morning broke chill, with a murky sky and threatening clouds everywhere, so we remained in until eleven. On our "slippery elm" road, out of Wagon Mound, N. M., we were two hours making eight miles. That was a race course, a regular set-up compared to the two miles of mud we skidded over today to reach the pavement, taking just one hour and twenty minutes. As we started down a steep hill, Hawthorne stalled. We figured, with the grade, we could push him to a flying start, and dug our toes into the sticky gumbo. Couldn't budge the brute. The Cowboy had to back Theodore down from the top of the next hill, over the treacherous mud, endangering life, limb and property, and hook on. We finally reach the pave, and fly along through Hillard, then Omaha, as fine a city as you ever will see, and visit a while at the beautiful Fontenelle Hotel, operated by Gene Eppley, formerly of Lima, and found him absent in Atlantic City. The Automobile Club clerk informed the Skipper they cannot recommend a single road in Iowa after a rain, so he concludes to make for public camp. Omaha boasts "the finest tourists camp in America," we give a look and find the restrictions too drastic so the Skipper fails to light. No music after nine! Imagine that! And beside, the Maid says it's all a dern lie for the finest Auto Camp in America is in





Findlay, Ohio. Speaking of the Rug Buyer (our Maid), he talks of leaving the outfit and returning home by train. Cunningham says the reason he grows fretful is because he is anxious to get back ahead of the equinoctial storms so he can paint the hitching post in front of his hotel. We lay the spread on the outskirts of Council Bluffs, just across the river from Omaha. While it is in a public camp, the sharp eye of the Skipper ferrets out a secluded spot away from the regular camp grounds, hidden by a dense growth of trees; there is a steep embankment all around, reminding us, in a way, of our far western "wilderness camps." Them was the days! The Skipper says we remain here until the sun gives promise of better travel ahead, for he will have no more of the slippery mud. And so, as there is nothing else to do, we'll have a little minstrel show. Zat all right?

We'll appoint the Skipper interlocutor. He can be more dignified than the rest of us, when he wants to. Ahem! "Gentlemen, be seated! I am glad to see so many out tonight, owing to the inclement weather—"

"Mistah Skipper," interrupted the P. B., "what am an inclem— what all kinda weathah you says?" "Inclement weather; surely you know what 'inclement' means?" "Oh, yes, suh, Ah knows, jest de same as an Idaho baked potato." "Pshaw! the two are not relative in any sense whatever. Inclement means 'disagreeable' while a potato is something we eat." "Yes, suh. Ah knows. But you see it's laik dis. When yo' order an Idaho baked potato, an' it costs thutty-five cents, an' it takes fo'ty minutes to git it, an' it's 'bout train time, an' yo' bus' it open an' fines de center is plumb no good, well, aint dat dis'greeable?" "We will now be favored with a selection by that silver-throated tenor, The Cowboy, entitled, 'I love my raspberry pie best where the flies are thickest!'" "Mistah Skippah, kin I ax you all a question?" "Certainly, Cookie, go ahead." "How come when I cooks fouah springers,

you all eats 'em at one meal?" "Foolishment, yo' talks wif' yo' mouf," expostulated the Maid, his mouth watering for another neck, "go put co'n meal on yo'sef." "The next number will be a recitation by Pilot Spuddy entitled, 'I love to chew tobacco because it covers up my chin'." "My name is Little Tommy Reed, I'll never chew tobacco for it is a filthy weed. A man who chews an' smokes an' spits, is like our cat what has the fits." "Before the debate between the Governors of North and South Carolina, I'll ask you, Mr. P. B., to tell us what corn is principally used for." "Co'n? Yes, suh, co'n am principal used fo' gittin' drunk." "Quite so. The olio will close after the Ancient Four sing that old ballad entitled, 'If you want to keep your goat from giving milk, call it Volstead.'"

Talk about variety — we have Carusos, Primroses, Foyes, Mansfields, preachers, lawyers, doctors, liars and whatnots in this outfit.

A few days off is the oppressive loneliness of the metropolis where we can't have minstrel shows. Ye gods! Ain't the thought terrible?



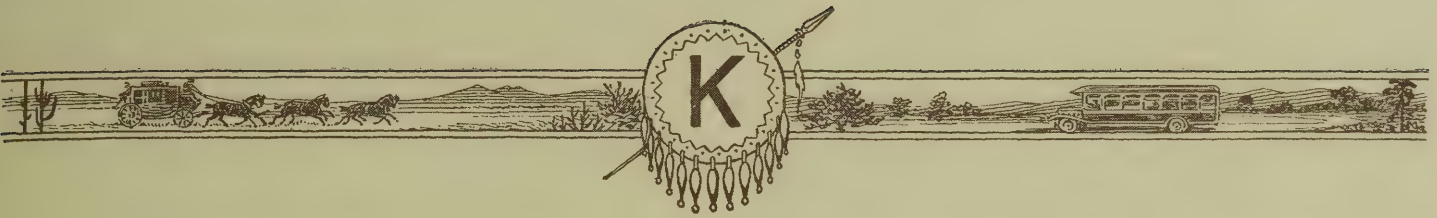
In camp, Council Bluffs, Ia.

IN PUBLIC CAMP — OGDEN, IOWA

SEPTEMBER 23, 1925.

Who Sells—

Sea shells for the sea sheller's daughter, when the sea sheller seller's busy selling sea shells? Try that on your husband the next time he hits the front stoop at 3:00 A. M. The sun smiled at us bright and early, but the Skipper let the anchor rest until the mud was partially dried up. On our way at 10:30, finding the roads most favorable, doing a stint of 143 miles, which is some lap for the twain, and are in camp at five. Twenty miles of it mud, the balance smooth, hard gravel and splendid concrete, along the Lincoln. The towns dotting the horizon of our day's jaunt were, Crescent, Honey Creek, Missouri Valley, originally set-



tled by the Mormons in 1847-8, Logan, Woodbine (not where it twineth), Dunlap, Dow City, where there is no Yellow Taxi, Glidden (sounds varnishy), Arion, Denison, where Cookie stacks up a few of the 57 variety, Vail, Carroll, Scranton, Jefferson City, Grand Junction, Beaver and Ogden. Gee, makes me feel like the train announcer in the Union Deepo. Our arrival here equals any circus excitement in the town's history, scores of people watching us "unload." As the Maid smoothed the sheets and the Cook warmed the skillets, an urchin remarked, "Gee, I never knew men could keep house." We are right along the main line of a railroad and will have a chance to see the flyer go by. We can't *hear* it because these soup eaters make too much noise. Might say, in passing, the speed of our flight persuades the dapper Maid to lay back his patent leather pumps, he concluding to finish out the trip with his boots on.

Iowa is truly a wonderful farming country, each mile reminding us the more of our own prosperous looking Ohio farms. The Skipper opines this would be the proper time to hold annual election of officers of the Lodge of Roving Brothers No. 2001. As your names are called, kindly take a seat in front of the altar, arms akimbo. The Skipper sounds the gavel. In a deep voice, he says:

My brothers, you will give the distress signal and come to order as Elks (removes cigar) under the spreading antlers of Brotherly Love, Alms Day, Justice of the Peace and Felicity, er, I mean, Fidelity. 'Tis well, you may be seated. I have before me the slate as prepared and shall read for your approval; if there be a dissenting voice, you will speak now or forever hold your peace. Dapper Dan Cannon, Exhausted Rooster; Herman Kaufman, prompter to the E. R.; Bull Durham, Knight Ahead (or behind); Col. Graney, Talkative Knight; Walter Lindenburg, Justice of the Peace Knight; Gussie Bryan, Detective; Frank Wright, First Shift Tyler; Freddie Snyder, Attendant With Arms; Billy Seddon, Fancy Story Teller; Jackie Riess, Professional Balancer; Freddie Robinson, Watchdog of the Archives; John Price, Historian and Advisor; Bob Wolfe, Coach of the Sock 'Em and Rock 'Em Club; Frank Crist, Official Weigher; Paul Eisele, Caretaker of the Pen and Ink. The fact that we have no funds automatically does away with the need of a Treasurer. All in favor of the slate as read will sound your "Ayes." ("AYE!" bawls the Roving Brothers in unison and pretty fair harmony.)

The fact that we are in Tuxedo Regalia gives us authority to repair to the banquet hall where proper ingredients for a helluva good time await you, broth-

ers, to be served by the incoming officers. I now declare Roving Brothers Lodge No. 2001 duly closed. Please do not spit upon the floor and refrain from swearing as much as possible. (Replaces cigar.) Brother Outing Flannel, you will polish up the Star of Fidelity.

We will close by singing the parting ode, "Seven Men on a Dead Man's Chest. Yo-ho! and a Bottle of Rum!" (Sounds gavel.)

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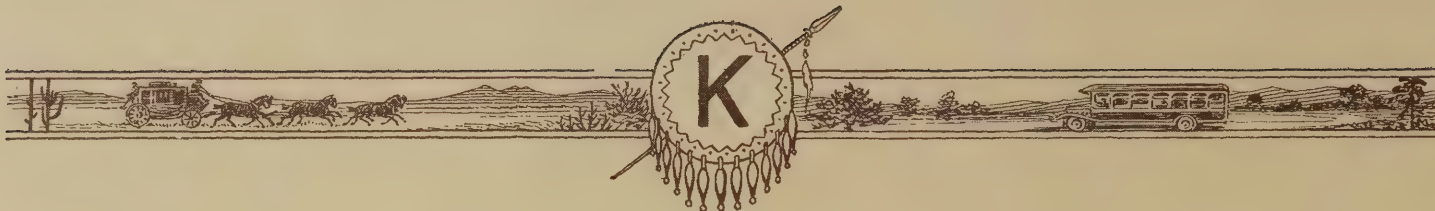
IN CAMP AT SCRIBSVILLE — ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF CLINTON, IOWA

SEPTEMBER 24, 1925.

Outside of—

Some twenty trains roaring past our bedroom, a half dozen flirtatious engineers shrieking wigwag signals to their local sweethearts, the incessant clanging of the crossing bell and the town clock recording every half hour in the town hall, we had a comparatively quiet camp last night. During the course of the evening, Mayor Crossman, an obliging chap, formerly from Ohio, who does not smoke, chew or drink (we didn't inquire further as to his habits), called and assured us if there was anything he could do to add to our comfort, his services were at our command. With the Mayor, the Pilot, Cowboy and Baler sauntered townward, seeking tonsorial wares. Had the barber lift the props from under our locks and even up the bobs, making us look quite natty. Ahem! During our absence the elusive Maid, Cookie and the P. B. took the Skipper for fair, running him way up on the minus side in a game of rummy, this being the third consecutive night it has happened. He is plumb disgusted with the aggravating game and threatens to erase it from his list of near accomplishments. Still, I hear him say that he will give it one more whirl providing he is allowed to do his own cussing without interruption. He might be able to out-count Quail Durham at billiards when he gets back.

At dawn the Pilot entered our boudoir with his long bludgeon, whipping the Cook into wakefulness, after which the rest arose, finishing our chops before the sun slipped over the hill and were out of the slip before seven. Say what you will of the proverbial giant with but one eye in his forehead and his seven league boots, we flung a little dust ourselves, covering 220 miles, which is the second largest mileage to date, and were in camp at 4:30. The towns we sprayed included Boone, a fine old city; Ames, where the Iowa State College is located; Nevada, State Center, Marshalltown, Le



Grande, Montmour, Tama, home of the Musquakie Indians, some of them still living in tepees; Gladstone, Chelsea, Belle Plain, Cedar Rapids, all hustle and bustle; Mt. Vernon, here is the Iowa Methodist College, Lisbon, Mechanicsville, Clarence, Lowden, Wheatland and DeWitt. Along the trail we saw many a fine sparerib, mutton chop and sirloin steak grazing in the fields. We bow to the Iowa farmer, his well cultivated fields, fine homes, buildings and general neatness being indicative of his progressiveness. James G. Blaine once said, "The Eighth Wonder of the World is a trip through Iowa in daylight."

Tomorrow we reach Chicago. Geographically speaking, everyone knows its location, the remaining thing to know is its loop. Beyond there we have one more, possibly two camps, and then the Roving Brothers' outfit disband. Sad is the thought of parting, for these are hard words to say. During the fifteen weeks of continuous association, harmony has reigned King Supreme. At no time has there been a single altercation, not so much as one argument, which is saying a lot for a gang of he-men, all of whom have their own ideas and do not hesitate to express them. It brings a lump in my throat, no foolin', for, after all—

We have just been Dwellers by the Sea. And we sometimes wonder if all humanity would not be benefited were we to pause long enough to gaze out toward that broad expanse of limitless water and meditate in silence upon the hardships endured by those who braved its depths and never returned.

Oshux! Why worry? Too much study wearies the flesh and tomorrow will always be another day. It might be wise were we to consider the saying of some savant of old, "I am living. As the tree lives and the woodpecker and the beetle, so am I quaffing existence." Quite so.

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IN CAMP — CONGRESS HOTEL, CHICAGO,
ILLINOIS

SEPTEMBER 26, 1925.

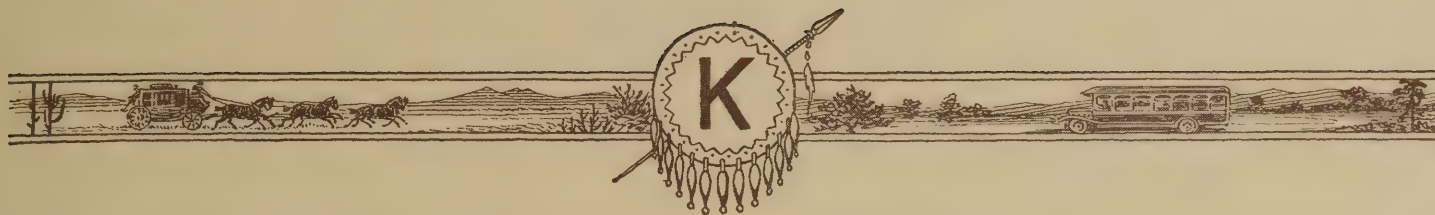
The Fifteenth Frolic—

Of The Roving Brothers ends with our heads nestling upon the bosom of restriction once more. The west is a thought of the past—a golden memory in more ways than one. Many are the pleasant mental pictures we'll weave during the stilly hours of night as we sit alone with our thoughts. But who can foretell what empires might be builded upon these experiences which may be pregnant inspirations? Time will tell. Time, the worker of miracles, the panacea of all ills.

It was nine when we sailed out of the Port of Scribbsville, drifting gently through Clinton, one of Iowa's finest cities, across the Mississippi, the high bridge affording a wonderful view of The Father of the Waters, into Fulton, Ill., on the opposite shore. Came Morrison, Sterling, and we see the old Nachusa Hotel, famous hostelry which housed Abraham Lincoln, Stephen A. Douglass and many other celebrities, still operating at the old stand, and, we are told, with most of the old, original equipment. Hurriedly through Dixon, Rochelle, DeKalb, Geneva, Wheaton and Oak Park, into the roaring, grinding, shrieking traffic of Roosevelt Road to the loop, everything seeming chaotic, arriving at our pier at four. In attempting to slip through the arch of a garage, Hawthorne knocked down a chandelier, and Stub had to coax him around through the alley and tie up in the back yard. All of which gave Hawthorne a good laugh.

At the Congress, Fred Robinson, Darling of the gods, called soon after we docked and a heavy gabfest ensued. Have a short chat with Billy Hoyle, the incomparable, at his fine little Auditorium shoppe. In view of the fact that Columbus Lodge meets Wednesday night, and we expect to arrive there at that time, the Skipper conceived the idea that it might be fitting for the Roving Brothers to pay homage to Old 37 intact and in khaki, upon arrival, which, we agree, will be a most auspicious ending for the merrie gypsy band. Consequently, he 'phoned Messrs. Ranney and Downey, requesting that the Chef be fired, as our own Master Cook, whose peer has not yet been found, will prepare a fried chicken feast for the hungry travelers. All of which meets with the full approval of we ravenous brutes. Wives, look well to your laurels, for you have hungry men coming home to you who are accustomed to red meat and the top cream.

In the evening the party disintegrates; some drift here, others there. The Baler accompanied the suave Maid, who knows his Chicago onions, to Henrici's for a tasty bit of planked whitefish. Later we window shopped, here and there along State street, getting ideas for a \$7.00 overcoat. About eleven the Pilot joined us and we go for a spin, via Yellow, down Michigan Avenue past the exquisite Wrigley Building, showing white as a perfect diamond, with the many searchlights, hidden upon adjacent buildings, playing their lights over the terracotta structure. Hardby is the magnificent Tribune Building, looking, at first glance, for all the world like a wonderful old cathedral of Rheims. Stop at the Drake Hotel where, a month or so ago, occurred the unfortunate shooting affray, when a half-breed Indian, with three or four whites,



crazed by hop or mule, shot up the lobby, mortally wounding a lady guest. One must see this marvelous hotel to fully appreciate its wonderful lay-out, spacious foyers, lounging rooms and general artistic appointments. Simply immense. Back about one, finding our playmates tucked safely away, drifting through slumberland. With Saturday morning came P. G. E. R. John G. Price, in Chicago on business, together with Bro. Robinson, for a chat. As we close the week's issue, due to a dry ink-well, they sit in the parlor, reviewing this and that, and from the hearty laughter drifting thither, I take it they are trying to out-exaggerate each other. Knowing them as you probably do, it can safely be said each, in turn, has a man-sized job.

Tomorrow will be Sunday. Chicago cathedrals are so large they are more or less oppressive to the unsophisticated, so we've decided to hold services of our own and Brother Robinson will preach, his theme being, "If there be a mote in thy brother's eye, make sure there is not a beam in thine own."

Bon soir, then, from the Windy City.

THE BALER.

THE LAST LAUGH

CONGRESS HOTEL CAMP — CHICAGO

SEPTEMBER 27, 1925.

Sermon of

Rt. Rev. Frederick Charleston Robinson

My Brothers:—

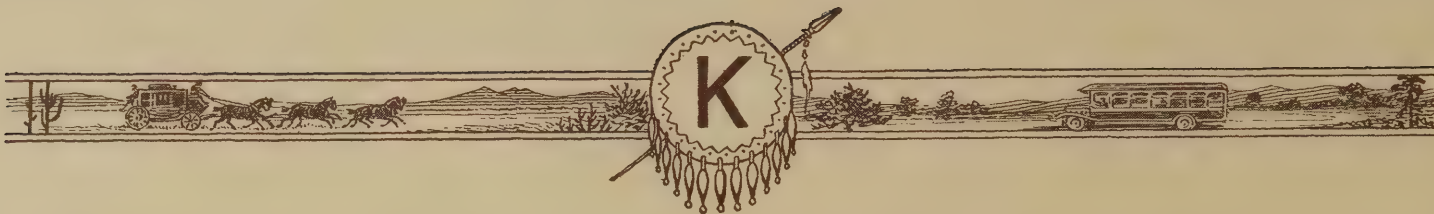
Being but an honorary member of this band, your request comes as a distinct shock, for I am hopelessly unprepared, but shall delve into the archives of early Sunday School training and see if a few truths may be expounded.

Let us drift gently back to the Garden of Eden. It was a pleasant place in which to dwell. No taxes to fuss about. No Henry's getting out of whack. No inquisitive neighbors. There, Adam and Eve leaved—er, lived in peace and tranquil quietude. Why? Because of their innocence. They regarded each other's lack of raiment with refreshing complacency; something beautiful, could we behold it in this day and age of flapperitis. They were not awed, there was no undue excitement, but I oft-times wonder if they ever thrilled? It took the snare of the suave snake to charm Eve with the luscious apple, which brought them both into a state of self-conscious, false modesty. That's why we later had our arbor days and planted crab-apple trees, lest we forget the Song of the Apple.

Down through the ages came many forms of life. The Cave Man who, in his zeal for conquest, with an apple in one hand and a stone cudgel in the other, smote upon the temple his rival who fondled and caressed the one he deemed most fair. Who supplied the davenport and draperies for Solomon's thousand-room apartment? What of hard-hearted Salome, who danced with reckless abandon before Pharaoh, toting the grisly head of John the Baptist upon a silver platter? Ah, my brothers, forget not that we have our hard-hearted Hannah's in this day, too. Will ye forget the wanton, Jezebel, or the first female barber, Delilah? Aaron smote upon the rock, wine issued therefrom and the thirst of the multitude was slaked. And poor Rebecca, who went too often to the well and busted her pitcher. There was no vodka in the house that night and Abraham was very wroth. A man who speaketh idly with his tongue shall reckon therewith. Call not your brother a fool without cause, for the night hours harbor fatigue, we lie the body down, but toss as with a fever. The day approacheth when Gabriel, the leather lunged, will sound his trumpet, they shall rise up throughout the land, and we will read, in the Book of Records, what has been written therein. Quite so.

Verily I say unto you, the sea shall be rivers of running wine, the wastelands abundant with manna, but the false prophet shall be pinioned upon the mountain top, his bones lean, suffering in lonely fastness. But he who illumines the way with a smile, an encouraging word, a kindly deed, shall be as a divvy in the window, he shall see with his own eyes the jelly fish devour the octopus, the strong shall become weaklings and the meek will rule the earth, the heavens above and the sea beneath. I am glad, therefore, to stand in your midst, not as a Goliath, but a David of puny strength. Busha-boo! Ker-choo! Skipper, I am hard-pressed and need something for my sallow complexion. Save me from the lion's mouth. Ah! thank you. Now, then, er—Busha-boo! Ker-choo! A little more of the same, Skipper, please. Ah! thou hast answered me from the horns of the wild oxen. How wonderful is aspirin! And so, brothers, the duck plucked at the tail of the bear until he was sorely put, finally taking off to the timberline. The slow-moving turtle, the fleet-footed hare, the wily fox, the watcher, the hunted and the hunter, paused to observe his flight. The lesson we glean from this is that the mountain gave Mohammed the razz and Mohammed went home disgusted.

After singing softly the middle verse of the Sextette from Lucia, and the last line of Les Misérables, the ushers will pass amongst you. Be generous with the larger nuggets for the larder needs replenishing.



And Job said, I should have been as though I had not been. I should have been carried from the cradle to the grave. I should be arrested.

Obligato! Marcherino! Sic sempre tyrannis! Hic! Hoc! Horum! Amen!

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SOMEWHERE IN AN INDIANA CAMP—FORTY-ONE MILES OUT OF CHICAGO

SEPTEMBER 28, 1925.

Escorted by—

Jack the Giant Killer, otherwise known as Fred C. Robinson, Grand Secretary of the B. P. O. E. of America, Hawthorne and Theodore steamed out of our Congress Hotel port at one, sailing down Michigan Boulevard as proud as two white stallions on parade before the king. So much has happened that we really should have another week in camp to chronicle all of it, but you see we are due in Columbus Wednesday night, so many of the events that have transpired must necessarily go into the ash-can. And, after all, that is what the ash can is for.

There was no baling yesterday because of the fact Brother Robinson became imbued with the idea of giving us a theological remark or two, so, without more ado, he mounted the rostrum and commenced. We listened attentively; we always did listen attentively to the discourses of certain of our brothers who felt inspired along these lines and naturally, after it was over, he, too, felt the sting of the razz and the merry ha ha. Yesterday was extremely quiet at the Congress, not even a single Dick making a call, socially. Callers called, however, and exeunte in regular order. The Pilot took the Cowboy through his singing paces, doing "We Are From Ohio" with great pain—er, I mean, feeling. We have, in our travels, passed through many states, geographically speaking, but yesterday the P. B. passed the day in a state of coma. The Skipper lolled around, getting the photographs in order, separating the wheat from the chaff, as it were, indexing the best ones for the story. This took the greater part of his day. After all the petty things we've jokingly said of his fine little hostelry in Findlay and the rancorous things we've said of him personally, in public and private, and despite the fact that he still retains his efficiency, the elusive Maid heaped coals of fire upon the head of the Baler by taking him to the classy little Brevoort for a wonderful dinner. The man who planned this hotel, some twenty years ago, saw far into the future, for it stands with the most modern in the matter of dainty taste and pleasing environment, so picturesque in some respects, it might

well be termed quaint; an ideal spot to tarry a while. From here to see "The Student Prince," a marvel of beauty, wonderful voices and delightful plot. Not being a regular licensed critic, we refrain from further remarks as the P. B., who is the Ringling Bros. circus of our outfit, including the clowns, being a temperamental show-man, might take me to task. He's odd that way.

In a Coffee Shoppe, hard by the Congress, one may procure the needle brew. But the after-effects, we are told, are not so good. On the getaway, the Maid appeared on deck in regular uniform, but carrying a cane. Quoth the P. B., "This is the first time I ever saw a prairie dog carrying a cane." The Maid's eyes snapped and he fairly belched fire as he replied, "And I'll say this, you son of a sea cook, during my life I've been called most everything, but it is the first time any one ever called me a prairie dog." La! La! Made us snigger. On the ride out we saw a replica of one of the ships commandeered by Mr. C. Columbus in 1492, which was exhibited at the World's Fair back in the nineties. Don't know if it was Tina or Pinta, but it stands in the harbor in Jackson Park. We saw a bit of Whiting, Highlands and another town, whose name I cannot pronounce, as I do not speak their language. Everyone glad to be comin' from the big city once more. Be it New York, Frisco, Chicago or Seattle, they remind one of the law firm of Twitchell, Mitchell, Fitchell and Kitchell, they are most all alike. A stranger, seemingly a fine chap, accompanies us as far as Hammond. Our preacher of yesterday put the O. K. on him and the Skipper gave his consent. Told us he is following the highways, learning lessons in the School of Experience. We are all indebted to the nonpareil, Billy Hoyle, for services rendered. He is one of the most energetic, anxious-to-please personalities we've met. In a wondrous camp spot once more, the surroundings suggesting the wild. But the thought that makes me sad is that the sweet corn is no more. Boo-hoo! Guess I'll chaw a piece of old linoleum!

Early to bed, orders the Skipper, the delightful port of Point Breeze lies a day's sailing removed from here. A heavy fog settles, so we close the doors for the night.

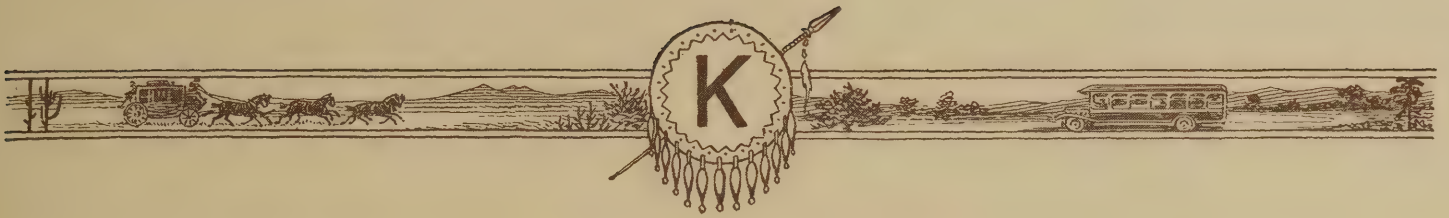
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IN CAMP AT POINT BREEZE, OHIO, LAKE ST. MARYS

SEPTEMBER 29, 1925.

So *This*—

Is Point Breeze? My word! Far removed from the beaten path, situated in the heart of some three acres,



a wonderful grove of giant trees, well kept green lawn and beautiful Lake St. Marys for the front view, it is truly a Garden of Eden. Reminds one of an exclusive estate along the Hudson, isolated from the eyes of the world, and I have no doubt, could Caesar have tarried here a while, the thought of burning Rome would never have entered his head. Wonder what our Cookie, who is Lord of this Manor, would charge for a honeymoon privilege in his paradise? Cowboy Marsh might be interested.

Last night's camp was one of the most charming we've had, back a thousand feet from the highway, carpeted with short, green grass, gnarled oaks for the background. Unfortunately, the hazy weather prevented our getting a picture. During the night a heavy fog settled, sorely distressing the Cook, who had prepared a peach of an angel food cake, and he was worried for fear the fog would ruin it. But, as they say, all is *fear* in love and war, the cake weathered the dampness, and we were satisfied. For the dinner he gave us fried chicken and such as that, the base of the breakfast being pork tenderloin. Imagine that! Wonder what he's trying to do to us? How can a body work, think or do anything else when they are surfeited with food?

The voyage carried us through Fig Newton—now, fig newtons are the passionate sweet cake with our P. B., and it took our combined efforts to keep him from swimming ashore. Then Valparaiso, Westville, La Porte, New Castle, South Bend, Mishawaka and Elkhart, where we count fifteen “dead” engines on the siding of the N. Y. C. R. R., Dunlap, Goshen and, we must tell you, at Churubisco (a heavenly name for a town in Indiana) the Grand Secretary became unduly attentive to our elusive Maid, who *is* a good Maid, after all. Instead of putting him in irons (the usual punishment following conduct unbecoming a sailor), the Skipper threw him overboard to the rest of the cherubs. Theodore picked him up, however, and he rode with the Cowboy. Can you feature that? Our poor, innocent Maid, being picked on by such as he! At Ft. Wayne, the Little Giant repented and was permitted to board Hawthorne again, but we kept a watchful eye upon him. After all, I wonder if he is altogether the blame? Remember that line in “Everywoman?” “Be merciful, be kind, be fair to every woman, everywhere; her faults are many; nobody's the blame?” As Maids come and go, it may be possible that *our* wily Maid becomes a bit flirtatious with new faces about.

When we crossed the Ohio line at 4:50 P. M. a mighty shout arose from lusty throats, and we all im-

bibed a long draught of ice-water. You *bet* we did! Beyond Van Wert we pass through Rockford, said to be the hotbed of the K. K. K. We cannot just describe it, but you should have seen the look of disdain on Hawthorne's face as he churned through this port! He's no Kluxer, I'll vouch for that. At last Point Breeze, arriving shortly after six, doing 208 knots for the total. Pilot Stubby pushed along like he might have been running from a Colorado Sheriff. The Skipper phoned Finnegan from here to meet us at the Deshler in khaki tomorrow night, for the Roving Brothers will present arms intact before the altar of Number 37, which will be quite so! say we.

Omi! We are happy and yet a thought of the freedom of the far west, so vastly different from the confinement of eastern watchful waiting, puts a touch of sad in our hearts. A sort of resigned feeling, like the black boy in jail must have felt. From the outside his friend inquired, “Rastus, how long yo' is in fo'?” “Ah's in fo' two weeks,” replied Rastus, dully. “What yo' all has did?” asked his friend. “Shot mah wif’.” “Shot yo wif! Did yo' all kill her?” “Un-hunh, Ah killed her,” replied Rastus, listlessly. “An' on'y in fo' two weeks? How come?” “Yas, Ah's on'y heah fo' two weeks, 'nen Ah gits hung!”

And tonight, for the first time since we started, we all break bread together at the same table in a private dining room. Without being sacriligious, it puts a thought of the Last Supper in our minds.

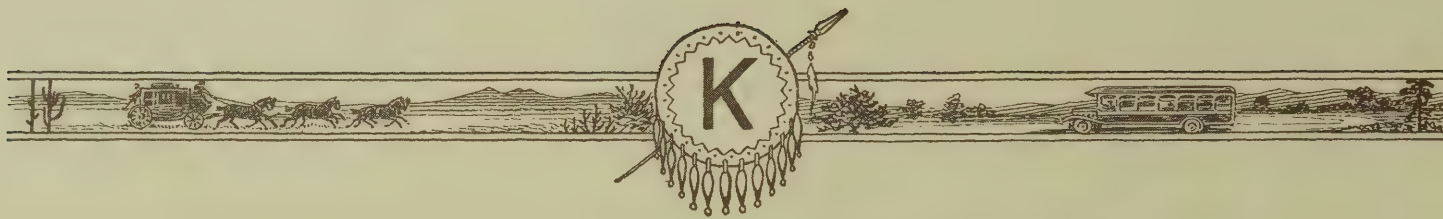
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THE LAST GILDED CAMP—DESHLER HOTEL, COLUMBUS, OHIO

SEPTEMBER 30, 1925.

It was a—

Reluctant crew who broke Camp at Point Breeze Paradise, but Duty, the Taskmaster, called. We hoisted anchor and headed for the capital of the state of states. It was what might be termed the Ride of Soliloquy, for all of us were in more or less of a pensive mood. At St. Marys the P. B. insisted on singing “For Nobody's To Blame” and at Wapakoneta Baby Grand Freddy started, “For She's Nobody's Che-e-ild,” with much feeling. Later, through the muddy waters of Indian Lake, the summer resorts, Lakeview, Russells Point and Orchard Island, looking dreary and uninviting. Out of Bellefontaine we glide smoothly over the highest point in Ohio, elevation 1550 feet above sea level, then a village or two whose names we could not decipher owing to the heavy sea and high waves. Next came Dublin, home pro tem. of Dapper



Dan Canyon, arriving at the Deshler about six, where P. G. E. R. Price, the popular one, met us, together with the always lovable Walter Lindenburg and Lundurer Eddie Durham, toting his quail and wearing everything save his eight quart hat.

After adapting ourselves once more to the intricacies of hotel folderol, we sally forth to the Elks' Home. The ovation accorded the Skipper is beyond words. Approximately 400 members were present. In company with Brothers Price and Robinson, we were presented, Brother Price using our pseudonyms. It was a glorious meeting in every detail, the finest Elks' Male Chorus in America sang several selections, there were speeches of welcome and so on, a flashlight picture; but it would have warmed your heart could you have heard our Skipper unlimber. The rigors of camp not only made him fit physically, but mentally as well. Words flowed from his mouth like ripples in a brook. There was nothing in the vocabulary that did not occur to him. Not too much, not too little, but just enough to be thoroughly effective. Later came the banquet, Brother Price responding to the eleven o'clock toast

with the fervor and feeling that only he can do. There was much hand-shaking, smiles and laughter, the party breaking up about one, when someone started, "The parting has come and each of us brothers now goes to his homes," or something like that.

We were late to bed, for many things must needs be talked of. The cool morning found the electric riveters early at work next door, where they are erecting what is said to be the third largest building in the world, and will include a 400-room addition to the Deshler Hotel. We are all for progress, huge buildings and all that sort of thing, but why in heck do they have to start their infernal racket so early in the morning?

Lacking four days, it was just sixteen weeks ago that we breezed out of this port, with full set sails, on our journey through American possessions. The Pilots

cared for and guarded their duties jealously, their services in every respect being beyond reproach. With masterly touch the Cook prepared food that was best for us and if at any time our boilers lacked fuel, it was no fault of his. Truly a wonder is Cookie Joe. The elusive Maid, who has a dread, yea, a holy horror, of dust specks, was all but over-zealous in his efforts at cleanliness. After the sermon he preached, it often occurred to me that the reason he was so careful, he had this thought in mind, "cleanliness is next to godliness." A better Maid, yes, and a better camper, cannot be found in this Land of Lands. The dish-washer understands the art of flouting the dishrag and splashing the suds only too well. Unfortunately, ill health forced him to return ere the trip was over, and we missed him at every camp. The P. B., our jester, always zealous in the discharge of his duties, bartered like a wily Scot for the produce, and ever knew just what cow to milk. Our only regret was that we had but six weeks of his company on the trip. As for our Skipper—more of him at a later hour. It is a pleasure to be back again, greeting those who seem glad to see us back,

and many are the happy hours that will be spent "knitting up the ravelled sleeve of friendship," for it sometimes dims slightly with the parting of sixteen weeks' duration.

COLUMBUS, OHIO

OCTOBER 1, 1925.

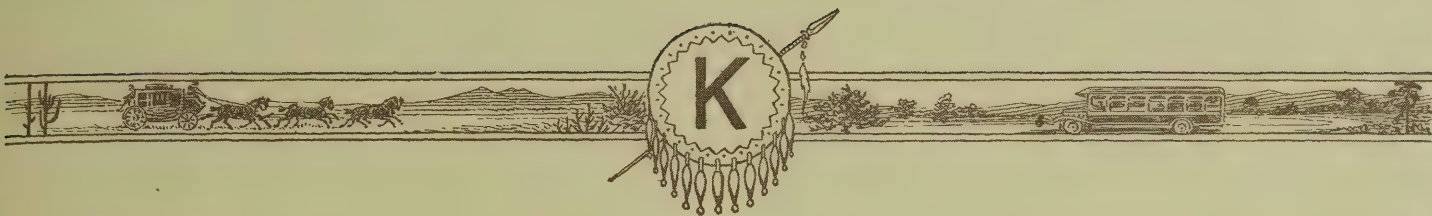
The Finale—

According to Webster, means "the end." To one it spells happiness; tragedy to another, depending upon circumstances.

You will pardon us if, for the moment, we go back in retrospection over some of the experiences we encountered. For a group of men to be banded together for a period of four months, facing in our travels all manner of hardships, under conditions and circum-



Flashlight upon arrival Elks' Temple, Columbus, Ohio



stances that try the nerves unto the end, it is amazing to think that during the entire journey there was not so much as the slightest disagreement amongst us. At no time was a cross word spoken, and harmony existed, yes, predominated every mile of the way. To me this is a most remarkable thing. At the Illinois River, where we suffered the first breakdown, the hot sun burned our faces, shoulders and arms till they blistered. We walked over the sticky gumbo of Missouri, guiding the big bus through the worst of it. We sweat our way out of the Jackson Hole bog holes. We heaved, pushed and puffed to the top of the mighty Tetons. In Oregon, over the Roosevelt Highway detour, we dug our way with pick, shovel and axe from Bandon on the Sea to Brookings, a distance of sixty miles, making but nine miles in one day of ten hours constant labor, over the toughest mountain road imaginable. We sweltered under the hot rays of California suns and the Arizona desert. We camped midst the wild animals and suffered all the unpleasantnesses of the fearful sand storms. At no time was there the slightest display of temper, an indication of peevishness, a desire to do other than the job ahead.

There is a peculiar happiness about surmounting such obstacles that one does not sense in the ordinary trend of things. Never will you see such golden sunsets, such glorious dawns. Somehow, out there, the sunshine is a love-liquor, the whole earth seems drunk with it. Its brilliancy and warmth are transmuted into the energy of creative will. It kisses the grapes and they swell with purple beauty, the orange and the pomegranate till they hang like glowing festal lamps among the foliage. Then there is the blue sky, the leaves stirring, bowing, the winds making low shreds of melody; there is the soft babble of running water always something strange, mysterious and beautiful, things of nature that rebuke our littleness and petulance, that dry up our wounds of failure and sweetly heal. And all along the way we met wonderful people, wholesome, whole-hearted, who helped teach us the finer points of sincerity and brotherhood. We learned, too, to give and take. Under the limitless expanse of stars that cast their sheltering glow upon the great prairies, we were convinced that some power, far greater than the puny regulations of man, govern our destinies. We became more reverent, more respectful, more cognizant of something mysteriously powerful that lies beyond the pale of human vision. Why try to go on? Thoughts well up and make the mind chaotic, there are so many extremes, so many things of delight they become confusing, distorted, suffocating until you are really there again.

For more than a dozen years, John W. Kaufman has been making automobile tours of the United States and Canada, touching the soil of practically every state in the Union, making no less than five trips to the Pacific Coast. It was the privilege and great pleasure of the writer to accompany him upon his 1925 tour through the West, and I can safely and truthfully say the experience taught me more of the simple rudiments of life, more of the big thing we are pleased to call Human Brotherhood, more of the geography of our country, than all of the colleges and lodges in the world combined could do, for we brushed elbows with the extremes of life, from the lowest to the highest, and, as some savant of old has said, "We lived and learned by the way."

A character of unusual forcefulness, willing to act and serve, quick to grasp any situation, compassionate, ever ready to forgive, fearless in the face of danger, with grit and stamina enough for a dozen men, kindly, chivalrous, hospitable, John Kaufman is all of the traditional southern hospitality rolled into one composite character, standing apart from the world. It is customary that we ignore the living and eulogize the dead. But it seems to me that when there exists such a human being, placed in this untoward world ostensibly to make it a more comfortable place in which to live, a word of him at this time is not out of order. For the first time this letter goes forth without being submitted to his censorship, for he is pleasingly modest, extremely so about matters of this kind, and would not, under any circumstances, sanction or consent to this slight tribute to the nobleness of his fine character. To him these lines will be the sore spot of his memoirs of the trip just ended. To me the memoirs would be a dismal failure without this tribute. And I know full well the other members of the Roving Brothers take the same stand with me. Majority rules. Quite so!

But there must come an end to all good things, sad though the thought may be. The Mother who sacrifices her only son that the God of War may be appeased, has nothing left save the ashes to show for the years she nurtured him. The disbanding of this group of men we are pleased to call "The Roving Brothers," naturally makes us wistful; there is a tear in our eye, a lump in our throat and sadness grips our heart, for we must say—not good-bye, but good old "Auf Wiedersehn"—which means, "till we meet again."

The Journey to Wonderland is at an end, and we are forced to write:

T H I R T Y !

THE BALER.







